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THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



THE PRIVATEER'S-MAN.

By Captain Marryat, R.N.

AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

Book the Second.

Chapter the Fourth.

Having eaten some venison, and drank out of the calibash, the captain painted me black, with here and there a line of red and white on the face and shoulders. I performed the same duty towards him, and we then resumed our paddles, and pushed in a slanting direction for the shore. The tide now ran down against us, and we could hardly stem it, and finding ourselves opposite a beach clear of trees for a quarter of a mile, we agreed to run on shore to look for a large stone. We soon found one which answered our purpose, and paddling off again to three or four hundred yards, we made the stone fast to the bow-rope of our boat, and anchored the canoe with it. Having succeeded in this, we got out the fishing-lines and with a piece of raw meat as a bait, we soon had several fish in the canoe. After which we put on no more baits but pretended to fish till the tide slacked, when we lifted our anchor and recommenced our paddling to the northward.

At night we landed on a rock, close to the beach, having well reconnoitred before it was dark to see if there were any canoes or Indians to be seen on the shore; and thus we continued for five days, during which we passed the mouths of one or two rivers, and had gained, as we supposed, more than 150 miles along the coast, but how much to the northward we could not tell, as we followed the windings of the shore. We were twice obliged to land to obtain water, but we always did so in the day-time, having taken the precaution to black the whole of our bodies and take off our trousers before we landed. Our deer's flesh was all gone, and we continued to live on fish, cooking as much as we could at one time. The collecting fire-wood was the great risk which we ran; for we were then obliged to land where there was wood. It was on the sixth day that we were first in danger. As we rounded a point, we fell in with another canoe with six or seven people in it. They were not more than 300 yards off when we first saw them. The Indians stood up in the canoe, looked at us very earnestly, and then perceiving that we were not of their tribe, I presume, pulled towards us. We immediately turned and pulled away. They had been fishing, and two of them were pulling up the lines,

while the others paddled, which gave us a little advantage; but they had three paddles and we had only two. They shouted and paddled with all their might, but they gained little, as they were seven in the canoe, and five men, and two women, and deep in consequence. As they gained slowly upon us, notwithstanding all our exertions, the Portuguese said to me, "They have no weapons in the boat, I should think, if they had they would use them, for we are within bow-shot. Can you use a bow and arrow?"

"I could once," replied I, "use it very fairly;" for when I was captive with Whyna, she would often practise the bow and arrow with me, and I became somewhat expert before I left her.

"Well then," said he, "let me paddle on and do you put an arrow in the bow and threaten them at all events."

I did so, and stood up, taking aim as if about to shoot, at which they ceased paddling, and after talking a little they turned the head of their canoe round, and made for the shore. We proceeded, as may be imagined, with all diligence. I laid down my bow and arrows and resumed my paddle, and in an hour we could no longer see our late pursuers. We continued our voyage, and for three days met with no further adventures, when about noon on the fourth day, the sky became overcast, and there was every prospect of rough weather. Before night the wind and sea rose, and it was no longer possible for us to keep along the coast, which already was covered with breakers.

We had, therefore, no remedy but to make for the shore and haul up the canoe, for we could not perceive any inlet which might shelter us. It was quite dark when we dashed the canoe through the breakers and landed. We hauled her up some distance, as there was every appearance of worse weather, and sheltered ourselves under the lee of a high rock. The wind now blew fiercely, and rain descended in torrents. We tried to light a fire to warm ourselves, but could not succeed, so we laid down on one bear skin, and covered ourselves with the others, waiting impatiently for daylight. When the day dawned, the weather was worse than ever. We now looked out for a better place of concealment for ourselves and our canoe, and found one at about fifty yards' distance: between two high rocks there was a narrow cleft or passage which was large enough for us and for the canoe, and this hid us both from the storm and from the sea. Into this cleft we hauled our canoe and withdrew ourselves, making a meal off some fish we roasted on the embers. We remained there for two days, when the weather moderated, but the sea was still too rough for us to launch the canoe; so we decided upon remaining one day more, although our provisions were all gone and our calibashes quite empty. On the third day, to our great surprise and alarm, we heard the report of a musket not far from us. From this we knew that we could not be very far from the English settlements, for it was only the Indians near to the settlements who had obtained muskets. But whether it was an Indian or a white man who fired we could not, of course, tell. I recollected that in the last advices we had had from James Town, our factors had stated that there was a cruel war carried on between the Indians and the settlers, and that the Indians had ravaged the plantations; but that was two years ago, and how it might be now it was impossible to tell. A second report of a musket still nearer induced me to creep along by the side of the rock, and look out to see if any one was near. To my great alarm, I perceived five Indians with muskets not one hundred yards off. I drew back, as I hoped, unperceived, but the eye of an Indian was

too keen. They had discovered me; and whilst I was relating to the Portuguese captain what I had seen, they were suddenly upon us. We had no time to make resistance, even if we were inclined so to do, we therefore sat still. They came up and looked at us. The wet had washed off a great portion of the paint upon my back and shoulders. One of the Indians touched me on the shoulder, and said, "Ugh!—white man paint like Indian." They then examined the canoe and its contents, and having spoken a few words to each other, apparently relating to the canoe, they put a thong of leather round each of our arms, and, making a motion for us to follow them, they led us away.

"We've done our best, and could do no more," said the Portuguese; "I feel that it's all over with me now, and I shall soon sleep in the bosom of Jesus."

My heart was too full to make any reply. The Indians led on, and I followed in silence.

We passed through the woods, which appeared to be interminable, till the night closed in, and then the Indians halted, and while one remained as guard over us, the others collected wood for a fire. They had some provisions, but offered none to us. After an hour they laid down to sleep round the fire, placing me and the Portuguese captain next to the fire, and lying outside of us. They were soon fast asleep, or appeared to be, when I said to the captain, "Have you your knife? for if they remain asleep let us wait an hour or so, and if you can cut the leather thong which the Indian holds in his hand, and then watch your opportunity, I will do the same, and we may escape."

"I have my knife, but my Indian is not asleep," replied he, "I will wait till he is."

"What signal shall we make if we succeed?" said I.

"When you are ready lift your arm up, I shall understand, and if I am ready, I will do the same."

"Agreed, and now let us be quiet, for depend upon it our conversation has roused them all."

We then composed ourselves, as if to sleep, and remained in that way for more than an hour, by which time we were convinced that our captors were slumbering. I then drew out my knife, for the Indians had not attempted to rifle us, and cut the thong which was round my arm without awaking the Indian who had the other end in his hand. I remained quiet for a quarter of an hour, when the Portuguese lifted up his arm as a signal that he was free. I listened attentively, and being certain that the Indians were asleep, I lifted up my arm also.

The Portuguese then rose up carefully, and without noise, stepping past the bodies of the Indians, till he was clear of the circle. I did the same, and pointed to the muskets which laid on the grass by the Indians. He took one up and I another, and we retreated to a short distance.

"We must have the other muskets," said I; "stay where you are."

I advanced cautiously and took up the other three muskets, and was retreating with them, when one of the Indians turned round as if awaking. I ran by the Portuguese, and making a sign for him to follow me, we retreated a few yards into the wood, where we could watch the Indians without being seen ourselves. The Portuguese motioned to be off, but I detained him, and I was right. The Indian roused up and sat upon his haunches, perceived that we had escaped, and waked up the others. They

started on their feet, looked round, perceived that the muskets were all gone, and then held a consultation. At last they appeared to have made up their minds to follow, and, if possible, recapture us, for they went back in the direction of the sea.

"Now then we must hide three of the muskets," said I, in a whisper, "and keep the others to defend ourselves."

We examined and found that they were all loaded, and the Portuguese then said to me, "There are five of them. If they meet with us, and we discharge two muskets and we do not kill, we shall be at their mercy. If we do kill, still there will be three against two; we had better carry all the muskets. Do you take two, and I will take three."

As I thought he was right I consented, and we now went the same path towards the sea which the Indians had done before us in pursuit of us. We walked fast, as we knew the Indians would do the same, and they had the start of us, so that we were not likely to come up with them. It was severe work, but we did not slacken our pace, and before dawn the sea was quite visible through the branches of the trees, for we had arrived at the outskirts of the wood.

As soon as we had gained the beach, which was 500 yards wide, we looked round to see if we could perceive the Indians, but we could observe nobody.

"Let us, while it is yet dark, go round so as to get on the opposite side of the rocks where we were concealed," said the Portuguese. "If they are there we shall take them by surprise."

Keeping just within the wood, we walked half a mile to the southward and then emerged just as the day was breaking, and made for the rocks. As soon as we arrived we examined very cautiously before we entered the cleft, but there was nobody there, and the canoe was safe.

"They are not here," said I; "where can they be?"

"They cannot be far off," said the Portuguese. "I suspect they are hidden somewhere, and intend to surprise us while we are launching our canoe, and when our muskets will be out of our hands."

"I agree with you; let us now wait at some little distance from the rocks till broad daylight, we shall then be secure from surprise."

We did so, and when the sun rose we looked well round but could see nobody. We entered the cleft, and were about to lay down the muskets, and lay hold of the canoe, when I perceived a small piece of rock to drop down. This caused me immediately to suspect the truth, and I cried to the Portuguese to come back with me. He did so, and I told him that I was certain that the Indians had climbed the rock, and were lying down on the top of it, ready to pounce upon us.

"Depend upon it they must be there," said he, when I mentioned the falling piece of rock. "Let us walk round and see if we can discover them."

We did so, but they were too well concealed.

"But what must be done now?" said he. "It is useless our attempting to clamber to the top of the rock, for no one could do it with a musket in his hand."

"No," replied I, "that is certain; and if we attempt to bring the canoe out of the cleft they may drop down upon us."

"I think," said he, "that if we were to go in and take the tow-rope in our hands, which is several yards long, we might haul out the canoe by it, and when once it is clear of the cleft they cannot move without our seeing them."

"We will try at all events," replied I. "Do you stay on the watch while I get hold of the tow-rope and bring it out."

The Indians did not expect this manœuvre it was clear. Still keeping the muskets in our possession, the butts on the sand, and the muzzles resting on our shoulders, we laid hold of the tow-rope, and by great exertion hauled the canoe several yards away from between the two rocks. We then paused for breath after a minute or two, with our eyes fixed upon the top of the rock to see if they moved, and then we hauled it at least a hundred yards further off, when for the first time I perceived that the bow and arrows were not in the canoe, and that they must have been taken by the Indians.

"Then we must haul again," said the Portuguese, when I stated this to him, "till we are out of bow-shot. Let us put the muskets into the canoe, and drag it as fast as we can."

We did so, and gained another hundred yards before we stopped, when an arrow was discharged from the summit of the rock, and buried itself in the sand close to my feet.

"Haul again," said the Portuguese, "we are not out of shot yet."

Again we exerted ourselves, and gained another hundred yards, during which two more arrows were discharged, and one of them went through the left arm of my comrade; but as it was through the fleshy part, and did not touch the bone, it did not disable him. A third arrow was sent after us, but did not reach us, and we knew that we were out of distance.

"Cut the shaft of the arrow, and draw it through the arm," said the Portuguese.

"Not now," said I; "they will perceive me doing so, and will think that you are disabled. That may induce them to rush upon us, thinking they have only one man to deal with."

"Well, it's no great matter," replied he. "We must now drag our canoe down to the water and launch her if they will let us. We have outwitted them so far."

We now turned the head of the canoe towards the sea, and slowly dragged her down; our eyes, as may be supposed, constantly kept upon the rock, to see if the Indians would move, but they did not. They perhaps felt that they had no chance with us, having all the fire-arms and an open beach in our favour. We launched our canoe without further interruption on their part, and in a few minutes, taking care to be out of arrow distance, we passed the rock with our head to the northward. When about two miles off we perceived the Indians to descend from the rock and walk away into the woods.

"Let us praise God for this miraculous escape," said I to the Portuguese.

"I do; and the holy patron saint who has preserved me," replied the Portuguese captain, "but I am still heavy at heart. I feel that we have escaped only to come into more strange and fresh calamity. I shall never get back to Lisbon, that I feel convinced of."

I tried all I could to encourage him, but it was of no avail. He told me that the presentiment was too strong, and could not be overcome by any argument. Indeed he appeared to have allowed the idea so to have taken possession of his mind that his reason became enervated, and having heard how the Indians burnt their prisoners, he talked about martyrdom

at the stake, and rising up to heaven in great glory, there to be received by the whole body of saints and legions of angels.

"What is the use of our thus labouring at the paddle?" said he. "Why not at once let us go ashore and receive the crown of martyrdom. I am ready; I long for the hour, and shall rejoice."

I said all I could to keep him quiet, but it was useless, and such was his insanity that he gradually neared the shore by steering against me with his paddle, so that I could not prevent it. I had drawn the shaft of the arrow through his arm, and he appeared to feel no pain. I expostulated with him at his keeping the canoe so near to the shore, but he smiled and gave no reply.

We had the stream against us, and made but little way, and it vexed me very much to hear him talk so loud as he did, as the Indians must have heard him, and I thought would follow us along the coast; but he ransacked the whole book of martyrs, telling me how one had his body sawn in two, another was pinched to death; this one burnt, that tortured; every variety of death he entered upon during the whole of that day without ceasing.

I ascribed much of this to the pain arising from the wounded arm, notwithstanding which he paddled with as much vigour as ever. As the night came on I entreated him to hold his tongue, but it was in vain, and I felt assured that his reason was quite gone. He continued to talk loud, and rave without intermission, and I now considered our fate as sealed. We had no water in the boat or provisions of any kind, and I proposed that we should heave-to and catch some fish, telling him that if he talked we should scare them away.

This made him quiet for a time, but as soon as we had hooked four or five fish, he again commenced his history of the glorious martyrs. I prayed him to be silent for a short time at least, and he was so for about four or five minutes, when he would break out into some ejaculation which I immediately stopped. At last he could talk no more for want of water; his lips were glued together, and so were mine. Nevertheless I continued paddling for two hours more, when I found by the canoe grounding that he had steered her on the beach. There was no help for it. We landed and went in search of water, which we found about half of a mile from where our canoe was beached.

We drank heartily, filled the calibash, and were returning to the canoe, when he again commenced talking as loud as ever. I was in great anger, but I put my hand before his mouth, beseeching him in a whisper to be quiet. As we were doing this we were suddenly sprang upon and seized by several Indians, and in a minute were bound hands and feet.

"I knew it," cried the Portuguese, "I knew it would be so. Well, I am prepared; are not you, my good friend?"

I made no reply. I felt that in his madness he had sacrificed his own life and mine also; but it was the will of Heaven. The Indians left two to guard us, and went down to the canoe, returning with their muskets. I soon perceived that they were the same which we had escaped from the night before, and the one who had spoken a little English when we were first captured now came to me and said, "White man paint like Indian, steal gun—ugh."

When the Indians had returned from the canoe our feet were unbound,

and we were again led away by the leather thong which was fast to our arms. The Portuguese now began to find his tongue again, and talked incessantly, the Indians not checking him; from which it was evident that they were on their own domains. After four hours' walking they kindled a fire and went to repose as before; but this time they took our knives from us, and bound our legs so tight that they gave us much pain. I did not expostulate, as I knew it was useless. My companion, as the thong entered into his flesh, seemed pleased, saying, "Now my martyrdom is commencing."

Alas! poor man; but I will not anticipate. We travelled three days, during which we were supplied with a small portion of parched Indian corn every day, just sufficient for our sustenance, and no more. On the fourth morning the Indians, after an hour's travelling, sent up some shrill and barbarous cries, which I afterwards discovered was their warwhoop. These cries were replied to by others at a distance, and in about a quarter of an hour afterwards we found ourselves close to a number of wigwams, as they are termed (the Indian houses), and soon surrounded by a large party of men, women, and children, who greeted us with taunts and menaces.

We were led into a larger wigwam than the others, where we found several Indians of grave aspect assembled, and a man who could speak English was ordered in as interpreter. He asked us where we came from in the canoe. I replied that we came from the south, but we had been wrecked in a big ship, and had taken the canoe, which we found on the beach. They asked no more questions. We were led out, and in about an hour afterwards the Indian who had spoken English to us when we were captured, came up with two others and painted us black, saying, "The white man like paint. Black paint good."

I did not know till afterwards that this painting black was a sign that we were condemned to death, but so it was. They took off our trousers, the only garments we had on, and left us naked. To my surprise they did not take the diamond which was sewed up in leather from off my neck; but as I learnt subsequently, the Indians are much given to conjurors and charms, wearing many round their own necks and about their persons, and they respect the charms that their enemies wear, indeed are afraid of them, least they should be harmed by having them in their possession. We remained in a wigwam during that day, with guards over us. The following day we were led out and cast loose, and we found all the Indians, women and children, ranged in two lines, each holding in their hands a club or stick, or rod of some description or another.

We were led to the end of the row, and looked about us in amazement. They made signs to us which we did not understand, and while we were remaining in doubt as to what was to be our fate, an old woman who had been menacing and grinning at me for some time, and who was the most hideous animal that I ever beheld in the shape of a woman, thrust a straw into my eye, giving me most excruciating agony. I was so carried away by rage and pain that I saluted her with a kick in the stomach, which laid her doubled up on the ground, expecting to be scalped for so doing the next moment. On the contrary, the Indians laughed, while some of the other women dragged her away.

At last the interpreter came, and from him we learnt that we had to run the gauntlet, and that as soon as we gained the large lodge where we

had been examined by the old Indians on the day previous, that we were safe, and that we must run for that as fast as we could. The Portuguese, who was still as mad as ever, was then pushed on; he would not run, but walked, glorifying in the blows, which showered down upon him like hail; and, moreover, he prevented me from running for some time, till I got past him. I had been cruelly punished, and was mad with pain, when I perceived a tall, gaunt Indian waiting for me with a heavy club. Careless of life or consequences I rushed past him, and as I passed I threw out my fist with such impetus that, hitting him under the right ear, he fell senseless, and it appears that he never rose again, for the blow killed him; after which I at last gained the council-house, and was soon afterwards followed by my companion, who was streaming with blood. We were then led away and tied by our necks to two stakes about twenty yards apart, and there we remained for the night.

The Portuguese passed the night in singing, I passed it in silence and prayer. I felt convinced that we were to die, and I feared that it would be by fire or torture, for I had heard something of the manners and customs of these Indians. I made my peace with God as well as a poor sinner could, prayed for mercy through Jesus Christ, sighed my adieu to Amy, and made up my mind to die.

Early the next morning the Indians brought fire-wood and placed it in bundles round the stakes, at a distance of about fourteen yards from the centre. They then went to the Portuguese, tied his hands behind him, and exchanged the rope by which he had been fastened for a much stronger one, one end of which they fastened to his wrists behind him, and the other to the stake. As they left me as I was before, it was plain that the Portuguese was to suffer first. They then set fire to the piles of wood which was round the stake which were too far from him to burn him, and I could not imagine what they intended to do, but you may conceive that I was in a state of awful suspense and anxiety, as I was well convinced that his fate, whatever it might be, would be my own.

During these appalling preparations the Portuguese appeared as if he really enjoyed the scene.

"Now, my good friend," said he to me, "you shall see how I can suffer for the true faith. Even a heretic like you shall be converted by my example, and I shall ascend to heaven with you in my arms. Come on, ye fiends, come on ye heathens, and see how a Christian can suffer."

Much as I felt for him and for myself, I could not lament that his reason had left him, as I thought his sufferings would be less; but his exclamations were soon drowned by a loud yell from all the Indians, who all rushed upon my unfortunate companion.

For a moment or two they were crowded so thick round him that I could not perceive what they were doing, but after that they separated, and I beheld him bleeding profusely, his ears and nose having been cut off, and a broken iron ramrod passed through both cheeks. And now a scene took place at the remembrance of which, even now, my blood curdles. Some caught up the burning sticks and applied them to his flesh, others stuck him full of small splints, the ends of which they lighted. The Indian warriors shot at him with muskets loaded with powder only, so as to burn him terribly on every part of the body. The women took up handfuls of lighted ashes and showered them down on him, so that the ground he walked upon was a mass of burning embers. and he walked upon fire.

Red-hot irons were now brought forward, and his back seared in all parts, his tormentors seeking out where they could give him the most pain. At last one applied the hot iron to his eyes and burnt them out. Imagine my feelings at this horrid scene—imagine the knowledge that this was to be also my fate in a short time; but, what is more strange to tell, imagine, madam, my companion not only deriding his torturers, but not flinching from the torture; on the contrary, praising God for his goodness in thus allowing him to be a martyr for the true faith, offering his body to their inflictions, and shouting manfully; but such was the behaviour of my insane friend, and this behaviour appeared to give great satisfaction to the Indians.

For nearly two hours did this torture continue, his body was black and bloody all over, and the smell of the burning flesh was horrible; but by this time it appeared as if he was much exhausted, and, indeed, appeared to be almost insensible to pain. He walked round the stake as before upon the burning coals, but appeared not to know when further torture was applied to him or not. He now sang hymns in Portuguese in a low voice, for he was much exhausted. Soon afterwards he staggered and fell down with his face upon the burning embers, but even the flesh of his face grilling as it were, appeared to have no effect upon him. An Indian then went up to him, and with his knife cut a circle round his head, and tore off the whole scalp, flesh and hair together, and when he had done this the old woman who I had saluted with a kick before I ran the gauntlet, and who had his ears hanging on her neck to a string, lifted up a handful of burning coals and put them upon on his bleeding head.

This seemed to rouse him. He lifted up his head, but his features were no longer to be distinguished, as his face was burnt to a black coal, and he said, "Take me, ye holy saints. Angels, receive me," and, to my great astonishment, he again rose on his legs, and tottered round and round for a few minutes. At last he sank down, with his back against the stake, and one of the Indians cleaved his brain with his tomahawk; and thus ended the life and the misery of my unfortunate companion—and it was now my turn.

"Well," thought I, "it is but two hours of suffering, and then I shall be beyond their malice. May God have mercy upon my soul."

The same preparations were now made for me. I was fastened with the stout rope, and my arms tied behind me, the wood was fired, and one of the chiefs was haranguing the Indians. He finished, the low yell was given, when the old woman who I had before mentioned ran up to me, and saying something which I could not understand, put her hand upon me.

When she did this the other Indians, who were about to rush on me, drew back with signs of disappointment on many of their wild countenances. The chiefs then went into the council-house, leaving me tied where I was, and the wood burning around me, the mass of Indians standing about as if waiting the decision of the chiefs. After a time three Indians, one of which was the interpreter, came up to me, and kicking aside the burning poles cast me loose.

I asked the interpreter what he was about to do. He replied, "You kill Indian here (pointing to his own ear), you kill him dead. Squaw lose husband—want another—take you—stead of him."

They led me to the council-house before the chiefs. The old woman

whom I had kicked was there. It was her husband that I had killed by the blow behind the ear, and she had claimed me in his stead, and, according to the custom of the country, her claim was allowed, and I was made over to her, and received into the tribe. Strange custom for a woman to marry the murderer of her husband, but still such it was, and thus did I find myself freed from the stake when I least expected it. The principal chief made me a speech which was interpreted, in which he told me that I was now the husband of Manou, and was one of their own tribe, that I must be strong in war, and must hunt and procure venison for my family.

They then washed off the black paint, and after a few more speeches and ceremonies, I was handed over to the hideous old hag, whose neck was still decorated with the two ears of my companion. To say that I would have preferred the torture would be saying too much, but that I loathed the creature to excess was certain. However, I said nothing, but allowed her to take me by the hand and lead me to her wigwam. As soon as we were in she brought me some venison, which I ate greedily, for I had had nothing for thirty-six hours. She then offered me the leggings, as they call them, which the Indians wear, and the other portions of the Indian dress, which probably belonged to her late husband. I put them on, as I was glad to cover my nakedness, and, worn out with walking and exertion, I first thanked God for my miraculous preservation, and then laid down and fell into a deep sleep.

It was not until the next day that I awoke, and I then perceived the old woman rubbing oil upon the deep cuts made in my wrists and shoulders by the leather thongs. She again set meat before me, and I ate heartily, but I looked upon her with abhorrence, and when she attempted to fondle me, I turned away and spit with disgust, at which she retired, grumbling. I now had leisure to reflect. I passed over with a shudder the scenes that had passed, and again returned thanks to God for my deliverance. I called to mind how often I had been preserved and delivered. From my bondage in Africa, from my imprisonment in the Tower, from my hopeless slavery in the mines, from our wreck on the island, and now, after passing through such dangers, from an almost certain cruel death by torture. Truly did I feel how grateful I ought to be for that Providence which had so often preserved me, and that my only reliance in future must be in its gracious protection.

But here I was, married to a woman I detested, and living with barbarians; and I said to myself, that kind Heaven which has already done so much for me will, in its own good time, also release me from this thraldom. In the meanwhile let me not murmur, but be thankful. My squaw, as they call their wives among the Indians, now came up to me and offered to paint me, and I thought it advisable that she should, as I felt that the sooner I conformed myself to their customs the more chance I had of making my escape, which I was resolved to do the first opportunity.

As soon as she had completed my toilet I walked out of the wigwam, that I might look about me and be seen. The Indians, who were sauntering about, met me with a friendly "Ugh," which appeared a favourite monosyllable with them. At last I met with the interpreter, and began to converse with him. I asked what nation I was now belonging to, and he said the Massowomicks. I asked how large their country was, and he

told me much which I could not understand, except that it appeared to me a very powerful nation.

I was very careful of mentioning the English, or any thing about their settlement, although I was anxious to know where it was; but I asked him whether they were at war with any other nation. He said "No, they had been at war with other tribes, but that they had all made peace, that they might join against the white man, who had taken their land."

"I am an Indian now," said I.

"Yes, and you will forget the white man," said he. "You have now red blood in your veins. You marry Indian wife, you all the same as one Indian."

I said, "War Indian beat his wife, suppose she talk too much?"

"Plenty talk, plenty beat," said he.

"Suppose my wife talk too much and I beat her, what Indian people say?"

"Say good. Suppose wife too old you take two wife, one more young."

I was very much pleased with this conversation; not that I had the slightest idea of profiting by his information by taking another wife, but I felt such a disgust at my present one, and had already seen what a fury she could be, that I was resolved, if necessary, to show her that I was master, for I felt certain that if I did not, she would soon attempt to master me, and so it turned out.

On the third day she took down a bow and arrows and made a sign to me to go out, and, I presumed, bring back food; and as there was nothing in the house, I thought the request reasonable. I therefore went out of the wigwam and found that many of the young men were going out on a hunting party, and that I was to join them. We set off and travelled for six hours before we came to the hunting-ground, and as the deer passed me I thought of Whyna and my hunting excursions with her. I was, however, fortunate, and killed two deer, much to the surprise of the Indians, who thought a white man could not use a bow and arrows, and I rose very much in their estimation in consequence. The deer was cut up, and we hung upon branches what we could not carry.

We did not go home that night but feasted over a large fire. The next morning we all carried home our loads, and mine was as large as any of the others, if not larger; neither did I flag on the way, for I was naturally very strong and active, and had lately been inured to fatigue. When we arrived, the squaws and men among the others were despatched for the remainder of the venison. I now went out every day by myself and practised with my bow, till I had become more expert, for I wanted practice. I had no musket, but I had a tomahawk and a long knife. I began to pick up a few words of the language, and by means of the interpreter I gained them very fast. Before I had been three months with the Indians I had acquired their confidence and respect. They found that I was expert, and able to gain my own livelihood, and I may add that before I had been three months I had also mastered my wife. When she found that I would not submit to her caresses she was very indignant and very violent, but I immediately knocked her down, and beat her unmercifully. This brought her to her senses, and after that I treated her as my slave with great rigour, and as she was a notorious scold the Indians liked me all the better for it.

You may think that this was not fair treatment towards a woman who had saved my life; but she only saved it for her own purposes, and would have worn my ears as well as my companion's if I had not killed her husband. The fact is I had no alternative, I must have either treated her kindly and submitted to her nauseous endearments, or have kept her at a respectful distance by severity, and I hardly need say that I preferred the latter. So as far as her choice of a husband was concerned she made a bad one, for she received nothing but blows and bad usage. I had one day driven my wife out of the wigwam in consequence of her presuming to "talk too much," as the Indian said, when the interpreter told me that one of the chiefs was willing that I should marry his daughter, polygamy, being one of their customs.

I was very much annoyed at this, for I knew the young girl very well: she was very graceful and very pretty; and I felt that my fidelity to Amy would be in great danger if the marriage was to take place, and if proposed I dare not refuse so great a distinction.

I replied that I was fortunate, but that I feared my present wife would make her very unhappy, as she wanted to be the chief woman of the wigwam, and when I was away I could not tell what the old woman might do to her, and the conversation was dropped.

This little Indian had, before this, showed me as much favour as an Indian girl ever ventures to show, sufficient, at all events, to satisfy me that I was not disagreeable to her, and what the interpreter had said made me very uncomfortable. However, I consoled myself with the recollection that if I were compelled to marry this girl, it would be an involuntary infidelity on my part, and on that account might well be excused; for the hope of again rejoining Amy never left me at any time.

One day I went out in search of deer, and was led away from my companions after a buck which I had wounded and attempted to overtake. They saw me in chase of my quarry, and left me in pursuit. I followed for several hours, continually coming up with it and as continually losing it again. At last, I heard the report of a musket close to where the deer was seen by me last, and I thought that some Indian had shot it. I walked forward, however, very cautiously, and perceived a white man standing by the animal, which laid at his feet. I started back, for I did not know whether I had fallen in with a friend or a foe; but as I knew that he had not had time to reload his musket, I hallooed to him, concealing myself at the same time behind a tree.

"Is that you, Evans?" said the man, in reply.

"No," said I, "it is an Englishman."

"Well, show yourself, then," said he.

"I am dressed as an Indian," replied I; "I was taken by the Indians."

"Well, come along," said the man, who was attired as a seafaring man.

I came from behind the tree, and when he saw me he snatched up his musket.

"Don't be afraid," said I.

"Afraid!" said he, "I should like to see what I'm afraid of? but I'll be on my guard."

"That's right," I replied.

I then told him that I had been taken by the Indians, and they

saved my life because one of their women chose me as her husband, and that I was anxious to escape from them.

"Well," said he, "I am on board of a schooner at anchor down below in the river. There are a few of us come on shore to get some venison, and I have lost my comrades; but I had no idea that the Indians were down here so close to the English settlements."

"How close are we then?" said I; "for I know not where I am. This is certainly not our usual hunting-ground, for I have been led many miles from it, in pursuit of the animal you have just shot."

"Well, I thought so; for I have been on shore here more than once, and I have never met with an Indian. You ask how far you are from the settlement, that I can hardly tell you, because the settlers have spread out so far; but you are about forty or fifty miles from James Town."

"And what river, then, is your schooner at anchor in?"

"I don't know the name," replied the man; "I'm not sure that it has a name. We come here for wood and water, because it is quiet, not inhabited, and no questions asked."

"What are you then?" inquired I.

"Why, to tell you the truth, we are what are called 'Jolly Rovers;' and if you have a mind to come on board we can find a berth for you, I dare say."

"Many thanks," replied I, "but I am not sufficiently fond of the sea, and I should be of no use" (for you see, by his term of Jolly Rover, I knew that they were pirates).

"That's as you please," replied he; "no harm's done."

"No," replied I, "and I thank you for your kind offer, but I cannot live long on board of a vessel. Will you now tell me which is the right track to the English plantations?"

"Why," said he, "they bear right out in that direction, and I dare say, if you travel five or six leagues, you will fall aboard of some plantation or another—right in that quarter; follow your nose, old fellow, and you can't go wrong."

"Many thanks," I replied, "am I likely to meet your companions?—they may take me for an Indian."

"Not in that direction," replied he; "they were astern of me a long way."

"Farewell, then, and many thanks," I replied.

"Good-bye, old fellow; and the sooner you rub off that paint, the sooner you'll look like a Christian," said the careless rover, as I walked away.

"No bad advice," I thought: for I was now determined to make for the English settlements as fast as I could, "and I will do so when I once see an English habitation, but not before; I may fall in with Indians yet."

I then set off as fast I could, and being now inured to running for a long time without stopping, I left the rover a long way behind me in a very short time. I continued my speed till it was dark, when I heard the barking of a dog, which I knew was English, for the Indian dogs do not bark. I then proceeded cautiously and in the direction where I heard the dog bark, and arrived in a quarter of an hour to a cleared ground, with a rail fence round it.

"Thank God!" I cried, "that I am at last among my own countrymen."

I considered, however, that it would not be prudent to show myself, especially in my Indian paint, at such a time at night, and I therefore sat down under the lee-side of a large tree, and remained there till morning. I then looked about for water, and having found a running stream, I washed off my paint, and appeared what I really was, a white man in an Indian dress. I then went up again to the clearing, and looked for the habitation, which I discovered on the top of a hill, about four hundred yards off. The trees were cleared away for about three hundred yards all round it. It was built of heavy logs, let into one another, with one window only, and that very small. The door was still shut. I walked up to it, and tapped at the door:—

"Who's there?" replied a hoarse voice.

"An Englishman, and a stranger," I replied. "I have just escaped from the Indians."

"Well, we'll see what you are in a very short time," replied the voice. "James, get me my gun."

In a minute the door opened, and I beheld a woman more than six feet high, of gaunt appearance and large dimensions: I thought that I had never seen such a masculine creature before. It was her voice which I had heard. Two men were seated by the fire-place.

"Who are you?" said she, with her musket ready for the present.

I told her in few words.

"Show me the palm of your hand—turn it up at once."

I did so, without the least idea of the reason for the demand, but I afterwards discovered that it was to ascertain whether I was one of those who had been transported to the settlement, as they all had the letter R branded on them.

"Oh, you're not a gaol-bird, then, I see: you may come in; but you'll give me that bow and arrows, if you please."

"Certainly," replied I, "if you wish it."

"Why, there's nothing like making sure in this world; and although you look a very peaceable, good-looking sort of personage, notwithstanding your Indian set-out, still I've known just as amiable people as you, in appearance, very mischievous at times. Now come in, and let us hear what you have to say for yourself. Jeykell, get some more wood."

One man went out to obey her orders; the other sat by the fire with his musket between his knees. I sat down by the fire, at the request of the woman, who had seated herself by the side of the man, and then, on her repeating her question, I gave her a narrative of my adventures, from the time that I left Rio.

"Well," says she, "we seldom hear stories like them; it's all the world like a book: and pray what's that thing (pointing to the diamond in its case) you have hanging to your neck there? you left that out in your history."

"That's a charm given me by my Indian wife, to preserve me from disasters from wild animals; no panther, wolf, or bear, will ever attack me."

"Well," said she, "if so be it has that power, all I can say it's not a bad charm to wear in these parts, for there are animals enough in the woods in summer, and round the house all night in winter; but I don't believe a bit in the charm, and that's the truth; however, if it does no good it can't do no harm, so you may keep it on, and welcome."

"May I ask how far it is to James Town?" said I.

"What, going to James Town already? I suppose you expect to be there to-night?"

"Not exactly, my good woman," replied I. "I must trespass upon your kindness to give me something to eat, for I am hungry."

"Good woman! bah! and pray how dare you call me good woman? Call me mistress, if you want any thing."

"I beg your pardon," said I. "Well then, mistress, will you give me something to eat?"

"Yes, I will. James, fetch the meal-cake and a bit of salt pork, and give him to eat, while I call the cows from the bush."

The mistress, as I shall in future call her, then put down her musket and left the cabin. During her absence I entered into conversation with the man called James, for the other had gone out. To my inquiry how far it was to James Town he replied that he really did not know; that he was sent out a convict, and sold for ten years to the husband of the mistress, who had died two years ago; that this man had a small vessel, in which he went to James Town by water, and that he had returned with him in his vessel; that the distance by water, he considered about a hundred and fifty miles, but by land it was not half that distance; that he did not know the way, nor did he believe that there was any road as yet made to James Town, as this plantation was quite by itself, and a long way from any other. He understood that the nearest plantation was twenty miles off, and that he knew there was no road to it, as no one ever went or came except by water.

"But," said I, "are not the settlers at war with the Indian tribes that surround them?"

"Yes; and have been now for three or four years; and the Indians have done great mischief to the plantations, and killed a great many people; but the settlers have punished them severely."

"Then how is it that this plantation, which is so solitary, has not been attacked?"

"Because the mistress's husband was a great friend of the Indians, and it is said used to bring them cargoes of muskets and ammunition from James Town, contrary to all law and regulation. But if he was friendly with them, the mistress is not; for she has quarrelled with the principal chief, and I should not be surprised if we were not attacked some day, and all scalped."

"And what does the mistress say to that?"

"Oh, she don't care; she'd fight a hundred Indians, or white men either. I never saw such a creature—she's afraid of nothing."

"Who is the other man I saw here?"

"Oh, he's another like myself. There were three of us, but one was drowned by falling overboard from the sloop."

"Well, but my good fellow, how shall I get to James Town?"

"I'm sure I can't tell; but my idea is that you never will get there unless mistress chooses."

"Why, surely she won't detain me by force?"

"Won't she?—you don't know her. Why, she'd stop an army," replied the man. "I don't think that she will let you go—I don't know; but that's my opinion. She want's another hand."

"What, do you mean to say that she'll make me work?"

"I mean to say that, according to the laws of the settlement, she has a right to detain you. Any person found roving here, who cannot give a satisfactory account of himself, may be detained till something is heard about him; for he may be a runaway convict, or a runaway apprentice, which is much the same after all. Now, she may say that your account of yourself is not satisfactory, and therefore she detained you; and if you won't work, she won't give you to eat; so there you are."

"Well, we will see if she is able."

"Able! if you mean strong enough, why she'd take you up with one hand; and she is as resolute and severe as she is strong. I had rather have to deal with three men, and that's the truth."

"What's the truth, James?" cried the mistress, coming in at the door. "Let's hear the truth from your lips, it will be something new."

"I said that I was sent here for finding a pocket-book, mistress; that's all."

"Yes; but you did not tell him where you found it—at the bottom of a gentleman's coat-pocket, you know. You can only tell the truth by halves yet, I see."

Wishing to ascertain how far the man's suspicions were correct, I said to her,

"I have good friends in James Town: if I were once there I could procure money and any thing else to any amount that I required."

"Well," says she, "you may have; but I'm afraid that the post don't go out to-day. One would think, after all your wanderings and difficulties, that you'd be glad to be quiet a little, and remain here; so we'll talk about James Town some time about next spring."

"Indeed, mistress, I hope you will not detain me here. I can pay you handsomely, on my arrival at James Town, for your kind treatment, and any trouble you may take for me."

"Pay me! what do I want with money?—there's no shops here with ribbons, and calicoes, and muslins; and if there were, I'm not a fine madam. Money! why I've no child to leave what I have to—no husband to spend it for me. I have bags and bags of dollars, young man, which my husband heaped up, and they are as much use to me as they are now to him."

"I am glad that you are so rich, mistress, and more glad that your money is so little cared for and so little wanted; but if you do not want money, I do very much want to get back to my friends, who think I am dead, and mourn for me."

"Well, if they have mourned, their sorrow is over by this time, and therefore your staying here will not distress them more. I may as well tell you at once that you shall not go; so make up your mind to be contented, and you'll fare none the worse for it."

This was said in so decided a tone, that, bearing in mind what I had heard from the convict servant, I thought it advisable to push the question no further for the present, making up my mind that I would wait a short time, and then make my escape, if she still persisted in detaining me by force; but this I could not venture upon until I was in possession of fire-arms, and I could not obtain them while she had any suspicion. I therefore replied—

"Well, since you are determined I shall not go, I have nothing more to say, except that I will wait your pleasure, and, in the mean time, let

me make myself as useful as I can, for I don't want to eat the bread of idleness."

"You're a very sensible young man," replied she, "and now you shall have a shirt to put on, which will improve your appearance a great deal."

She then went into the inner room, which I presume was her bed-room, as there were but two rooms in the cabin. As she went out I could not help wondering at her. On examination, I felt assured that she was more than six feet high, and her shoulders as broad and her arms as nervous as a man's of that stature. Her chest was very expanded, but bosom she had none. In fact, she was a man in woman's clothing, and I began to doubt her sex. Her features were not bad, had they been of smaller dimensions, but her nose was too large, although it was straight; her eyes were grand, but they were surmounted with such coarse eyebrows; her mouth was well shaped, and her teeth were good and regular, but it was the mouth of an ogress; her walk was commanding and firm; every action denoted energy and muscle; and certainly, from the conversation I have already made known, her mind was quite as masculine as her body—she was a splendid monster. In a minute she returned, bringing me a good check shirt and pair of duck trousers, which I thankfully accepted.

"I've plenty more for those who please me," said she, carelessly; "when you've put them on, come out to me, and I'll show you the plantation."

In a minute or two I joined her, and she led me round the tobacco fields, then to the maize or Indian corn grounds, pointing out and explaining everything. She also showed me the cows, store pigs, and poultry. Wishing to please her, I asked many questions, and pretended to take an interest in all I saw. This pleased her much, and once or twice she smiled—but such a smile! After an hour's ramble we returned, and found the two servants very busy, one husking maize, and the other in the shed where the tobacco was dried. I asked some questions of her about the tobacco—how many casks or bales she made a-year? She replied that she made it in bales, and sold it by weight.

"It must be heavy carriage from here to James Town?" said I.

"Yes, indeed, if it went that way it never would arrive, I imagine," replied she; "but I have a sloop in the river below, which carries it round."

"When is the time it is harvested and fit to be carried round?" inquired I.

"It is now turning fast," said she; "all that you see hanging in the drying-shed has been already drawn; in three or four weeks it will all be housed, and then we begin to pack: in about two months from this the sloop will take it round."

"But is it not very expensive keeping a sloop on purpose, with men to have her in charge?" inquired I, to hear what she would say.

"The sloop lies at anchor, without a soul on board," says she. "No one ever comes up this river. I believe Captain Smith, who made the settlement, did do so once. There is another river, about twenty miles further down, which is occasionally frequented by buccaneers, I am told—indeed, I know it, for my husband had more to do with them than perhaps was good for his soul, but this little river is never visited."

"Then your servants take her round?"

"Yes; I leave one in charge, and take two with me."

"But you have but two."

"Not till you came—one died; but now I have three," and she smiled at me again.

If I had not been so afraid of affronting her, I certainly would have said to her, "Do any thing, I beg, but smile."

I said no more on that point. She called Jeykell, who was in the tobacco-shed, and desired him to kill a couple of chickens, and bring them in. We then entered the cabin, and she observed—

"I don't doubt but you are tired with so much fatigue; you look so; go and sleep on one of their beds; you shall have one for yourself by night."

I was not sorry to do as she proposed, for I was tired out. I laid down, and did not wake till she called me and told me that dinner was ready. I was quite ready for that also, and I sat down with her, but the two convict servants did not. She ate in proportion to her size, and that is saying enough. After dinner she left me, and went with her two men on her farming avocations, and I was for a long while cogitating on what had passed, I perceived that I was completely in her power, and that it was only by obtaining her good-will that I had any chance of getting away, and I made up my mind to act accordingly. I found a comfortable bed, of the husks of Indian corn, prepared for me at night, in an ante-room where the two servant-men slept. It was a luxury that I had not enjoyed for a long while. For several days I remained very quiet, and apparently very contented. My mistress gave me no hard work, chiefly sending me on messages or taking me out with her. She made the distinction between me and the convicts that I always took my meals with her and they did not. In short, I was treated as a friend and visiter more than any thing else, and had I not been so anxious about going to England, I certainly had no reason to complain except of my detention, and this, it was evident, it was not in her power to prevent, as, until the sloop went away with the tobacco, she had no means of sending me away. One day, however, as I was walking past the tobacco-shed, I heard my name mentioned by the two convicts, and stopping, I heard James say,

"Depend upon it, that's what she's after, Jeykell, and he is to be our master, whether he likes it or not."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder," replied the other; "she does make pure love to him, that's certain."

"Very true; every thing's fierce with her—even love—and so he'll find it if he don't fancy her."

"Yes, indeed:—well, I'd rather serve another ten years than she should fall in love with me."

"And if I had my choice, whether to be her husband or to swing, I should take the cord in preference."

"Well I pity him from my heart; for he is a good youth, and a fair-spoken and a handsome, too; and I'm sure that he has no idea of his unfortunate situation."

"No idea, indeed," said I to myself, as I walked away. "Merciful Heaven! is it possible!" And when I thought over her conduct, and what had passed between us, I perceived not only that the convicts were

right in their supposition, but that I had, by wishing to make myself agreeable to her, even assisted in bringing affairs to this crisis.

That very day she had said to me. "I was very young when I married, only fourteen, and I lived with my husband nine years. He is dead more than a year now."

When she said that, which she did at dinner, while she was clawing the flesh off the bone of a wild turkey, there was something so ridiculous in that feminine confession, coming from such a masculine mouth, that I felt very much inclined to laugh, but I replied,

"You are a young widow, and ought to think of another husband."

Again when she said, "If ever I marry again, it shall not be a man who has been burnt on the hand. No, no, my husband shall be able to open both hands and show them."

I replied, "You are right there. I would never disgrace myself by marrying a convict."

When I thought of these and many other conversations which had passed between us, I had no doubt, in my own mind, but that the convicts were correct in their suppositions, and I was disgusted at my own blindness.

"At all events," said I to myself, after a long cogitation, "if she wants to marry me, she must go to James's Town for a parson, and if I once get there, I will contrive, as soon as extra constables are sworn in, to break off the match." But, seriously, I was in an awkward plight. There was something in that woman that was awful, and I could imagine her revenge to be most deadly. I thought the old Indian squaw to be bad enough, but this new mistress was a thousand times worse. What a hard fate, I thought, was mine, that I should be thus forced to marry against my will, and be separated from her whom I adored. I was a long while turning over the matter in my mind, and at last I resolved that I would make no alteration in my behaviour, but behave to her as before, and that if the affair was precipitated by my mistress, that I would be off to the woods, and take my chance of wild beasts and wild Indians, rather than consent to her wishes. I then went in the cabin, where I found her alone.

"Alexander," said she (she would know my Christian name, and called me by it), "they say widows court the men, and that they are privileged so to do," (I turned pale, for I little thought that there was to be an explanation so soon); "at all events, whether they are or not, I know that a woman in my position cannot well expect a young man in yours to venture without encouragement. Now, Alexander, I have long perceived your feelings and your wishes, and I have only to say that mine are such as yours," (oh, I wish they were, thought I,) "and therefore you have but to ask and to have."

I was mute with fear and despair, and could not find a reply to make to her.

"Why do you not answer, Alexander? Do you think me too forward?"

"No," stammered I; "you are very kind, but this is so unexpected—so unlooked for—so unhoped for—I am so overcome."

Observe, madame, how strangely the sexes were changed. I was the woman in this instance.

"I should like to consult my friends."

"Consult your fiddle-sticks," replied she, quickly. "Who have you got to consult? I hope, Alexander," said she, setting her broad teeth together, "that you are not trifling with me?"

"Indeed, I never should think of trifling with you, mistress," replied I. "I feel much obliged to you for showing such a preference for me."

"I think, Alexander, that you ought; so now then, if you please, give me your answer," replied she.

"Had I been prepared for your kindness, I would have done so at once, but I have many serious questions to put to myself, and if you please, we will renew the subject to-morrow morning. I will then tell you candidly how I am situated; and if after that you do not withdraw your proposal, I shall be most happy to be yours as soon as we can go to James's Town to be married."

"If," replied she, "you mean to insinuate, Alexander, that you have a wife in England, that is of no consequence in this settlement; for those who live here are free from all English marriages; and as for going to James's Town to be married, that is quite unnecessary. If the people in the settlement were to wait for a parson when they married, they would never be married at all. All that is necessary is, that we shall draw up agreement of marriage, on paper, sign it, and have it witnessed. However, as I perceive that you are flurried, I will wait till to-morrow morning for your decision."

My mistress then rose from her stool, and went into her chamber, shutting the door too with more emphasis than was at all agreeable to my nerves. I walked out into the open air to recover myself, and to reflect upon what course I should take in this awkward and dangerous dilemma. Marrying her was out of the question—but how to avoid it? It was almost like being stopped by a highwayman. He says, "Your money or your life." My mistress's demand was, "Marriage or your life." There was but one hope, which was to escape that very night, and take my chance in the woods, and so I resolved to do.

I did not go in till dark; my mistress was in her own room; the two convicts were sitting by the fire. I took my seat by them, but did not speak, except in a whisper, telling them that their mistress was not well, and that we had better go to bed, and not talk. They stared at me at the idea of the mistress being ill; they had never known her complain of any thing since they had known her, but the hint was sufficient. They went to bed, and so did I with my clothes on, watching the crevices of the door of her room to see if her lamp was out. In about half-an-hour the little thin beams through the chinks of her door disappeared, and then I knew that she had gone to bed. I watched two hours more before I ventured to stir. The convicts were both snoring loud, and effectually drowned any slight noise I might make in moving about. I went to the locker, secured all the cold meat for provision, took down one of the muskets and ammunition belts, and having put the latter over my shoulders, I then took the musket in my hand, and crept softly to the door of the cabin. Here was the only difficulty; once out, but five yards off, and I was clear. I removed the heavy wooden bar, without noise, and had now only to draw the bolt. I put my finger to it, and was sliding it gently and successfully back, when my throat was seized, and I was hurled back on the floor of the cabin. I was so stunned by the violence of the fall, that for a short time I was insensible. When I recovered, I

felt a great weight upon my chest, and opening my eyes, found my mistress sitting upon me, and giving orders to the convicts, one of whom had already lighted the lamp.

"For mercy's sake, get off my chest," said I, in a faint voice.

"Yes, I will, but not yet," replied my mistress. Now, James, hand them to me."

James handed some chains to his mistress, who, turning round as she sat on my body, made the manacle at the end of the chain fast round my ankle. This went with a snap-spring, which could not be opened without a key belonging to it. At last she rose off my body, and I could breathe free. She then called to the convicts, saying,

"Go both of you into the tobacco-shed, and wait there till I call you out. If I find you one foot nearer to us, I'll flay you alive."

The servants ran off as fast as they could. When they were gone, my mistress said,

"So you were about to escape, were you? You would avoid the chances of matrimony, and now you have other chances which you little dreamt of."

"I thought it was the wisest thing that I could do," replied I. "Since I must be plain, I am sacredly betrothed to another person, and I could not even for you break my faith. I meant to have told you so to-morrow morning, but I was afraid it would annoy you, and therefore I wished to go away without giving you any answer."

"Well, sir, I offered to be your wife, which would have made you my lord and master. You refuse it, and now I make you my slave. I give you your option; you shall either consent to be my husband, or you shall remain as you are, and toil hard; but any time that you think better of it, and are willing to embrace my offer, you will be free, and I will be as a wife in subjection."

"So you say," replied I; "but suppose I was to make you angry after I married you, you would do to me as you have done now. I may perhaps one day get free from this chain, but once married to you, I am a slave for ever."

"You may think otherwise before long," replied she; "in the meantime, you may walk out and cool yourself."

She then returned to her room, and I rose, having determined to walk out and cool myself, as she proposed; but when I was on my legs, I found that to the other end of the chain, which was very heavy, and about two yards long, was rivetted an iron ball of about thirty pounds weight, so that I could not walk without carrying this heavy weight in my hands, for it could not be dragged. I lifted up the iron ball, and went out of the house. I was no longer afraid of her. I was in too great a rage to fear any thing. As I calmed, I considered my case, and found it to be hopeless; and as I thought of Amy, and the many months of hope deferred, I wept bitterly, and I had no consolation, for the reader may recollect that I lost my Bible when I was sent on shore, naked almost, by the rascally captain of the Transcendant.

I had now been twenty months away from Liverpool, and I felt as if my chance of seeing her that I loved was indeed hopeless. I might remain chained in such a solitude for years, or I might expire under her barbarous treatment, for I fully knew what I had to expect. However, I was resolved. I prayed fervently for support and succour in my time of

trouble, and became more composed. I remained out the whole of the night, and watched the rising sun. The two convicts came out to their work, and shrugged their shoulders as they passed me, but they dared not speak to me.

My mistress at last came out. She commenced with abuse, but I gave no answer. She tried soothing, but I was mute. At last she became frantic in her passion, hurled me away from her, and after being dreadfully beaten, I fell to the ground. She put her foot upon my neck, and she stood there looking like a fury. She loaded me with epithets, and then of a sudden went down on her knees by me, and begged my pardon, calling me her dear Alexander—her life—entreating me to accede to her wishes. Never was there such a tigress in love before, I really believe.

"Hear me," replied I; "as long as I am chained, I never will give any answer upon the present subject, that I swear."

She rose from my side, and walked away.

It is impossible, my dear madam, for me to describe what I suffered from this women for more than six weeks, during which she kept me chained in this way—at one time entreating me, the next moment kicking me, and throwing me down. I had no peace—my life became a burden to me, and I often entreated her in mercy to put an end to my sufferings. I also had my paroxysms of rage, and would then spurn her, spit at her, and do every thing I could, and say all that I could imagine to show my hatred and contempt. At other times I was sullen, and that always annoyed her. She would bear my reproaches patiently—bear any thing so long as I would talk, but if I remained obstinately silent, then in a short time her fury would break forth. I pitied her, notwithstanding her ill-treatment, for the woman did love me (after her own fashion) most intensely.

It was on the seventh week of my confinement on the chain, that one morning very early as I was lying in the tobacco-shed, for she had turned me out of the cabin, I perceived among the trees, which were about three hundred yards from the cabin, two Indians, in what is called their war paint, which is a sign that they were on a hostile excursion. I remained perfectly quiet and well concealed, that I might watch them. The convicts had more than once told me that the Indians would attack us, in consequence of an insult which my mistress had offered to their chief, with whom her husband had been so friendly with; and when they stated what had passed, I agreed with them that they would not fail to resent the insult as soon as they could. I had therefore always been on the look-out, but had never seen any Indians before. My mistress, to whom I had, in our days of sweet converse, spoken to about them, always laughed at the idea of their attacking her, and said that they might come if they liked. She had made every preparation for them, as she had loop-holes stuffed up with moss just below the roof of the cabin, from which you could fire down upon them till they were within four yards of the cabin, and other loop-holes, from which you might shoot them when close; the window and door were impregnable, and provided that we were once in the cabin, there was no doubt but that a serious, if not effectual, resistance might be made. That the Indians were reconnoitring the cabin was evident, and that they did not do so for nothing was equally certain. After a while, during which I made out six of them, they fell back in

the wood, and disappeared. The dog at that moment came out to me, and it was probably the sight of the dog which made them retreat, as they feared that he would have given notice of their being so close to us. I waited till the convicts came out, and then I went into the cabin and said,

"You drove me out of the house last night, and I come to return good for evil. As I laid in the tobacco-shed, I saw six Indians in the wood, to the east of the cabin, reconnoitring, and I have no doubt but that you will be attacked this night, so I give you notice."

"And you hope that by this fear of their attack you will be set free, is it not?"

"It is perfectly indifferent to me whether I am or not. I have often asked you to put an end to my misery, and as you have not done it, I shall bless those Indians for the friendly act; a blow of a tomahawk will release me if you will not."

"Well, then, let them come with their tomahawks," replied she, "and I will protect you from them, for no one shall release you but myself."

"As you please," replied I; "I have done my duty in telling you what I have seen, and you may take precautions or not; for myself I care nothing."

So saying, I lifted up my ball of iron and went away out of the door. I remained out of doors the whole of the day, and therefore did not know whether my mistress took any precautions or not, but I told the two convicts what I had seen, and advised them not to go far from the cabin, as they would run great danger.

They inquired of me where I had seen the Indians, and I pointed out the spot in the wood, after which they went away. I was certain that the attack would be on this night, as there was no moon till three hours before daybreak; and as it was very dark, it would probably take place in the early part of the night. I had made up my mind what I would do, which was not in any way to defend the cabin while chained, but when I was freed, I would fight to the last, so that I might be killed where I stood, and not be taken alive and tortured.

I did not go out from home all that day, and, to my surprise, I was not molested by my mistress. At dark she called the convicts, but they did not answer; she came out to look for them, and asked me whether I had seen them.

I told her that I had not seen them for two hours, and I had thought that they were in the house.

"Did you tell them about the Indians?"

"Yes, I did," I replied, "and stated my opinion that they would attack us this night, and I advised them not to go far from the cabin, or they might be cut off."

"Then the cowardly sneaks have run off to the woods, and left us to defend ourselves how we can."

"I shall not defend myself," replied I. "I shall stay here where I am. I wait for death, and will not avoid it."

"Come into the house," said she, abruptly.

"No," replied I, "I will not."

"You will not," said she, and catching up the chain and ball in one hand, with her other arm she caught me round the waist, and carried me into the house.

"Well," replied I, "it is only deferring it a little longer; they will force their way in it at last, and I will die here."

"Wait until they arrive," replied my mistress. "But do you mean to say that you will not help to defend the house?"

"Certainly not, as long as I am chained as a slave," replied I.

My mistress made no reply, but busied herself with barring the door and window. She then placed the table and stools so that she might stand upon them and fire out of the upper loop-holes; pulled the moss out of the loop-holes; took down the muskets—of which there were six—from their rests, examined the priming of those which were loaded, and loaded those which were not. She then got out a supply of powder and ball, which she put ready on the table, brought the axes out that they might be at hand, examined the water-jars to ascertain whether the convicts had filled them as she had ordered, and then, when all was prepared for defence, she removed the lamp into the inner room, leaving the one we were in so dark, that the Indians could not, by looking through the chinks or loop-holes, discover where the occupants of the cabin might be. All these arrangements she made with the greatest coolness, and I could not help admiring her courage and self-possession.

"Is there any more to be done, Alexander?" said she in a mild voice.

"Where is the dog?" replied I.

"Tied up in the tobacco-shed," said she.

"Then there is no more to be done," replied I; "the dog will give you notice of their coming, as they will first occupy the tobacco-shed as an advanced post."

"Alexander, will you promise not to escape if I set you free?"

"Certainly not," replied I. "You set me free for your own purposes, because you wish me to help to defend your property; and then, forsooth, when the Indians are beat off, you will chain me again."

"No, no; that was not my feeling, as I sit here alive," replied she, "but I was thinking that, if forced to retreat from the cabin, you would never be able to escape, and I never could save you; but they should hack me to pieces first."

"Answer me one question;" said I. "In a time of peril like this would you, as a conscientious person, think that you were justified in retaining in such fetters even a convict who had robbed you? And if you feel that you would not; on what grounds do you act in this way to a man whom you profess to love?—I leave it to your conscience."

She remained silent for some time: when the dog barked, and she started up.

"I believe I am mad, or a fool," said she, sweeping back her hair from her forehead.

She then took the key of the manacle out of her dress and released me.

"Alexander"—

"Silence!" said I, putting my hand to her mouth, "this is no time to be heard speaking. Silence!" repeated I, in a whisper, "I hear them, they are round the house."

I stood upon one of the stools and looked through a loop-hole. It was very dark, but as the Indians stood on the hill there was clear sky behind them as low down as their waists, and I could perceive their motions, as they appeared to be receiving orders from their chief; and they advanced to the door of the cabin with axes and tomahawks. My mistress

had mounted on the table at the same time that I had got on the stool. We now got down again without speaking, and each taking a musket, we kneeled down at the lower loop-holes which I have described. On second thoughts, I mounted the stool, whispering to her, "Don't fire till I do."

The Indians came to the door and tapped, one asking in English to be let in. No reply was given, and they commenced their attack upon the door with their axes. As soon as this aggression took place, I took good aim at their chief, as I presumed him to be, who was now standing alone on the hill. I fired. He fell immediately,

As I leaped from the stool my mistress discharged her musket, and we both caught up others and returned to the loop-holes below. By this time the blows of the axes were incessant, and made the cabin-door tremble, and the dust to fly down in showers from the roof; but the door was of double oak with iron braces, and not easily to be cut through; and the bars which held it were of great size and strength.

It was some time before we could get another shot at an Indian, but at last I succeeded, and as his comrades were taking the body away my mistress shot another. After this the blows of the axes ceased, and they evidently had retreated. I then went into the inner room and extinguished the lamp, that they might not be able to see us—for the lamp gave a faint light. We returned to the table, and loaded the muskets in the dark.

As I put the last musket on the table my mistress said, "Will they come again?"

"Yes," replied I, "I think they will; but, if you wish to talk, we had better retreat to the fire-place: there we shall be safe from any shot."

We retreated to the fire-place, and sat down on the ashes; it just held us both, and my mistress took this opportunity of embracing me, saying—

"Dear Alexander, if I had a thousand lives I would sacrifice them for you."

"We have but one," replied I, "and that one I will devote for your defence; I can do no more."

"Who did you fire at?" said she.

"The chief, as I believe, who was on the hill giving orders. He fell; and I think that he fell dead."

"Then depend upon it they will retreat," said she.

"I think not; they will be revenged, if they possibly can; and we must expect a hard fight for it."

"Why, what can they do? They never can break through the door, and when daylight comes we can shoot them by dozens."

"Depend upon it," said I, "they will try to burn us out. The wind is high, which is all in their favour, and I suspect they are now gone to collect firewood."

"And if they do fire the cabin, what shall we do? I never thought of that."

"We must remain in it as long as we can, and then sally out and fight to the last;—but every thing depends upon circumstances. Be guided by me, and I will save you if I can."

"Be guided by you!"

"Yes! Recollect I am not in chains now, and that although you have all the courage of a man, still you have not been so accustomed to warfare as I have been. I have long been accustomed to command, to plan, and to execute, in times of peril like this."

"You have great strength and courage; I little thought what a lion I had chained up," replied she. "Well, I love you all the better for it, and I will be guided by you, for I perceive already that you have the best head of the two. Hark! What is that?"

"It is what I said," replied I; "they are laying firewood against the logs of the cabin on the windward side—(this was on the side opposite to the door). Now we must try if we cannot pick some more of them off," said I, rising and taking a musket. "Bring the stools over to this side, for we must fire from the upper loop-holes."

We remained at our posts for some time without seeing an Indian. They had gone back to the wood for more combustibles. At last we perceived them coming back with the wood. I should imagine there were at least twenty of them.

"Now to take good aim," said I.

We both fired almost at the same moment, and three Indians fell.

"Get down, and give me another musket," said I to my mistress.

She handed me one, and, taking another for herself, resumed her station. We fired several times; sometimes with and sometimes without success; for the Indians went away twice for firewood before they had collected what they considered sufficient. By this time it was piled up to the eaves of the cabin, and our loop-holes were shut up; we therefore went over to the other side, where the door was, to see if there were any Indians there, but could not see one. We had been on the look-out for about five minutes, when the crackling of the wood, and the smoke forcing itself through the crevices between the logs, told us that the fire had been applied, and the wind soon fanned it up so that the flame poured through every chink and loop-hole, and lighted up the cabin.

"We must retreat to the fire-place," said I. "Come quickly, or we shall be shot."

"Why so?" said she, as she did as I requested.

"They will peep through the loop-holes on the side of the cabin where the door is and see us plainly, until the cabin is filled with smoke which it soon will be."

"But tell me what we are to do now, for I feel if this smoke increases we shall not be able to speak to one another."

This she said about five minutes after we had remained standing in the fire-place, with our heads up the chimney.

"Perhaps it will be as well," replied I, "that I do speak so. This fierce wind drives the smoke to leeward in volumes, but the great burst of smoke will be when the roof is well on fire. It is now burning fiercely on the windward side, but we must wait till the leeside has caught, and then the volume of smoke will be greater. The great point is to hit the precise time of opening the door, and escaping shrouded in the volume of smoke. If too soon, they will perceive us, and we shall be shot down; if too late, the roof will fall upon us, and we shall be smothered or burnt. We had better now, I think, leave this, and be all ready. Our best weapon, if we have to fight our way, will be an axe. Let us each take one; and, by now going near to the door, and putting our mouths to one of the loop-holes, we shall breathe freer, and unbar the door at the right time. Do you agree with me?"

"You are right," said she; "you are a *man*, and I am a *woman*."

We left the fire-place, and having felt for and found the axes, we went near to the door, and put our mouths to the loop-holes below; and the

smoke passing above them enabled us to breathe freer. I looked out and perceived that, with the exception of about six yards to leeward of the cabin, there was a dense volume of smoke rolling along the ground for a long distance, and that if we could only once gain it without being perceived, we should probably be saved. I therefore unbarred the door, drew the bolt, and held it in my hand, all ready for a start. The cabin was now in flames in every part as well as the roof. I touched my mistress, and then took her hand in mine, watching at the loop-hole. At last, when the heat was almost unbearable, an eddy of the wind drove back the smoke close to the lee-side of the cabin, and all was dark. I jumped up, opened the door, and dragged my mistress after me, we walked out into the black mass completely hid from our enemies, and then running hand-in-hand as fast as we could to leeward in the centre of the smoke, we found ourselves at least one hundred yards from the cabin without the Indians having any idea that we were not still inside. As we retreated the density of the smoke became less, and I then told her to run for her life, as the Indians would soon discover that the door of the cabin was open and that we had escaped—and so it proved. We were still a hundred yards from the wood when a yell was given which proved that they had discovered our escape, and were in pursuit. We gained the wood; I turned round a moment to look behind me, and perceived at least forty or fifty Indians in full pursuit of us—the foremost about two hundred yards distant.

"Now we must run for it, mistress," said I, "and we must no longer take hands. We shall have to thread the wood. Away! We have no time to lose."

So saying, I snatched my hand from her and sprang forward; she following me as fast as she could, more fearful, evidently, of my making my escape from her, than of her own escape from the Indians. As soon as I was a hundred yards in the wood, I turned short to the right, and fled with all my speed in that direction, because I hoped by this means to deceive the Indians, and it was easier to run where the wood was not so thick. My mistress followed me close: she would have hallooed to me, but she had not breath after the first half-mile. I found out that I was more fleet than she was. Whether encumbered with her clothes, or perhaps not so much used to exercise, I heard her panting after me. I could easily have left her, but my fear was that she would have called to me, and if she had, the Indians would have heard her, and have known the direction I had taken, and, when once on my trail, they would, as soon as daylight came, have followed me by it to any distance; I therefore slackened my speed so as just to enable my mistress to keep up with me at about ten yards' distance; when we had run about three miles I felt certain that she could not proceed much further: speak she could not, and as I ran without once looking behind me, she could make no sign. I continued at a less rapid pace for about a mile further. I did this to enable her to keep up with me, and to recover my own breath as much as possible previous to a start. The voices of the Indians had long been out of hearing, and it was clear that they had not discovered the direction which we had taken. I knew, therefore, that they could not hear her now, if she did cry out as loud as she could, and I gradually increased my speed, till I could no longer hear her panting behind me; I then went off at my full speed, and after

a few minutes I heard her voice at some distance faintly calling out my name. "Yes," thought I, "but I have not forgotten the ball and chain; and if you thought that you had let loose a lion while we were in the cabin, you shall find that you have loosed a deer in the woods." I then stopped for a few moments to recover my breath. I did not, however, wait long, I was afraid that my mistress might recover her breath as well as myself, and I again set off as fast as I could. The idea of torture from the Indians, or again being kept confined by my mistress, gave me endurance which I thought myself incapable of. Before morning I calculated that I had run at least twenty miles, if not more.

With the perspiration running down me in streams, and hardly able to drag one leg before the other, I at last, just about daybreak, gave it up, when I threw myself on the ground, and dropped out of my hand my axe, which I had carried the whole way. I lay there for more than half an hour, tormented with thirst, but quite unable to move. At last I recovered; and, as I well knew that the Indians would divide in parties of three or four, and hunt every part of the woods, and by daylight probably discover my track, I rose and prepared to resume my toil, when, looking round me, I perceived that I was exactly on the spot where I had followed the deer, and had fallen in with the Jolly Rover, as he termed himself, who had pointed out the way to the plantations. I turned and saw the river below, and as he had told me that the Indians never came there, I resolved to go to the river, where, at least, I should find shell-fish and water. I did so; and in half an hour arrived at the skirts of the wood, and found that the river was about four hundred yards from me, and clear of trees at the mouth for some distance. I went down to the river, which ran swiftly out, and I drank till I was ready to burst. I then rose on my feet, and walked along its banks towards the mouth, thinking what I should do. To get to James Town appeared to me to be an impossibility, unless by water, and I was not likely to meet with any other vessel here but a pirate. Should I then go aboard of a pirate? It appeared to me to be my only resource, and that I should be happy if I could find one.

By this time I had arrived at the mouth of the river, and, looking out to seaward, I saw a schooner at anchor. She was about three miles off. That she was a pirate vessel, I presumed. Should I go on board of her or not; and if so, how was I to get on board? All her boats were up; and I surmised that she had just left the river with the intention of sailing as soon as there was any wind, for now it was calm. The river ran out swiftly, and I thought I should be able to swim the distance with the assistance I should obtain from the current, which swept down right for her, and she was riding to its strength.

I was demurring. I had been perhaps two hours on the beach, waiting to see if she might send a boat on shore, when, as I stood at the riverside, still hesitating, I happened to turn round and perceived three Indians coming down upon me as fast as they could. I hesitated no longer, but plunged into the stream, and was swept out two hundred yards before they arrived at the beach. I made for the schooner; and the current ran out so fast that in half an hour I was close to her. I swam for her cable, which I clung to, and then shouted loudly. This induced some of the crew to look over the bows, and they handed me a bowling knot, into which I fixed myself, and was hauled on board.

BONNABEL.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

I.

How a sudden Wintry Night slaughters the early Spring, and what a Blight fell upon the Life of Bonnabel.

Thou hast beheld pale Spring come early forth?
Seen ices, heartless cold, melt off in rills;
While maniac Winter shriek'd into the north,
And flow'rs, too soon, push'd out on gleamy hills?

Then, in this unsuspecting purity
And innocence of Nature, freshly born,
Some murd'rous Night hath left the icy sea,
And slain all green things ere the early morn?

This dumb cold massacre, the soft mild eyes
Of twilight shepherd gray beholds with pain:
He feels the slaughter that around him lies,
As though warm blood flow'd in each leafy vein.

So hast thou seen life's hopes cut off like these;
Though not, like these, to still survive the blow:
Flow'rs may re-flow'r, and leaves renew the trees,
But blights of heart no Spring's renewal know.

Nor blasts, most cutting, cruel and severe,
With parching chill, so deadly ever fell
Upon the milky childhood of the year,
As swept *one* blight upon our Bonnabel.

Dark is the tale, and pitiful to tell!
O maidens! listen, and in time be wise.
And ye whose hearts with censure's venom swell,
Learn hence to pity more, and less despise.

Poor Mercy yet a beggar is at best;
Still praying this hard world to take her in,
An honour'd, not a tolerated guest,
And with her mantle cover more of sin.

Too oft on hasty man she looks, in awe
To see him punish, when he should refer
Alone, and humbly, to that sacred law
Which God hath given to be dispensed by her.

II.

Bonnabel tells her Remorse and Despair, and imagines her future Fate—Then pleads for the Despised.

I woke; 'twas morn. Oh, God! but *what* a morn!
To me 'twas darker than the vanish'd night:
Remorseful shadows wrapp'd my soul forlorn—
The lamp of virtue lay extinguish'd quite!

Before my mind there gleam'd no future light;
Save, in the dim remote, a ruddy glare
Up from the Place of Everlasting Fright,
That show'd to earth my shame all new and bare.

Disgrace and scorn, henceforth, are all my fare;—
They now will shun me who before have sought:
My heart must sicken, and my life grow sere,
When all pass by me as a thing of nought.

My father's blessing will become a curse;
He'll look upon me with a tiger's eyes,
And thunder in his looks—" Thy birth was worse
Than an abortion to the blushing skies,—

"Thou thing of shame, hypocrisy, and lies!"
My mother silently will from me turn,
Nor more in joy my maiden beauty prize,
But o'er that fallen beauty bend and mourn.

Like living ashes in a living urn,
She'll be the proof of Innocence now dead:
She *is* my mother, and she cannot spurn;
Though I have bow'd for aye her woe-worn head.

And none, from first to last, for me shall plead;
No generous heart will palliate my shame:
New barbs they'll plant where wounds already bleed,
And prove sweet Mercy's but a splendid name.

Who never fell, think never could they fall,
And blame the fallen that they ever fell.
So, in their hours of innocence, thought all!
But test and trial only truth can tell.

Whose strength is known untempted, unassail'd?
'Tis but a seeming virtue that's untried:
It might have triumph'd, or it might have fail'd.
No heroes are, who have no foe defied.

Hence let the pure learn charity; and feel
More pity and less hatred is *their* due,
Who, cloud-wrapp'd, on love's giddy heights may reel,
And from that floor of stars fall earthward through!

How many hearts seem frail that would be true!
Betray'd at first, and then by scorn kept frail:
Oh, that mankind might read those hearts anew,
And with a gentler moral point their tale!

III.

Bonnabel relates how she withstood the World until deserted by her Lover—Then speaks about her Infant.

Since, gaping ever, like an empty cave,
The world's deep mouth but echoes what it hears,
Unknowing why it doth condemn or save,
Who, for its hollow, senseless censure cares?

Its cold contempts, its mockeries and jeers,
Its jokes that stabb'd too earnestly in play;
Alike unworthy seem'd of smiles or tears,
While *one* still lov'd me on and on alway.

Upon that single rock alone I stood:—
The rock that wreck'd me was my only stay:—
With him, I brav'd the else resistless flood
That might have swept a world of hearts away.

Oh, love in ruins is a glory still!
Its shatter'd columns round about may lie,
A temple overthrown: yet, from its hill,
It's very ashes touch a god-like sky!

Awhile, upheld by this man's constancy,
And strengthen'd by some hopes of future joy,
I seem'd the world's repulses not to see,
Nor from its brutal scandal feel annoy.

With patient mind I took its load of blame;
  With all *a mother's* strength I brav'd its frown,
And bore about my evidence of shame
  In seeming courage, though at heart cast down.

All this I gather'd nerve to do and bear:
  A desert's less a desert if we cry,
And in our solitude, responsive, hear
  A single voice in echo to reply.

Alas! for man's brief faith and treachery!
  He took at length the common plague, and fled.
Stone-like, I spoke not, for the man was free,
  But cold within me lay my heart, and dead.

The living world was all a mockery,
  And men were men no longer in my sight:
None felt for me the smallest sympathy—
  I walk'd in darkness in a world of light.

I heard their hideous voices in my ears,
  But spoke not, as I heard not; and so pass'd:
Their lives and mine were in two diff'rent spheres,
  And in opposing moulds our fates were cast.

I was alone—and yet not all alone:
  One clung to me that yet could not deceive.
Flesh of my flesh it was, bone of my bone,
  As though I were the purest child of Eve.

Poor witness of misfortune and of crime!
  Its presence curs'd that mother from whose breast
It suck'd its life; and, in its own sweet time,
  Snatch'd now a meal, and now a calm mild rest.

It ne'er reproach'd me with its evil birth,
  Nor shamed to own its mother, scorn'd and poor;
Had straw been down, and I a queen on earth,
  The pretty fool could not have lov'd me more.

Or snowy-spotless had my fame remain'd—
  Had all the worthy idolised my name—
To it no sweeter were the milk it drain'd.
  In spite of crime, the *mother* was the same!

And I—because I knew, in time to come,
  Base souls would taunt it with its origin,
And, by one word, strike heart and honour dumb;—
  I nurs'd it closer then, because of sin!

Still, that desertion broke my spirit quite;
  Too much unkindness *will* the heart lay waste:
I mused all day, and sorrow'd all the night,
  By frightful apprehensions ever chas'd.

An outcast, banish'd to the furthest verge
  Of earth's most dim and visionary shores,
Where, age on age, unceasingly the surge,
  Respondent to the noisy cliff-birds, roars;—

Such exile, wailing to the heartless sea,
  Unseen, unheard, unpitied, and unknown,
In Nature's wilds feels more society
  Than one that stands amidst the crowd—alone.

The pedestal was shaken, and I fell.—
  From lower deep to lower was my fall.
What demons seiz'd me scarcely may I tell,
  But in the Book of Doom 'tis written all!

IV.

Bonnabel alludes to her Distresses, and describes a horrible Vision that beset her.

To keep my infant and myself alive,
  My very fingers to the bone I wore:
Yet Want *would* come, however I might strive,
  Till Famine put her plague-mark on my door.

And as, in times of pestilence gone by,
  Upon infected tenements was writ,
"THE LORD HAVE MERCY ON US!" so felt I,
  For us condemn'd, those awful words most fit.

I had no friend to go to; and no friend
  The world had in it who might come to me.
I waited, like one dying, for the end,
  Nursing my little love in misery.

Sometimes our rags would flutter in the air,
  Until poor baby smil'd to see them dance:
Oh, God!—indeed 'twas terrible to bear—
  That hideous proof of angel innocence.

"THE LORD HAVE MERCY ON US!" oft I cried:
  Since, chas'd from earth, where else should she be found?
With joy would I have lain me down and died,
  But *that thing* chain'd me living to the ground.

How could I die, and leave *it* still to live?
  But could *I* live if that the babe were dead?
A frightful thought! And ne'er may God forgive
  What follow'd next in my distracted head.

Like lava boiling some earth's fiery well,
  Demoniac thoughts stream'd burning through my brain:
A spectral crowd of murd'rers, red from hell,
  Rush'd on my fancy—fled—and rose again.

I saw the points of daggers sparkling up,
  And clotted scabbards finger-mark'd with blood;
And poison steal into a friendly cup,
  And struggling, bubbling bodies in a flood.

Strong hands stretch'd forth i' th' dark, and felt about
  On midnight pillows for old misers' throats;
And lungs from which dull life was ebbing out,
  Sent up in scarlet froth their final notes.

In slimy puddles dabbled stealthy feet;
  And feeble lanterns shed suspicious rays;
And husky tongues did each the other greet
  In oaths the same as in their earthly days.

And smother'd sounds of spades at work, I heard;
  Low, secret, caution-deaden'd, under breath;
As though, while yet no honest worldling stirr'd,
  Some dug wet corpse-pits on a dreary heath.

And in the reeking dense of sulph'rous cloud
  That roll'd in fogs around me, voices came—
Now near, now distant, spiritually loud,
  And bade me murder do, with wild acclaim.

I shriek'd, and started from that vision dire:
  'Twas blindly dark. I fancied I was dead,
And newly-waken'd in the Land of Fire—
  A devil's diadem upon my head.

That horror vanish'd when my infant wail'd;
For though myself too worthy hell I knew,
Yet knew I also—by no fear assail'd—
Hell could not be where *it* was present too!

In distant roost the cock untimely crew,
Sleep-heavy, yet impatient for the dawn:
Sharp round the baffled corners harshly blew
Th' abrupt, inconstant, gasping wind forlorn.

And flying hail shot down the chimney's vent,
And on the hearthstone rattled hard and cold:
That contrast wretched, e'en some solace lent,
And turn'd my chaff-bed to a downy fold!

I hugg'd my baby more than miser's gold—
Cast off the demons of the drowsy time;
And, in a sense of comfort heart-inroll'd,
Lay still, and waited for the morning prime.

Yet anxious thought—that never-dying worm—
And fear—the quenchless fire that ever burns,
Eating one's very life out at the germ—
Gnaw'd and consum'd my doubting soul by turns.

The coming day no promise brought of bread,
Because I trusted *man* in my distress:
Where prophets dwell not, ravens are not led;
And most unholy grows our wilderness.

Already had I tried to beg:—I'd tried.
Just Heaven! what language harder is to speak?
It chok'd me rising, and, ere spoken, died,
Because my failing heart was nigh to break.

How more than base and prostrate felt I then!
'Twas worse than e'en the worst of other woes.
It seems an easy trade to selfish men,
But he alone who's tried it truly knows.

Nor was this all that I had done to live,—
My beggar'd heart abject felt nought too poor.
Yet to *the pauper* they had not to give—
The very workhouse on me shut its door.

O Christ! thy mild, benignant Godhead, then,
A double crucifixion must have borne,
To see Thy practice so belied by men,
Whom Thou to darkness would have cast in scorn.

How felt I when this lowest refuge fail'd?
That human laws and boasted charity—
(Where laws and charity had most avail'd—)
Were but a solemn farce and living lie.

With human kind was snapp'd my last weak tie:
The parish crust had grown too rare a gift.
Unfit to herd with tramps and outcasts, I
Was turn'd—a scrap of human wreck—adrift.

Rejected quite, and from the social sphere
Thus banish'd, I was lost as in a cloud:
The world turn'd black; and I, in heart-despair,
For very desolation wept aloud.

Then dropp'd the final horror in my cup,
With none to help, to pity, or to save.
Th' affrighted fountains of my love dried up,
And *then* I wish'd my child was in its grave.

Oh Lord! forgive who much forgiveness need!
  THEM whose harsh judgments, cruel, merciless,
And unrelenting drove me to *that deed*,
  Born of the agonies of my distress.

Once, sympathy and pity would have saved,
  As hate and scorn consign'd me lower still:
Alas! the world no hand of Mercy waved,
  But push'd me, slipping, faster down the hill!

V.

Bonnabel takes the Road to her Parent's Hut, and does Murder by the Way.

Since worse could come not, I resolv'd, once more,
  To face, in shame, my father as he lay—
Work-bent and crippled—at the darksome door
  Of Death, awaiting to pass out away.

Dim is my memory of that sad day;
  I know we perish'd out, and inly pined:
Our lives were winter when they should be May,
  Nor flash'd one hope athwart the darken'd mind.

'Twas sunset when I went. I wanted night
  To hide me ere I reach'd my father's cot;
I had not heart to meet him in the light,
  And less he'd hate me if he saw me not.

'Twas sunset: and a strangled glory fleck'd
  The neutral region of the western air
That lay 'tween day and night, and redly deck'd
  The vivid landscape, tinted here and there.

There is a melancholy-temper'd brook
  Runs voicelessly and dull beneath our hill:
Its banks, black-shadow'd, have a villain look
  Above their mirror, treacherous and still.

Temptation seiz'd me; and a minute's space
  Suffic'd. But first I kiss'd it thrice, for sin,
And love, and sorrow. Then I hid its face—
  Its eyes appall'd me so—and dropp'd it in.

I dropp'd it in. 'Twas I, in honest truth—
  No other. And I heard the sickly sound:
It went down heavy, dead, yet *loud*, forsooth,
  As though a thunderbolt had struck the ground.

How came it 'twas so loud? It shook the earth
  Beneath me, like a leaping sea. The trees,
As if possess'd by devils, danc'd in mirth,
  And Something laugh'd and groan'd upon the breeze.

I felt my blood stop, as about to freeze;
  Arrested, and struck solid by those groans.
And as my heart heav'd sudden with disease,
  My flesh crept up like spiders on my bones.

Away, away! I dared not stay, but flew
  I cared not whither, so I was not there.
But why did Something still my flight pursue?
  Some dark companion of the peopled air?

I wanted none of those with me, who walk
  Beside us without feet, or wingless fly:
Who have no lips nor tongues; yet, voiceless, talk
  Into the soul, with keenest orat'ry.

Let loosen'd spirits with like spirits keep,
  Nor mortal company thrust in at night:
For when an infant dead invades our sleep,
  'Tis greater than a giant in its might.

VI.

Bonnabel has an Interview with her Father—Returns on the next Morning to seek her Child—The Water-cress Woman—The Prison—And a Prayer for Mercy.

His words were sullen, though his tone was mild.
Said he, "You are not dead yet, Bonnabel?
Where have you put your—well, I *mean* your child?"
My tongue grew stiffen'd, and I could not tell!

"Go back and fetch it: bring it here to me.
I would not touch the living, vile disgrace;
But, unpolluted, with mine eyes I'd see
Thy father's likeness lives not in its face!"

That night I spent in horrors and alarms,
Starting abrupt amid some frightful dream;
Yet doubly stricken when my vacant arms
Instinctive strain'd for what was in the stream.

I rose, unrested, ere the first faint gleam
Of healthy red and white on morning's cheek
Flush'd up; nor shone one solitary beam,
When forth I went my little Death to seek.

Lord, in Thy mercy now make strong the weak!
I saw my child upon the shallow sand;
While two black rats, with eager, filthy squeak,
Were gnawing off its innocent right hand.

This, e'en my murderer's heart could not withstand;
I rush'd upon the furies with a shriek
That echo answer'd from the hollow land,
But vengeance was not for *mine* hands to wreak.

A crone that gather'd cresses hobbled by.
"Ah, had I known!" said she, "I ne'er had took
My cresses where so sweet a corpse doth lie,
Or pick'd a meal from such a cursed brook!"

Then cast she on me such a killing look
As much belied her inexpressive age:
"Young girl," said she,—"I fear from out *thy* book
Is ripp'd the story written on this page!"

She pointed downwards, more in grief than rage,
And lifted up my soiled picture fair.
Then could I not a mother's cries assuage,
For though I'd kill'd it, still my heart was there.

They took me to a dungeon, where I learn'd
Though guilty now, I was denied not bread:
While, in my helpless innocence they turn'd
Their hearts away, and thus to murder led.

If people be not drunk with self-conceit,
And blind as moles, and feelingless as stone,
They'll see 'tween them and me this crime doth meet,
Nor reprobation falls on me alone.

They tried, and found me guilty:—*not* insane,
But took some count of pity in my case;
Reck'd of my breaking heart and burning brain,
And ask'd for mercy from earth's highest place.

And, Oh, ye human of my own frail race!
Who've hearts not dead, and thoughts considerate,
O, aid me to avoid the scaffold, base,
And show me mercy once, though mercy late!

PROSPECTUS OF AN ASYLUM

FOR THE RECEPTION OF DECAYED DANDIES, MEMBERS OF THE ———, ———', ———, THE ———', AND ———'S.

Amongst the many noble institutions consecrated to charity which adorn our metropolis, there is actually none to which the above-mentioned class of unfortunates can fly, when age, sickness, ill-temper, or railway speculation have disqualified them from mixing any longer in the society which they have been wont to frequent, with satisfaction to themselves and toleration from their younger and more fortunate accomplices.

Time will dull the keenest wit, play will undermine the broadest estate, good living will paralyse the most active mind, the slimmest and most agile frame will either expand into corpulence or wither into mummyism, the most hyacinthine locks will grizzle and fall off, and it is indeed melancholy to reflect that when the popular, well-dressed, wealthy, insolent young man about town has lapsed into the obese, discontented, dyspeptic bore, to whose obsolete stories no man will listen, for whom nobody will back a bill, and whom none will invite to dinner, there should be no harbour of refuge open to the wretched victim of selfishness, extravagance, and sensuality, no asylum where his weaknesses may be ministered unto, his wants relieved, his infirmities cared for.

Alas! we adhere too little to the maxim, that charity begins at home. We are more easily moved by the ills incident to the inhabitants of Timbuctoo than to those of our collieries, the merchant princes of Lombard-street and the charitable ladies of Clapham sympathise more readily and substantially with the woes of their antipodes than with those of their next-door neighbours, and thus it is that the last generation of men of wit and fashion about town, of whose notice thirty years ago every one felt proud, and whose dicta sufficed to set up and cast down beauties, cooks, tailors, and opera dancers, are now left to perish in miserable neglect in stuffy suburban lodgings, ministered to in their dying moments by venal valets and squalid maids of all-work.

Such a reflection is, indeed, a reproach on our nation, which the writer of this prospectus flatters himself he shall be enabled to remove, if his scheme meets with the approval and co-operation of an intelligent and kind-hearted public.

He has with this view entered into arrangements with the proprietors of the St. James's Club-house, which he conceives will, with a very few unimportant alterations, be admirably calculated, on account of its site, climate, and historical recollections, as a shelter for the old age of those, whose youth, wealth, and health have been squandered in its brilliant saloons.

Liberty is a fine thing, but not for all men. When we witness daily elderly gentlemen—great-grandfathers—dropping into their clubs at mid-day, and calling huskily for mineral waters to correct the "acidity" engendered by the previous night's debauch; when we see individuals, obviously far beyond the age of puberty, with brief necks and bad digestions, eagerly making up parties for "house dinners," or over-eating

matches; when we hear other poor creatures, late at night, calling for sherry-negus and brandy-cobbler, until the acute groom of the chamber can scarcely comprehend their inarticulate demands, we cannot suppose that to such men freedom is a boon. They would be healthier and happier in the fancy prison at Pentonville, or bone-crushing under Mr. George Lewis, at Andover.

From forlorn wretches of this description the writer anticipates that his asylum will be readily peopled. The committees of the clubs which they infest must at once see the expediency as well as the humanity of placing them under mild and paternal coercion.

Fat, unamusing old dandies, "desidiâ tardos et longo frigore pingues," who do not keep cooks, lumbering up club windows which they have long ceased to adorn, monopolising newspapers which they are too torpid to read, and dozing away their evenings stertorously in arm-chairs, may, with equal propriety, be forwarded to the St. James's Asylum.

Bores of all calibres and species will be taken in and done for, but at a considerably advanced charge, as in justice to the less offensive inmates of the house, it will be necessary that they should be kept in solitary confinement.

Tuft-hunters and toadies will be boarded at a very low rate, and will enjoy peculiar advantages, which could scarcely be conceded to them in any other retreat.

The writer of this prospectus assures the committees of such clubs as may think fit to intrust their morbid and decaying branches to his care, that the feelings, prejudices, and even petty vices of the unfortunates shall be consulted and indulged in every mode at all compatible with their general health and safety.

The same bills of fare which used to be exhibited in the coffee-room when Francatelli was *chef*, will be continued, but simpler viands, better calculated to suit the impaired viscera of the D. D. will be substituted for the original dishes, and clothed for the especial benefit of the said D. D., with the pompous and varied nomenclature of the Parisian cuisine.

It may be anticipated that numerous complaints will at first arise from the disappointed gluttony of new comers, but the experience which the writer has had in club management, enables him to assure the public that this source of irritation will be readily met by a few "general answers" and "regrets" from the committee, couched in conciliatory language, such as are invariably forwarded to every habitué of a club, who may have been simple enough to express his dissatisfaction on any point connected with its conduct. Moreover, the D. D. will soon discover that the compulsory substitution of a boiled whiting and barley-water for "Sole à la Provençale" and dry champagne, possesses the great advantage of leaving no acidity to be corrected.

The St. James's Asylum will be conducted on temperance principles. Wine and spirits will only be allowed when ordered by the medical attendant, a general practitioner of great eminence, who has long resided in the parish, and is celebrated for his experience and success in treating the diseases incident to D.D.

Play may be indulged in to any amount. Indeed, all the evening arrangements will be continued as in the late Mr. Crockford's time, ex-

cepting that the supper will consist solely of sago, tapioca, and gruel, and no stronger beverages than toast and barley-water will be supplied.

The identical counters which have been so long used at the play-table will be issued nightly to the inmates for checks, which the treasurer will cancel once a week before the committee.

An extensive library will be unnecessary. *Punch,* any very light things by Dickens, the *Sporting Magazines,* the *Racing Calendar,* the Annuals, *Bell's Life,* and the *Satirist,* will, it is thought, afford sufficient food for the minds of the more studious D. D., whilst the majority will, probably, be satisfied if supplied twice a day with old newspapers, damped, of politics consonant to the principles of their ancestors.

It being an established fact, that in dealing with persons of diseased intellects coercion is scarcely ever necessary, a couple of bay windows will be thrown out on the basement-floor, and devoted to a novel system of reward and punishment.

It is intended that when a D. D. over-eats himself, is quarrelsome, abuses the servants, or finds fault with his victuals, he shall be exposed to the public gaze behind the commonest green glass, in the penal dress of the Asylum, a strait-waistcoat of yellow baize, without either wig or false teeth, whilst good-humour and sobriety will be rewarded as at ——s, by a prominent seat in the best bay, glazed with pinkish plate-glass, with the additional indulgence of such false hair and swell waistcoats as the wardrobe of the asylum may contain, and the taste or folly of the D. D. select.

From the vast number of *ci-devant* men of fashion about town, who have been privately promised by their associates to the establishment, the writer flatters himself that the best bay-window of the St. James's Asylum will be inferior in rank, dress, and fashion, to no other window in the street.

He also hopes that the melancholy spectacle afforded by the penal exhibition of refractory and intemperate D. D. may have a beneficial effect on the rising generation, and may induce many misguided young men to return to their families, and discharge in the provinces those subordinate but useful duties to which they have been born, and which their vanity and love of pleasure has led them to neglect.

Economy will be strictly attended to. Gentlemen who require French polish, rouge, hair-dye, or Willis's Mirific, must supply themselves from their private resources, and Colchicum will be charged for as an extra.

It will be unnecessary to make extensive arrangements for the accommodation of visiters, as D. D. have never any friends, and it would be inhuman to encourage the calls of their creditors and heirs-at-law, the only persons who might reasonably be expected to take an interest in their existence.

Jews, Insurance-offices, and tradespeople, however, will receive from the medical attendant all the information they may require respecting the health of the inmates of the Asylum.

Tuft-hunters and toadies will be received as whole or half-boarders, and as the writer has been promised a large proportion of men of rank, amongst whom are several imbecile Dukes and a paralytic Prince, he flatters himself that he will have no difficulty in making the Asylum agreeable to them, as they will be permitted to perform all the most

menial offices for the noblemen's Ward, and will thus be enabled to enjoy society of the very highest description without meeting with those little rebuffs and unpleasantries which are so thoughtlessly and cruelly showered upon them whenever they attempt to gratify their peculiar tastes in public.

Such of them as may wish from time to time to communicate with their parents and relatives from motives of affection or finance, will be enabled to do so in the most private manner, so that they will not run the slightest risk of being detected by their noble associates in communion with their own families.

Two tuft-hunters in rotation will be allotted panes in the best bay-window, and charitable ladies of rank driving by are entreated to gladden the hearts of these poor fellows by bowing familiarly to them. "Cela leur fera tant de plaisir et à elles si peu de peine."

The writer now comes to the most arduous and distressing part of his subject—the treatment of bores. He will refrain from harrowing up the mind of the British public by entering fully into the details of the severe but necessary discipline which awaits them in the St. James's Asylum, and contents himself with announcing that if coercion, solitary confinement, low diet, active cathartic medicines, and even personal chastisement can succeed in alleviating so hideous a disease—which has hitherto been classed with hydrophobia as incurable—he will deem himself fully rewarded for his painful efforts should he succeed in a single case. From the very large number of Protectionist members of parliament of all ages, who have had places in his establishment secured for them by their well-wishers, the writer regrets to state that gentlemen afflicted with this complaint will have to sleep three in a bed until more extensive accommodation can be prepared for them.

A very liberal offer has been made to Mr. Lumley, to purchase both the omnibus-boxes at the Queen's Theatre, in order to annex them to the St. James's Asylum without disturbing the present tenants, most of whom the writer expects to have sooner or later under his care.

A pew at the Magdalen has been secured for the use of the establishment.

Gentlemen of fashion are entreated to send in their old wigs and evening waistcoats, as it is anticipated that these luxuries will be in great demand amongst the D. D.

Mr. Eisenberg has been appointed chiropodist to the Asylum, and a most tempting proposal has been made to the distinguished author of the Green Book to induce him to accept the office of consulting surgeon.

The names of an influential list of local directors will be published in a few days, and as soon as the house is ready for the reception of its inmates, a circular will be sent round to the five clubs already named, stating the terms on which whole and half-boarders will be admitted.

GOLIAH LONGMAN,
(late Porter at Crockford's),
Hon. Secretary to the St. James's Asylum for D. D.

ECHOES FROM THE BACKWOODS.

BY CAPTAIN LEVINGE.

(CONCLUDED.)

Chap. XIII.

UPPER CANADA—NIAGARA.

. . . . Look back!
Lo! where it comes like an eternity
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread, a matchless cataract,
Horribly beautiful! but on the verge
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and unworn
Its steady eyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bear serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

Childe Harold.

Leave Montreal for Upper Canada—Niagara—The Falls in Winter Clothing—Mammoth Icicles—Governor's Feed—The Lady from Troy—Hanging Match—Benito Soto.

At six o'clock in the morning, at least two miles out of the town of Montreal, and in the midst of as much fuss as is generally displayed in an ill-managed garrison field-day, we received an order to march in two hours for Upper Canada, to prevent the self-styled "patriots" from crossing the Niagara. We had neither breakfast or baggage, and were consequently without incumbrance. As the clock struck eight, the right wing moved off, and by nine were packed in boats on the canal cut to avoid the rapids of Lachine—between the Lake St. Francis and Montreal — when we were transferred to steamboats, and ascended the Ottawa, landed and crossed a portage of some twelve miles, to overcome the rapids of the St. Lawrence, which roared on our left during our midnight march. Towards morning, wet through and beat, we were again sent on board steamers, and by noon the following day were landed jaded, fagged, and without food at Cornwall, when a halt showed sufficiently the absurdity of our hurried march, which had been performed in strict conformity with the orders received, viz., "light marching order," no food having been supplied by the quartermaster-general's department, so there was no exertion on the part of the men to carry it; who, poor devils, indulged with what they good-humouredly termed a soldier's supper, viz., "some wind and a pipe of tobacco;" and, when it is taken into consideration that they found the tobacco themselves, it is easy to ascertain the exact amount of the consideration of the quartermaster-general's department. From Cornwall we again marched to avoid the rapids, amongst which was to be discerned the terrific "Long Sault," one of the grandest scenes on this magnificent river, at the

moment a fleet of *bateaux* were shooting the rapid; any description of the sea-green river, the broken and foaming tide, the skill of the voyageurs when entangled in such a rapid, or of the scene, is beyond my powers. The ever-varying scenery of the Thousand Islands was passed, and we were put up in the fort overlooking the town and harbour of Kingston, at the outlet of Lake Ontario, and at the head of navigation of the St. Lawrence; whence, after a couple of days' rest, we were ordered on board a large steamer, where we found the governor of the province and a field battery, and immediately got under-weigh for the Niagara. The next evening we were under canvass on the plateau in front of the village of Niagara. Nothing could be more lovely than the accidental *locale* of our encampment; on the right flowed the river, sea-green till it mixed its water with those of the deep-blue Ontario, which, calm as molten silver, lay before us. A glorious sunset contrasted the golden-tinted green of the hickory with our gay encampment. An invitation to a dinner and a dance soon arrived, the band played soft music while cool claret and the bright eyes of the Niagara fair obliterated all remembrance of the delicate attentions of her majesty's quartermaster-general's department in North America.

At sunrise we again embarked for the heights of Queen's-town, half the distance to the Falls (our destination), where disembarking we found the march to Drummondville awfully fagging. The sun was burning; the thermometer stood at 96; the glazed patent leather tops of the men's shakos concentrated the rays of the mid-day sun, and many poor fellows fell as if they had been shot. It is extraordinary that of all the host of correspondents in the *United Service Journal*, who sign themselves "Tuft," "Helmet," "Chako," &c., one old fogy only proposes a head-dress more hideous and inconvenient than that thought of by his predecessor.

A long streak or column of spray soon became visible above the lofty forest, and a low murmur announced the Falls of Niagara. These signs of our approach to the mighty cataract had an instantaneous effect on the spirits of our men, who forgot all their sufferings and passed on their way cheerfully. In a quarter of an hour the divisions wheeled into line, and marched straight down upon the table-land above the Falls. The thickness of the foliage at first intercepted our view of them, but no sooner had the arms been piled and the order given to "fall out," than they broke *en masse*, and rushed to the edge of the precipice.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the *coup d'œil* presented by our encampment. The situation was perfect. The tents of the men were pitched with scrupulous exactness, in regular order, upon a green plateau elevated some 130 feet above the level of "the Falls." A snow white column of companies extended along the whole length of the field, while to the rear the tents of the non-commissioned officers, band, and married soldiers were scattered upon ground slightly elevated, and backed by groves of dark-green foliage. In the centre of the plateau stood one solitary magnificent butter-nut tree, the branches of which carried a canopy of leaves far over the sward. Under this the band played every evening, to the amusement of countless visiters, who came for the double purpose of visiting our encampment and the grandest of all stupendous sights. On the edge of the precipice which overhung the falls, clothed with a magnificent foliage of hiccory and pine, in quiet nooks and corners,

the officers' tents were nestled, peeping up here and there from the aforesaid fringe of forest which formed the limit of the turf. The many-coloured stripes of their canvass, coming out against the dark wood, made an unrivalled foreground to the scene. My tent was perched upon a small isolated green spot scarcely larger than the circumference of the tent itself—upon a sort of step a little lower than the plateau above. From it I looked through a labyrinth of acacia and hiccory, on to the mighty cataract itself, as it poured its everflowing emerald flood into the abyss beneath. But the influence of the spray often had its effect upon our "tent-lines," and it required no little attention to keep our canvass standing. It is a certain sign of there being an old soldier in a tent, when (on the elements threatening a down-pour) a man is seen to *débouche* from the cover of his tent to *slack off the ropes*, "a dodge" which the young soldier will never learn until taught by experience. Unless it be done, the rain tightens the rope so much that the pegs are dragged out of the ground, and the occupants are awakened by suddenly finding the canvass about their ears.

Probably most visiters to the "eternal city" will remember the obelisk in front of Michael Angelo's wonderful Basilica, and with the Egyptian monument will associate the story of the English sailor, who, on a demur arising in getting it up, called out before the assembled multitude, "wet the ropes," a hint immediately complied with, and the mass of porphyry was raised without further difficulty on the back of the four tortoises, its destined pedestal.

But as every thing in this life must have its dark side, ups and downs, and reverses, so our beautiful encampment, which in the morning appeared swan-like and resplendent in the sunshine, whilst flitting rainbows danced amidst the evanescent spray, was one night visited by one of those sudden whirlwinds which descend here, accompanied by sheets of rain and hail, unknown except in tropical climates; rushed down upon the devoted encampment like an avalanche, tore up the tent-pegs, prostrated some tents while it took others up bodily, and turned them inside out like an umbrella. The trenches round the camp were soon filled and flooded, and the unfortunate soldiers were seen crawling about dripping wet, like a nest of rats suddenly inundated.

I have before said that to attempt a delineation of Niagara either with pen or pencil is equally hopeless. Being in camp and cantonments there for a year, we had ample opportunities of observing them during every change of atmosphere and weather, and we were never tired of watching the sublime variations that these occasioned.

Sometimes the spray would rise in a clear column, until lost in the deep blue of the heavens. Again, the whole heavens themselves would appear as if they were part and parcel of this mighty column, conducted, as by a water-spout, into the very centre of the cataract.

This appearance was usually the forerunner of a storm; then the water would roar like thunder itself; and when the angry storm broke above them, the peals reverberated above, below, and through the forest. It is at such times that the column of spray may be seen at Toronto, across Lake Ontario, and from sixty to eighty miles in all directions. But to see this glorious scene in its fullest magnificence, it must be visited towards the end of winter, when the spray, carried by the winds, has crystalised rocks, trees, and every thing within its reach.

The spreading oak, the beach, and tow'ring pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine,

and huge icicles, like church steeples reversed, frozen columns, and obelisks, of the height of a hundred and fifty feet, enclose the water, pouring over the centre, green as a vast emerald.

It was the duty of the orderly-officer to visit every night a guard placed at the ferry below the Falls, at a short distance from them. A narrow path led down to where this guard was stationed, and it was anything but agreeable, on a dark night, to find one's way down a frozen, slippery path, beset with monster icicles, which, hanging overhead, threatened destruction at every pace; most of them only awaiting a partial thaw to disengage themselves and come thundering down, dashing themselves, and all within reach, to pieces.

Upon these frontier guards several sentinels were shot at. Little urchins, from the other side of the river, would shy an axe into a tree, and making a rest of it, take a deliberate shot at them.

Soon after we were established at the Falls, the governor-general made his appearance, with an enormous staff. Steamers and numerous hotels were retained for enormous sums, and a major of the United States was desired by his excellency to invite a number of the free and enlightened citizens of the United States, to witness a grand review in honour of his person, and to partake of a magnificent dinner afterwards. It so happened that the major had originally been a tailor by trade. The consequent result from such a "high-way and bye-way" collection as were bidden to the feast, can be more easily conceived than described.

Officers were invited, but only to fill up the intervals between a given number of guests, and by way of completely frustrating the harmony of the evening, an equal number of loyal Canadians were invited to meet a set of men, who, to say the least, were "sympathisers" with the rebellious proceedings of the past year.

A young officer of our regiment sat next me, who had just joined from England; on his right sat a genuine Yankee. The boy was bashful and silent; Jonathan quite the reverse. The young ensign had no wish to enter into conversation, but his neighbour had, so he began, "Well, I guess you are a private, now?" Poor B—— did not know what to say, and appealed to me. I answered, "Take no notice of him." Soon after, the down-easter dropped his pocket-handkerchief. B—— had been educated in France, and without thinking, from an impulse of civility, unluckily picked it up, and presented it to the Yankee, whose answer was, "Well, now, I guess you do take me for a woman, don't you?"

After dinner, the governor proposed the health of the "Queen of England." So far, so good. He then proposed that of the "President of the United States," which sounded all fair; but unfortunately the Canadians present, whose hearths had been invaded, and whose brothers and friends had been murdered, if not by any of those at table, at least at their instigation, turned rusty, and a scene of much confusion ensued.

One man near me was pulled back into his chair by his wife—who tugged at his coat tails, until she got him down—he all the time during the operation vociferating loudly, "he would be d—d if he drank such a toast."

After dinner, the governor and his suite passed over to the other side in full uniform, feathers flying and swords glittering, whilst a numerous

train followed; much to the amusement of the Yankees, men and boys, who came down in crowds, and got up into the trees to see "Durham."

We had a hundred volunteers sent us: fortunately most of them soon disappeared, as they were no particular acquisition. Some tried to swim across the river, and perished in the attempt; their bodies being found below the Falls. One or two reached the other side, where we heard of them—received and *fêted.*

Apropos to desertion.—A soldier at Gibraltar took it into his head to commit that crime, and succeeded so far as to clear the British lines, and gain those occupied by the Spanish outposts; no sooner, however, had he been taken to the guard-room, than some qualm of conscience struck him —he repented his rash step, and determined to retrace it—and, as it generally so happens, that a determined man is sure to succeed in any undertaking—so ingenuity at once came to his assistance. He would persuade the Spanish soldiers on guard to show him how they performed their "manual and platoon exercise," having first bribed them to do so by volunteering to go through his own; the *ruse* succeeded admirably, and no sooner did they come to "ram down cartridge," and that he heard that peculiar *ring* of the ramrods at the bottom of their barrels, which told him they were not charged, than he at once "bolted," and long before they could go through the process of biting, priming, shaking out, and ramming a cartridge down, to say nothing of the cocking of the piece and that of the eye of the marksman, he had regained his own lines.

N.B.—In consequence he was *not* brought to a court-martial.

The colonel who commanded on the frontier discovered that there were "crimps" on the other side. They were well dressed and disguised, and came over to tamper with the men. The day after Lord Durham's review, a number of visiters came over from the opposite shore; amongst them one of these crimps, who, unfortunately for himself, pitched on the colonel's orderly, a peninsula veteran, who allowed him to go on, and afterwards pointed him out to his colonel, as he was turning in to the great *table-d'hôte* at which we all dined, together with the visiters who daily came to see the lions. After dinner, the colonel got up—he was a magnificent fellow, a noble figure, the hero of a hundred fights. He began with a little soft *sawder;* the Yankees were all attention: "He regretted that there should be a set of persons on the other side, who tried to induce his men to desert their colours, and forfeit their honour and allegiance to the Queen of England. There is," here he beckoned to his orderly to step forward (on which a man, covered with rings and chains, was observed to become deadly pale) "such a man here present, who, by his appearance, ought to be above such a rascally action." Upon a "Yes, sir, that's he," from the orderly, the colonel, with Herculean strength, took hold of the fellow by the collar, and lifting him completely off his seat, gave him a kick in that part where the smallest particle of honour, be there any, is supposed to be seated, and handed him over to a file of the guard, to see him safe to the other side of the water.

The curiosity of the various visiters to the camp was beyond belief; particularly that of the fair sex; more particularly were they excited and astonished at the sight of our kits, from which we had been separated for many months; and which, having now just arrived,

were all spread out for the benefit of the broiling sun, before each officer's tent. The heterogeneous mixtures of scarlet hunting coats, top boots, leather breeches, &c., to say nothing of sundry dozens of shirts, was perfectly unaccountable to American eyes, to whom two or three of such articles constitute an enormous wardrobe. They pulled every thing about in the most absurd manner, coming into our tents, aud asking questions right and left, until they obtained the desired information. One young lady, more bold than the rest, asked point blank to see all my worldly possessions. Her request was so frankly and so prettily made, it alone would have been sufficiently irresistible, even had it not been backed by a remarkably handsome face and graceful form. She was a perfect child of nature; she said, without any conventional forms, every thing that came uppermost; "She hoped I would show her round the Falls;" I did so. Before parting she gave me her hand, saying, "I am much obliged," then added, "You'll not object, will you, to lend me a knife?" This seemed rather awkward, but I immediately complied. She then proceeded to cut out a heart on the bark of a tree, and within it she carved her name, "Anne." "Now you'll put yours underneath, wont you? And then I guess I'll wish you good morning, and if ever you pass by Albany, come and see my old ones, I live on Mount Olympus, near Troy."

The next episode in our camp life was the condemnation of a notorious rebel to receive the last penalty of the law, and we were ordered to send a detachment to Niagara on duty; numbers of women attended, dressed in their Sunday's best. It is an old and a true remark that women invariably flock to an execution; and in this case many had come from long distances, and were certainly in the proportion of ten to one man. Jack Ketch did his duty well, and the unfortunate wretch was launched into eternity with becoming brevity. The sympathising newspapers at Lewiston appeared the following day in *mourning*, considering him a martyr to the patriot cause. And one man was overheard to say that, "If he was President of the United States, before he'd suffer a free and enlightened American citizen to be butchered in that cold-blooded manner, he'd go to the World's End, and jump into Never!"

The last execution I had witnessed was in the year 1830, when the inebriety of the man who acted as hangsman caused him to bungle frightfully. It was a case which occasioned great excitement at the time. Benito Soto, a notorious pirate chief, captain of a brig of war, called "Il Defensor Pedro," (which he and his companions had captured in Corunna), his brig having been driven on shore in a gale of wind off Cadiz. Those of his crew who escaped drowning were taken, tried, and hung by the Spaniards, with the exception of Soto himself, who contrived to make his escape, shaved off his beard and moustaches, and concealed himself in an obscure lodging at Gibraltar, where he was discovered by the police and thrown into prison. It was supposed that with his vessel he had captured upwards of thirty ships of different nations.

Appearances were against him, still it was doubtful whether there was sufficient evidence for a conviction. It was, however, strongly suspected that he was the man who commanded the piratical attempt to scuttle the "Morning Star," a homeward-bound vessel, with invalid troops and their wives on board. After having committed every atrocity on the women, the piratical crew gagged the men, bored augur-holes in the ship's bot-

tom, battened down the hatches, and left her to sink. The vessel was eventually saved by one of the women, who had concealed herself and been overlooked, unfastening the hatches.

At great expense, two witnesses had been brought over from England, and I shall never forget the sensation which was created when the principal witness, the steward of the "Morning Star," entered the court, and, confronting the prisoner, who stood with his arms folded on the dock, called his God to witness that he was, indeed, the very man he had seen on the deck of the "Defensor Pedro," directing the horrors above described. This testimony hung him. The only other witness, a black boy, could not, from his being a heathen, be admitted to take his oath, but he fully corroborated the steward's evidence. On sentence being passed Benito called for a cigar, and walked quietly out of the court. At sunrise, a gallows was erected over a cart at low-water mark, outside the land-port guard. The troops stood under arms; a ladder with three steps was placed against the cart; up this the prisoner walked (his arms tied behind him) with the coolest composure, and having made his confession to a priest, the hangman adjusted a cord round his neck which proved too short—in a word, he was drunk as I before said. Benito muttered between his teeth, stretched out his neck, arranged himself the position of the knot, and swung himself off.

CHAP. XIV.

UPPER CANADA—LAKES ERIE—HURON—MICHIGAN.

"The Captain shook his head, but purchased the skin for a couple of buttons—superfluous trinkets! as the worthy lord of the hovel had neither coat nor breeches on which to place them."—*Captain Bonneville.*

American Sportsmen—An Excursion planned—Cutting out of the *Caroline*—Landlord and his Friends—Woodcocks—Lake Huron—Mackinau-Indians—Manitou, going to H—l—Prairies—Pinnated Grouse—Ague—Mammoth Licks.

OUT woodcock-shooting near the Falls, I met an American, who was the only one I had ever fallen in with that was able to give information about shooting. In general, they never think it worth while to throw away powder and shot upon small game; Jonathan will, however, take a raking shot at a whole bevy of quail should they be sitting on a rail, or fire into a mass of passenger-pigeons, but they never shoot flying, and as Lord Byron has it—

Who shoot not flying, rarely touch a gun.

This difficulty of gaining information with regard to the haunts of game, &c., is most annoying to a new-comer, and be he ever so good a sportsman, with the most accurate knowledge of the haunts of game in his own country, yet as the majority of the game in America are birds of passage, and therefore only to be found in particular seasons and places, it frequently happens that he does not discover their retreats until he is obliged to leave the country.

In the hope of being useful to some who may feel the want of a guide as I did, I mention the following particulars. Quail follow cultivation, as do all the gallinaceous tribe, and they are to be found wherever that has extended; the woodcock, at particular seasons, is also to be found in

cultivated spots, but, as they only remain for a short time on their passage, in the spring and autumn, unless known exactly where to look for them, it is a great loss of time, and entails a hard fag. Having always in New Brunswick found them in the alder and cedar swamps on the outskirts of the woods, I had not thought of looking for them elsewhere in Canada; but my sporting friend told me they were to be found in great numbers at this season (the end of August and beginning of September) in the Indian corn, which affords them shelter from the mid-day sun, and in which, when planted in low land, they find at once thick cover and room underneath for boring, which makes it particularly suited to them. He further told me, that in the neighbourhood of Detroit, on the St. Clair river, which connects Lakes Huron and Erie, he had had excellent sport shooting the prairie hens, or pinnated grouse, and that he was sure, if I would go as far as Chicago, a town situated on the south-west shore of Lake Michigan, on the border of those great prairies extending from the lake across to the Mississippi, the sport would well repay the trouble. I mentioned what I had heard to my companion of many former excursions, who, delighted with the thoughts of it, agreed at once to make the experiment, and we soon settled to obtain a month's leave and give the prairie a trial: the distance was some three thousand miles there and back, nothing in this "go-a-head" country.

Accordingly, we embarked at Chippeway, in a small steamer, the Red Jacket, to ascend the Niagara river, to Buffaloe, in which course we passed Schlösser, the scene of the cutting out of the "Caroline."

It is curious how the public were gulled by prints of the "Caroline" going over the Falls in a mass of flames; every one who has seen these stupendous rapids, into which the great body of water rushing from Lake Erie is broke up, and which alone, did the Falls not exist, would be one of the grandest sights in the world, must be aware that nothing, let it be ever so strongly built, could resist the impetuosity of this foaming flood. After the war, a huge gun-brig was launched in the stream, to see the effect of its going over; it was dashed into a thousand pieces the moment it entered these rapids, and never was seen to go over at all: a piece or two of timber picked up in the whirlpool some three miles below the Fall was the only vestige ever found of her. So it was with the "Caroline." She was moored with iron chains to the jetty at Schlösser: the party under the command of Captain Drew rowed across, on a dark night, in boats, just above where the rapids commence. A most daring attempt, inasmuch as the least deviation in their course would have involved them in the stream. They arrived safe at Schlösser. The patriots (self-styled) who were on the wharf took alarm and opened a fire upon them, in the teeth of which they cut the iron moorings, and attempted to tow her across to their own side, but, their strength failing them, she was set fire to and let go. They got back in safety; and the "Caroline," burnt to the water's edge, was completely finished in the rapids. No one was on board, though this was not generally believed in England. I was told these particulars by Captain Usher, a fine fellow, who acted a conspicuous part in the affair. Such a spirit of revenge did these patriots harbour against him, that one night two ruffians knocked at the door of his house, and as he came out with a light, they shot him dead through a pane of glass at the side of it.

We next passed Navy Island, which Van Ransallah made his headquarters, and managed to keep up an annoying fire for some days, upon

the line of communication between Fort Erie and Chippeway, until dislodged by 32-pounders. At Buffaloe we embarked with our dogs for Detroit, on Lake Erie. After a fine passage we landed and put up at the American Hotel, to the landlord of which my sporting acquaintance had given us a letter. They are generally the most important personages in the towns of the United States, and we found him most civil and obliging. He sent us up the river with a party of his friends, whom he called "Hunters," but who appeared to be a loose set of rascals, who did not know what to do with themselves, and an exact personification of the phrase—"ready for any thing from pitch and toss to manslaughter." A large boat was freighted with this society and their dogs—a horrible collection of curs—with a large supply of provisions, champagne, gin, and brandy, with all which we could well have dispensed; but as it was civilly intended, we were obliged to put up with it, determining to shake them off on the first opportunity.

We rowed and sailed up the St. Clair for a considerable distance, to a large island which *they said* was famous for woodcocks, and supplied the Detroit market. We, however, beat the whole of the island without finding birds. The Hunters, who had started as if bent on no end of execution, with lighted cigars, their guns at full cock, and all their curs yelping and barking in a manner to disturb all the game from Detroit to Buffaloe, soon gave in, and we found them on our return busy with the luncheon and pretty well *on*, as they called it, otherwise intoxicated. They let out, under this influence, that they had been in the expedition to Point Pelu, where Captain Brown, of the 32nd, so gallantly routed the rebels, although greatly superior in numbers and protected by great hummocks of ice. Our friends seemed, indeed, bad enough for any thing, they were a vile set; however, there was no backing out, and all we could do was to get them to land us on the right bank of the river, near some large clearings. Here they took to the brandy again, and we to beating Indian corn, where we immediately found woodcocks. The evening was by this time closing in, but between those found in the maize and in some patches of cover we killed a great number. We lay down on a hard floor in a shanty, and after picking out the softest plank, slept soundly until daybreak, when we went off again in search of woodcocks, and found them, as on the preceding evening, in the maize, which, as it had not arrived at its full growth, and was about breast high; we walked through it, flushing great numbers. Three or four were constantly on the wing at the same time, enabling us to kill right and left repeatedly. Quail were also very numerous. Having shot away all our ammunition, and that of our inebriated friends, who had not stirred from the shanty, we returned to them: they had never seen so many birds killed before, and having finished all the brandy were quite willing to return to Detroit.

After excellent cock and snipe shooting in the vicinity of Windsor, and in Canada, on the opposite side of the river, we took berths for Chicago. Some of the best boats will perform the passage thence in three days, but we got into one which had seen her best days, and was very slow. After a few hours' steaming up the St. Clair, we entered the lake of that name. The navigation of this lake is extremely ticklish, being so very shallow. Thousands of acres of bullrushes collect the mud, and the bottom of the lake grows upwards in an extraordinary manner. The only channel was so serpentine and shallow that the steamer could only go at half speed

for the greater part of the day: the paddle-wheels stirred up the mud, and the boat, with all their precautions, often stuck fast. The river being rapid from the upper end of St. Clair to Lake Huron, and evening coming on, she was moored to a tree and made snug for the night.

In the morning, just before entering Lake Huron, we passed Fort Gratiot and its lighthouse on the American side. The shores of the lake are low and uninteresting, and a sort of dull melancholy look, hangs over it, very different from the gay, lively, sea-green Erie. We followed the western coast for two days, stopping once for five hours in a bay, a natural harbour, the only one in this long line of shore. We put back to it in a gale of wind, after having left it for some hours on our course towards Machinaw, as the old tub of a steamer not being sea-worthy they dared not trust her in a gale of wind.

The tediousness of the voyage was much relieved by our good fortune in making the acquaintance of a Count B., a very agreeable man, on a botanical expedition, with a view of publishing. (Some numbers of his book, which he showed me on a later visit to New York, were extremely well got up.) Having nothing better to do, we set to work, under his direction, to collect plants wherever we landed; a habit which we afterwards continued on the prairies.

Next evening we reached the beautiful island of Machinaw. An American fort half-way up its rocky side is a conspicuous feature in this island. I was delighted after returning home with Miss Martineau's mention of this island—"It is known to me as the tenderest little piece of beauty I have yet seen on God's earth."

By particular good luck we found collected here four tribes of wild Indians, assembled to receive the presents annually distributed by the United States government. They consisted of the Ottawas, Chippewas, Seminoles, and Maiomes. The whole of the beach was covered with their wigwams, and the bay (it being night when we arrived) was brilliantly illuminated with their birch-bark torches; the effect was extremely striking.

As we remained on the island that night and the part of the next day, we had time to see them well. The United States agents had either given them brandy and other spirits, or the traders in furs had done so, for the majority were quite drunk : poor wretches! It was with a mingled feeling of disgust and pity that we saw several very finely-formed men, sitting round a large can, holding at least as much raw spirits as a stable bucket would contain, and drinking till all reason deserted them; when, no doubt, their peltry, the hard-earned produce of the winter's trapping, was obtained from them either for the very tub of spirits we saw them engaged with, or, at any rate, for a very inferior value. The agents of the American government deal most unfairly by the poor Indians, who, by degrees, they are driving beyond the Mississippi, and will, without doubt, eventually exterminate. Not so the British government, who do all they can to atone to the remnant left, for the loss of their own legitimate soil ; and had the events of the rebellion in Canada involved the two countries in war, the whole of the Indians, to a man, would have fought for England ; runners from the different tribes carried the wampum (a large string of beads, to which one is added by each tribe, of a red colour, if a declaration of war be intended). It is said to be so large, that it requires two Indians to carry it.

But to return to Machinaw, many of their war-canoes, of birch-bark, were capable of holding thirty men. All the Indians, male and female, were painted and tattooed in every conceivable shape and form. One woman calling herself the wife of a chief of the Maimes, who was rather the worse for rum, sold me her *garters;* a beautiful pair, embroidered in red and white wampum, worked in the pattern of her tribe. Her forehead was painted with vermilion, and on each cheek was a patch of the same colour, relieved with a white ring, and beyond that a sky-blue one, resembling the targets at our archery meetings. She had a ring through her nose, a musk-rat skin hung over the top of her head; her hair was carefully divided, and abundantly greased with fish oil; a profusion of scarlet feathers of the tanigef were fastened into the back of it. Three long ones projected right and left towards the front, from which depended other blue ones, tipped with scarlet. Her toilet was completed by some forty or fifty silver bells in her ears, which tinkled at every step which she took. Her chemise was made of deer-skin, embroidered with porcupines' quills, and dyed mooses' hair, fastened by a series of silver plates, circular, and diminishing in size from the top. She also wore large armlets of silver; and the garters were placed below the knee, as ornaments merely, for no garment reached further, while a blanket, thrown over her shoulders, completed her costume.

The men wore blankets of all hues, part of the presents received at different times. They were also tattooed in all ways. Some were perfectly naked, with large tufts of feathers in their heads; others, had the skin of a fox or badger made into a cap, and the tail left hanging down behind. Outside most of the wigwams were tame bears, and the small Indian dog, the most faithful of all the race. The best watch-dog was left in charge of such huts as the owners had deserted. After a minute inspection of their spears, bows and arrows, canoes, and dresses, all most interesting to any one curious in the habits of these most extraordinary people, and in the distinctions of their different tribes, we examined a sort of museum collected by some of the fur-traders, containing specimens of their arms, spears, and weapons; articles also of bark, embroidered by the squaws. These latter, however, are much inferior to those made by the Micmack and Mellicite tribes of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

The island of Machinaw is important, as it commands Lakes Huron and Michigan, with the outlet of Lake Superior. The American government have, therefore, built a strong fort upon it, overlooking, as I said before, its bay or harbour. The clearness of the water here is very striking, stones may be distinctly seen on the bottom at the depth of forty feet. In all these great lakes, the delicious white fish are taken, equal in flavour to any salmon; when first taken out of the water, they shine and glisten like silver, and average from twenty to thirty pounds.

After leaving Machinaw, a tremendous gale came on at night. There was no harbour within reach, and I was awakened by the captain rushing into the cabin, calling out, "Look out for yourselves, for we are all going to hell!" The first impulse naturally was to rush upon deck; a fearful sea was running, and the steamer, which had become unmanageable, was drifting to leeward at a most unpleasant pace. The night was pitch-dark; it was blowing a hurricane, and the boat rolled in an awful manner. Fortunately, at daybreak the gale moderated, and we were enabled to put her

before the wind; just in time, for had she continued to drift for another hour, she must have struck on one of the Manitou Islands. Most assuredly, had an Indian been on board, he would have attributed the favourable change in the weather to the "Manitou," or Great Spirit, these islands being by them, held sacred, and supposed to be the abode of departed spirits.

It now fell a dead calm. In the course of the day we passed a remarkable landmark on the Illinois coast called the "sleeping bear," a mountain resembling exactly the shape of that animal, whose shaggy coat is admirably represented by a stunted growth of fir, and which, situated above a lofty and long line of light yellow sand, looks, when seen from the lake, like a huge effigy of Bruin on a giallo antico pedestal. At length, and in spite of the captain's prediction, who, ever since the storm, had been consoling himself with an unlimited allowance of gin-sling, we reached Chicago in safety.

The town of Chicago is situated upon the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, upon the skirts of those great prairies extending to the Mississippi, and connected by the great fresh water seas of the north, with all the different trading ports on them. It is built on level ground, but sufficiently elevated above the highest floods to prevent overflow. The great stream of emigration has set that way, the natural meadows presenting all the advantages of the most favoured parts of the valley of the Mississippi.

We arrived at Chicago, which eclipses Buffaloe in the same degree as the Yankee places Buffaloe with regard to London, for in 1832, according to our guide-book, it contained five small stores and 250 inhabitants, and in the year 1837, the population numbered 8000, with 120 stores, besides a number of *groceries;* further, it supported fifty lawyers, and, thanks to the intermittent fever and ague, upwards of thirty physicians.

But it cannot be said that nature has left them unprovided with remedies for other complaints, for, not to mention smaller manufactories, at Edwardsville alone, there was annually from thirty to forty thousand gallons of castor oil manufactured from the palma christi, which plant is indigenous to the soil of Illinois.

Chap. XV.

UPPER CANADA.

"All this and much more have I seen since my departure from England; but I doubt if any transmarine spectacle gave me half so much pleasure as did the sight of the jolly, red, weather-beaten face of the first *bumboat woman* who came alongside our gallant frigate at Spithead!"

Mundy's *India.*

Start from Chicago—Prairie Hens—Prairies—Ague—Rattle-snakes—Return to the Falls—Shooting—Sleighing—Racoons—Squirrels—Bald Eagle—Last Sight of Niagara.

At Chicago we hired a pair of horses and a waggon, and started for the prairies, which are entered at once on leaving the town. At the public-house or shanty where we put up for the night, after a drive of eight or ten miles, we found all the inmates in bed, covered up with blankets and every thing which could impart warmth heaped over them.

The driver informed us that this was the *bad day* of their fever, but that the fit would soon be over, and that then they would set about our accommodation for the night. We did not particularly like stopping in a house where every soul was under the influence of intermittent fever, but our "Jehu" comforted us with the assurance that more or less of it prevailed in every house on the prairies at this season of the year, so we took out our dogs and guns, and on crossing through a patch of peas in the garden at the back of the house, one of the dogs came to a point. It proved to be a pack of prairie hens;* we shot eight brace in the garden; magnificent birds they were, as large as our black game, a bright band of orange citron colour encircles the eye. They are very game upon the wing, and in the general colour of their plumage, resemble much the gray hen, with the exception of having a bag of orange-coloured skin on either side of the neck, over which hang long straight feathers. In the drumming season, like the birch partridge, they inflate these bags to a great size, at which time the feathers stand out at right angles. Wilson calls them the "Pinnated grouse." We found also woodcock and quail in the long grass, and numbers of the beautiful wood-duck and blue-winged teal in all the pools and rivers near, so that by the time they had recovered at the inn we had had a capital day's sport, and a brace of grouse were soon got ready for supper. Like all the grouse tribe they have dark and light-coloured meat, but are rather dry, and not to be compared in flavour to the red game. Next day we continued our course over the prairies, steering, as it were, now for a clump of trees, now for some rise on the horizon—across the rolling prairies without road or track—through the most luxuriant grassy herbage as deep as the wheels of the waggon, stopping occasionally by the way to shoot grouse, ducks, or quail.—Our eventual object being to reach the Fox River, along the line of which, in consequence of the cultivation, we heard that the prairie hens abounded; and by night we arrived, and put up at one among a few huts on the banks of the river. The heat was overpowering, and during three days that we stayed there we could only shoot in the mornings and evenings. The country was much dried up, but we found game in great quantities round the house, so that we had as much shooting as we could manage both of grouse and quail. But before reaching Fox River I discovered that I was in for the ague, or rather that it was well into me. I swallowed quantities of quinine, by virtue of which I was generally enabled to shoot after the attack went off in the evening, and always on the intermediate days. We next moved our quarters some eight miles down the river, and put up at a log-hut. Here an old woman gave me a decoction of a plant she called *thorough-wort*, which, I think, is a species of eupatorium, the leaves of which grew opposite each other. Though it alleviated the fits, my recollection of it is that the remedy was almost as bad as the disease, it having been by far the most bitter and nauseous beverage I ever imbibed. In one week nearly we had finished all our ammunition, and began to think of returning. Just before our departure we saw in the neighbourhood one of those curious salt licks, to which for ages countless heads of buffalo, deer, elks, and other animals appear to have annually resorted. Bones are found to a great depth

* "Tetrao Cupido." So called from two tufts of pointed feathers on either side of the neck resembling the wings of a little cupid.

deposited under the soil, layer upon layer, and amongst them bones of the mammoth and mastodon, and geologists say that the vast masses found here are to be accounted for by the herds which had come down to the licks, being pursued by wolves and panthers, and, panic-stricken, trampling each other to death. These places bear the name of the "Mammoth licks." It is utterly impossible to keep animals from salt licks; and farmers who have enclosed fields near, having their hedges repeatedly broken, at length usually compromise the matter by making a road to them. Wild turkeys are to be found on these prairies, but the chance of getting at them appeared so uncertain, that we returned to Chicago without making the attempt. Rattle-snakes are very numerous; and it is a curious fact that the Almighty has provided the "antidote" for their poison, in the rattle-snake plantain—an orchis-looking plant, the leaves of which taper up to a sharp point: the Indians chew it to a pulp, and bind it over the wound. This, they say, is the only remedy that will extract the venom. The snakes gain a rattle with every year of their age: when about to make a spring, they erect them. I killed one near the Falls, on the snow, with an axe; it had fourteen rattles, and was as thick as a man's arm; he had been caught by the frost before he had provided his winter habitation. They would increase to a fearful extent, were it not for the fires on the prairies, by which great numbers are destroyed.

We made a prosperous voyage back to Detroit, and crossed over to Sandwich side of the river, where we had capital woodcock and snipe-shooting. From thence we rowed down to Fort Maldon (garrisoned by one of our regiments). Along the Lake Erie shore, we met with plenty of quail. As we were informed that wild turkeys were in plenty in the neighbourhood, we determined, ere leaving the country, to have a shy at them. The manner of shooting them being the same as that pursued by our sportsmen, when waiting for the water-fowl tribe at a spring at night-fall, the party took up their stations in the vicinity of a patch of buck-wheat, which is the favourite food of these birds, the princes of the gallenaceous tribe, whose acute sense of hearing is so strong, that as a matter of precaution we placed our guns on full cock; for so shy are they, that a click of a London-made lock would be sufficient to give the alarm and disperse any number of them—who, in all probability, would not return to the same *locale* for many nights. We had not long been in our places before the noise of "the gobbler" (so-called in the language of the Upper Province) was heard, and continued at intervals; this naturally put all on the *qui vive,* and prepared for action; suddenly I observed one of the party, whose station was opposite to mine, advance slowly and cautiously along the zig-zag fence which served as a protection for the crop of buck-wheat from the promiscuous intruders in the forest. The twilight was fast fading away, and it was with difficulty that I could follow the movements of my friend. After some twenty minutes or so, in which time he had managed to progress as many yards, he abruptly stopped, and raising his gun to his shoulder took deliberate aim, when, just as I expected to hear the report of his fowling-piece, I was startled by the sudden exclamation of a tremendous oath, followed by a volley of curses and maledictions; but as "murder will out," to make a long story short, instead of the expected gobblers, our wretched sable guide appeared, who, having stationed himself in the immediate neighbourhood

of the clearances, for the purpose of attracting the turkeys, by a most faithful imitation of their aforesaid "gobble," within range of our weapons, was near falling a victim to the enthusiastic zeal of my friend; this unfortunate nigger now stood, alternately trembling and grinning, between the uncertainty of life and death, and within ten yards of the muzzle of a double gun, loaded with swan-shot. After trying in every possible way to get shots at wild turkeys, we ended by giving it up in disgust; which was not a little increased by hearing that, soon after we departed, our guide, the negro, had killed five in the very same patches of maize.

We left our hospitable friends of the 34th, to the pursuit of the turkeys, and to the building up of the fort: the only occupation to be found in this the most westerly of our garrisons.

On returning to the Falls, we found the men and officers stowed away in two of the great hotels, and in sundry shantys and sheds in Drummondville; and the company to which I belonged put up in a large building in Lundy's Lane—classic ground, on which the battle was fought, in 1812.

During the winter, the skating on the Chippewa-creek was excellent, and added not a little to our amusement. Large parties contested games of hockey on the ice; some thirty or forty being ranged on each side. A ludicrous scene, too, was afforded by the instruction of a black corps in skating: from the peculiar formation of a negro's foot, and the length of his heel, they were constantly falling forwards; it was impossible to keep them on their skates, and down they came by whole sections. They might have done admirably on snow-shoes, but it was lamentable to witness the dreadful "headers" they suffered from off the skates.

A tandem sleigh-club, of some twenty or thirty sleighs, met alternately twice in each week at Niagara town, or the "City of the Falls." A luncheon, and a ball in the evening, concluded the gaieties of the day.

The woods in the immediate neighbourhood of the Chippewa-creek, and in the whole district from thence to Dumville on the Grand River, as well as Navy Island, are full of deer, and whenever a relaxation of duty permitted, I proceeded to hunt them; the deer will proceed a surprising distance in search of salt springs, and even a piece of rock-salt, placed in the bush, was sufficient to attract these animals: by watching near it, I got many a shot in the moonlight. They also come to browse on any newly-felled tree; all vegetation being at that time covered with the snow.

The woods are full of racoons, which, like the bear, take up their abode for the winter in some hollow tree. The former select the finest and most healthy-looking oaks, which the crafty woodsman alone would guess, from sundry heaps of dust accumulated at the bottom (the work of the woodpecker), to have incipient decay of the trunk, or at least that it had begun in some of the forks. The racoons select these trees as the roughness of the bark prevents the scratches of their nails being traced. The weather, however, affects the racoon, and a sudden thaw obliges him to descend for food, when his tracks at the bottom of the tree tell a tale, which no ingenuity on his part can efface, although I have been told that they try to effect it by brushing the snow over them with their tails, before they again ascend. Although the hunter cannot entirely depend on these signs, it is astonishing with what *sang froid* they will proceed to cut down the largest trees on the chance of finding the racoons. Each tree contains gene-

rally three or four, and they will frequently sleep undisturbed during the operations of felling, until the tree comes to the ground with a crash, which splits it to ribbons. The racoons, though so unceremoniously roused from a torpid state, are instantly all alive, and rush up the nearest saplins, where they become a mark for the rifle; an expert marksman never hits either the racoon or black squirrel anywhere but in the eye. This is not merely to show his skill as a shot, but is invariably practised for the sake of not injuring the skin. Some superior riflemen will brag that they can hit the bark in a particular way, so close to the squirrel, as to stun him, when he falls off the tree, and before he has recovered from the effect of the blow they pick him up.

Nowhere in the United States is the manufacture of the rifle attended to with greater care than in Buffaloe. The barrel being very thick, and the bore (fifty to sixty to the pound) being proportionably small, the weight of metal prevents the slightest recoil, and the ball flies to its point blank range; about one hundred yards is the outside, but they can only be depended upon for sixty.

Germans are chiefly employed in the manufacture of the rifle. I paid but 6*l.* for an excellent one. It would hit a dollar to a certainty at sixty yards.

The squirrels of many kinds abounded about Niagara woods. The flying squirrel, the large gray squirrel,* the masked squirrel,† and the black without end. The gray are the most beautiful of all the species. Some writers affirm that the black make regular migrations on the approach of severe weather, that they cross rivers on branches, waiting for a fair wind to embark, spreading their tails in the manner of a sail, and that thus they are wafted to the other side. Certain it is that they swim well, and will beat a dog in the water. Besides the pursuit of these animals, the track of a wild turkey would occasionally put the hunter on the *qui vive*, but they only usually led him into a swamp, which baffled all further pursuit.

Thousands of long-tailed ducks‡ pass at sundown from Lake Ontario, which never freezes, up the line of the Niagara River. We used to turn out in numbers to wait for them. On a cold, clear night they might be heard making a tremendous noise, until division after division passed over our heads, and volley after volley brought them down in crowds. Many came out for the express purpose of firing a random shot, and rushing in to pick up the spoil. However, like all other ducks, they soon became very wary, and could only be killed on the pass, when a strong wind against them kept them low; nothing, however, confounds the water-fowl tribe like a thick fog; it is then that they become an easy prey to the fowler. The long-tailed duck is but indifferent eating, their flesh is fishy and strong. They were a little improved by bleeding, for which, indeed, all wild fowl are the better. Widgeons in large flocks, passed beyond Lake Erie every evening, as that lake was frozen over, but I never knew to what river; at daybreak they returned to Ontario, where they remained during the day.

The falls of Niagara are the great resort of the bald eagle,§ and the osprey,‖ or fish-hawk. The former is the national emblem, and the noblest of the tribe found in North America. They afford excellent sport to the rifleman, and the scalp of a bald eagle takes rank far above the head and antlers of the finest stag. They breed in the old trees overhang-

* *Sciuous carolinensis.* † *Sciuous tiatus.* ‡ *Heralda glacialis.*
§ *Aquila Ceucocephalus.* ‖ *Acquila Haliata.*

ing the Falls, and are often to be seen sailing majestically above them. I subjoin Wilson's graphical and eloquent account of this prince of quarrys.

"This distinguished bird, as he is the most beautiful of his tribe in this part of the world, and the adopted emblem of our country, is entitled to particular notice. The celebrated cataract of Niagara is a noted place of resort for the bald eagle, as well on account of the fish procured there as for the numerous carcases of squirrels, deer, bears, and various other animals, that in their attempt to cross the river above the falls have been dragged into the current and precipitated down that tremendous gulf, where, among the rocks that bound the rapids below, they furnish a rich repast for the vulture, the ravens and the bald eagle, the subject of the present account. Formed by nature for braving the severest cold, feeding equally on the produce of the sea and of the land, possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves, unawed by any thing but man, and from the etherial heights to which it soars, looking abroad at one glance on an immeasurable extent of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean, deep below him, he appears indifferent to the little localities of change of seasons, as in a few minutes he can pass from summer to winter, from the higher to the lower regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold, and from thence descend at will to the torrid or the arctic regions of the earth. He is, therefore, found at all seasons in the countries he inhabits, but prefers such places as have been mentioned above, from the great partiality he has for fish. In procuring these, he displays in a very singular manner the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, daring, contemplative, and tyrannical. Attributes not exerted but on particular occasions, but when put forth overpowering all opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree, that commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below; the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing the air, the busy tringæ coursing along the sands; trains of ducks streaming over the surface, silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading, clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one whose action instantly arrests his whole attention, by his wide curvature of wings and sudden suspension in air he knows him to be the fish-hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep, his eye kindles at the sight, and balancing himself with half-open wings on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around! At this moment the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour, and levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. This is the signal for our hero, who, launching in the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk, each exerts his utmost above the other, displaying in these rencontres the most elegant and sublime ærial evolutions. The unincumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the eagle poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods."

The appetite of the bald eagle, though habituated to long fastings, is of the most voracious, and often the most indelicate kind. Fish, when he can obtain them, are preferred to all other fare. Young lambs and pigs are dainty morsels, and made free with on all favourable occasions. Ducks, geese, gull, and other sea-fowls, are also seized with avidity. The most putrid carrion, when nothing better can be had, is acceptable, and the collected groups of gormandising vultures, on the approach of this dignified personage, instantly disperse, and make way for their master, waiting his departure in sullen silence, and at a respectful distance, on the adjacent tree.

High o'er the wat'ry uproar silent seen,
Sailing sedate in majesty serene,
Now 'midst the pillar'd spray sublimely lost,
And now, emerging, down the rapids tos't,
Glides the bald eagle, gazing calm and slow,
O'er all the horrors of the scene below;
Intent alone to sate himself with blood,
From the torn victims of the raging flood.

But to return from this sublime and poetic description to the affairs of every-day life. Skating, sleighing, and hunting, serve to beguile the monotony of a Canadian winter, which was fast drawing to its close when I received an order to join the depôt of my regiment in England, and I was going a round of farewells, when, at eleven o'clock at night, the bugles of the different cantonments sounded the "Turn out," and company after company were hastening down to Forsyth's Hotel—a great overgrown wooden pile of six stories high—which overlooked the Falls—it was on fire, and, being wholly composed of wood, burnt like tinder. The doors were torn off their hinges, the furniture thrown out of windows, and all the efforts five hundred soldiers could make were tried to save the house:—but in vain.

The effect was magnificent; there was not a breath of wind, and the night was pitchy dark; the glorious Falls roared like thunder, the liquid flames lit them up, and they were seen as plainly as in the broad daylight.

This was my farewell look of the mighty cataract. Early the following morning, I was *en route* for the Old World, and amongst all the phases of Niagara's grandeur, this is not the one my memory least loves to dwell upon.

A THOUGHT.

BY EDMUND KENEALY, L.L.B.

Life—like a lute, whose strings, some tense, some loose,
Discourse delicious music—is most sweet
When in pursuits diversified employ'd—
Pleasure this hour, and wisdom in the next.

LIGHTS AND SHADES

IN THE LIFE OF A

GENTLEMAN ON HALF-PAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

No. XXIII.

AGREEABLE WIND-UP TO AN EXCURSION IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE IN CONNAUGHT.

Poins.—Pray God you have not murdered some of them.
Falstaff.—Nay, that's past praying for.—SHAKSPEARE.

QUIETLY I bolted the door, and heaped every portable article the chamber contained against it, and, when my preparations were completed, I requested Miss Harding and her father to retire. The old gentleman would have remained, but I assured him that by doing so personal risk would be uselessly incurred—his daughter also would require support, and there only his services could be valuable. Circumstances abated ceremony; I placed Mary Harding in the closet, led her father in, and left them in present security.

I had scarcely returned to the outer room, until shuffling feet and whispering voices were audible without, and presently the latch was lifted stealthily, and the door was slightly shaken. Directly before the entrance of the chamber, I had placed the lights; and in the darker portion of the chamber I took my stand, with the table on which my spare arms lay beside me. Again the latch was raised, and a low voice announced to his companions that "the door was bolted." Another voice desired the speaker to knock; the order was obeyed, and a brief parley followed, before a bloody fray commenced.

"Who's there?" I inquired.

"A friend," was the reply.

"That friend must wait where he is till morning."

"Quick—undo the fastenings—I must get in;" and in the voice that made the demand I recognised the well-remembered tones of Durneein.

"The young lady has retired. I am on duty here: and, friend or enemy as you may be, no footstep with life this night shall cross the threshold."

"D—n it!" exclaimed another, "why do you stand babbling there? Dash in the door!"

A crush against it succeeded—the bolt sprang—the door yielded—and an opening was made sufficiently large to admit a man's arm, which was unceremoniously thrust in, and, from the peculiar colour of the coat-sleeve, told me that Durneein was the foremost scoundrel of the party. Already devoted to the infernal gods, the victim seemed to present himself for the sacrifice. I marked the spot upon the door, behind which the breast of the bandit was leaning; a steady aim was followed by a loud

explosion—through the thin deal, which separated us, the wire-cartridge passed like a bullet, and lodged in the villain's heart—the arm suddenly disappeared; the carcase to which it belonged was already clay; for Durneein did not carry life to the floor.

Fierce and varied exclamations announced the leader's fall, and two or three shots were returned at random through the door. I was out of the line of fire; the bullets flattened harmlessly against the wall; and I was reloading the empty barrel, when suddenly the outer door of Morteeine's hostelrie was beaten open with a sledge, a number of strangers sprang into the kitchen, and a loud voice called on the dead ruffian's gang, to instantly throw down their arms and surrender. The order was not obeyed, and a short, but sharp, *mêlée* ensued, in which fire-arms were discharged, and blows interchanged between the combatants. I imprudently ran forward to the room-door, to take part in the affray, when a stray slug passed through the wood-work, and lodged in my shoulder. Next moment, the struggle was over—the scoundrels were overpowered and made prisoners—and the same voice which had called on the ruffians to yield, requested me to give him admittance. As quickly as my disabled arm could effect it, I removed the lumber piled against the door, and an officer of police entered, who congratulated me on my deliverance.

It would be impossible to conjecture what the result might have been, had not the providential arrival of an armed body saved us from further conflict with ruffians, rendered doubly desperate by drunkenness and the death of their captain. The police had not the least intimation that a banditti were collected at Morteeine's house, their errand being only to arrest the worthy proprietor, against whom an approver had given such extensive information, that it eventuated in the red landlord being transported for life. Hence, the opportune arrival of the officers of justice was most providential, and a desperate calamity averted by prompt deliverance.

Excepting the splintered door, flakes torn from the plastered walls by the shots fired through the damaged wood-work, the smell of powder, and the parade of fire-arms, there was nothing in the apartment to prove offensive; and Mr. Harding and his daughter were at once emancipated from the dark hiding-place that had sheltered them in their hour of need.

There is a passive courage of which milder spirits are capable, which fiercer souls marvel at, but cannot understand. For my own part, I disclaim the heroic altogether—and am ready to declare, before any justice of the peace, that I would rather part with all the property of which Falstaff was robbed behind the arras, than date a letter from the station-house, or even put in a pleasant evening at Donnybrook fair. Homicide is no test of bravery; and of twenty gentlemen, of high and low degree, put "past praying for," nineteen casualties result from common sense rather than from uncommon courage. I had been placed in a position when to act and to live were synonyms. I had the means and the position for offence. Had I been unhappily nervously constituted, and remained non-resistant, disgrace were certain, and death a probable consequence. Homicide was forced upon me. There are—start not, gentle reader—circumstances in life, when any hesitation in shedding blood stamps an individual with worse than imbecility. When an Irish patriot misses fire

at you upon the highroad, and you have the means of giving him his *quietus*, would you permit him to hammer his flint, and try his luck again? or should a brutal bully call you to the field, and you be so stupid as to accept the invitation, did you not endeavour to introduce half an ounce of lead into his person, and as contiguous to his watch-pocket as could be done conveniently, were I next of kin, and you worth the expense of a "*lunatico inquirendo*," you should forthwith, by "twelve good men and true," be declared *non compos*, and I should have great pleasure myself in conducting you to the asylum.

The calm and holy submission with which Mr. Harding and his beautiful child heard me announce the dreadful calamity that appeared inevitable, did not desert them during the brief but painful interval of trial and uncertainty. Locked fondly in each other's arms, I found them standing in the dark apartment, waiting the dreaded issue. Confused by the uproar which had attended the attempt upon the chamber, and the onslaught from without, I had twice to announce their providential rescue, before they could be assured that they were in safety. The test of sorrow is sometimes bravely withstood by those to whom the agony of sudden joy proves fatal, and in this case, the tidings of their deliverance occasioned a greater shock than the announcement of previous danger. The father, with the assistance of the police-officer, with difficulty reached a chair—but the fair girl uttered a cry of delight, and fainted in my arms. I called aloud for help: the bustle had partially subsided, the hostess heard my summons, and hurried from the kitchen to assist me.

Pallid and corpse-like as the beautiful stranger looked who was resting on my bosom, the peaceful similitude of death might cause grief but not alarm. Mary Hamblyn's appearance, however, as she hung over Miss Harding was very different. She, too, was pale as marble; but the wildness of her flashing eyes, the writhing of her bloodless lips, the hurried action of every limb—all spake a "perturbed spirit," and a reason all but overthrown by excitement too great to bear. Although the frame was sadly shattered, courage almost incredible sustained her—and wild and fierce as look and manner might be, her language was cool and collected. She took Miss Harding gently from my grasp, reclined her on a bench, directed me to bring water from the table—then, pointing to my bleeding arm, she said, in a low voice—

"Go; get your wound bound up. I will watch the lady's recovery. 'Tis a sorry sight without. Another look at that loathsome wretch, who lies upon the floor, I think would have upset the little reason that now is left me. See! her eyes open. Go, sir: when your hurt is attended to, the lady will be able to thank you for her deliverance."

I left the invalid to her care, and entered the kitchen for the first time since the affray. As Mary Hamblyn had described it, in truth it was a sorry sight. Stretched upon his back, and resting in a pool of blood, his features horribly convulsed, and his glassy eyes apparently turned upwards upon mine, the dead robber was extended; and, as his feet touched the threshold of the chamber-door, I was obliged to stride over the prostrate carcase of my enemy.

The huge fireplace had been heaped with bog-deal, and a red and brilliant blaze lighted the large room, and showed every thing distinctly. It was a scene that Salvator Rosa might have painted with effect. Another corpse was extended in the corner where the dead man had

fallen on his face, and ten or twelve others, on whose dejected countenances a savage desperation was marked, were seated in a group, all with pinioned arms, and several with gashed faces, which they had received in the *mêlée.* Morteeine Crassaugh was placed apart from the others, securely bound, and guarded; while the dark figures of the police, with green uniforms and bright appointments, formed a striking contrast to their gray-coated prisoners, and perfected a group which a painter might have happily used to depict a captive banditti.

The *gendarmerie*—for that term best describes an Irish police force—respectfully made way for me, and I approached the chair on which the red landlord was seated.

It is amazing how rapidly the insolence of ruffianism yields, when calamity overtakes it. The cool assurance of Morteeine's address—the covert impudence he assumed when he used the mockery of deference to a stranger—all had departed; and the humiliated tone in which he addressed me now, when compared with the assured manner he had an hour ago exhibited, was singularly striking. His object was to impress upon all around, that in the violence recently committed, he was not only a party unconcerned, but a person who had opposed the attempt. While defending himself from suspicion, I opportunely came in, and the red landlord instantly appealed to me as a supporting witness.

"Captain," he said, "isn't it too bad for a man to be charged with a crime of which he's innicint as little Morteeine there! Pat Durneein"—and he apostrophised the corpse of the dead brigand—"ye had a sudden and a bloody end. May the Lord rest y'er sowl! act and part, the deed was yours by which ye suffered, and it was myself that endeavoured to prevent it."

For once in his life, according to the Irish phrase, Morteeine Crassaugh "told truth and shamed the devil;" and I, who had overheard him remonstrate against the abduction of the lady, bore testimony to the assertion of innocence he was endeavouring to establish. A triumphant smile crossed the red landlord's face at the success of this appeal to me, but the look of exultation was short-lived.

"Morteeine," said a policeman! "It would be well if you could produce as good testimony as the captain's, in old Farmer's business. Tom Reynolds was caught last night, and in a trap of his own setting, too. Finding himself deserted by his friend the devil, he determined to play the same game, and give his old companions the go-by. He has split from first to last; and if a jury will believe him, he'll send two or three you know of to the gallows, and half a score across the sea."

Before the communication was ended, the smile faded from the face of the conscious criminal; and turning his eyes away, he gazed listlessly at the fire; and while my wound was being bandaged, a word never escaped his lips.

The bullet had passed through my arm, fortunately without injury to the bone. A tight ligature stopped the hæmorrhage—a handkerchief knotted at the neck, formed a convenient sling—and having repaired damages, and requested the police to throw a covering over the bodies, and remove the blood-marks from the floor, I rejoined my fellow-travellers in the inner room.

I had left Miss Harding in care of the pretty hostess, but during my absence their relative positions had changed; and when I returned, the

lady was lavishing the gentlest attentions on Mary Hamblyn, whose over-pressed energies had at last given way, and the woman had resumed the mastery. Dissolved in tears, and sobbing as if every inspiration would announce a broken heart, still what a happier change her altered mood exhibited! Excitement, bordering upon insanity, had given a wild, almost a demoniac expression to features decidedly handsome as hers were—now sorrow had softened it down, and in my life I never witnessed the seductive influence of woman's tears, until I joined in the exertions of the beautiful stranger, to soothe Mary Hamblyn's grief, and bid her to be comforted.

Another scene, and one in which I was chief actor, followed. In my absence from the room, Mr. Harding and his daughter had been fully acquainted with the extent of the danger they had so happily escaped. Both thanked me ardently; but what was the old man's gratitude, as he wrung my hand, and invoked Heaven's blessing on his preserver, to the silent eloquence with which his artless child turned her sweet eyes on mine, glanced at my wounded arm, and looked her sympathy and gratitude? It was a passage in a life never to be forgotten.

"I owe you, sir, more than can be imagined or expressed," she faltered, "a debt that—"

"Thus is cancelled."

Circumstances annihilate conventional proprieties. I placed my lips to those of the blushing girl. Her father smiled and muttered something of "a poor reward for a wounded arm;" and Mary coloured to the brows, cast her eyes upon the floor, "but yet she chid not."

AH! DO NOT GO!

BY F. A. B.

AH! do not go. Hark! how the bitter blast
 Howls o'er the shuddering earth. Ah! do not go.
Lie in my lap, and I will hold thee fast,
 And breathe soft sighs upon thy pillow'd brow.

Ah! do not go. From the murk midnight sky
 The chilly rain falls like a funeral veil.
Stay with me, stay with me, belov'd! and I
 Will rain warm kisses on thee till I fail.

Ah! do not go. Is not this bright warm rest
 Better than dreary walking through the night?
Lock me in thy dear arms, and on my breast
 Sleep, my belov'd, till rosy break of light.

BEAUCHAMP;

OR,

THE ERROR.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXIII.

If you fix your eyes upon a distant hill in the month of April, in some countries, or May in others, there are a thousand chances to one, unless the goddess of the spring be very much out of humour, that you see first a golden gleam warm, as the looks of love, and next a deep blue shadow, calm and grand as the thoughts of high intellect when passion has passed away with youth. Perhaps the case may be reversed; the shadow come first and the gleam succeed just as you happen to time your look; but at all events, you will require no one to tell you—you will not even need to raise your face to the sky to perceive at once that the cause of this beautiful variation of hues is the alternate sunshine and cloud of the spring heavens.

Over the mind and over the face of man, however, what clouds, what sunshine, what gleams, what shadows, will not come without any eye but an all-seeing one being able to trace the causes of the change. Thrice in one morning was the whole demeanour of Mr. Beauchamp totally altered. He descended to breakfast grave and thoughtful; an hour after he was gayer than he had been for years. By the side of Isabella Slingsby he remained cheerful; but before luncheon was over he had plunged again into a fit of deep and gloomy thought, and as soon as Ned Hayward, having taken some food and wine started up to mount his horse which was at the door, Beauchamp rose also, saying, "I want one word with you, Hayward, before you go."

"Directly, directly," answered Ned Hayward. "Good bye, Sir John, good bye, Miss Slingsby."

"Mind—day after to-morrow at the latest, Ned," cried the baronet.

"Upon my honour," replied Hayward. "Farewell, Mrs. Clifford, I trust I shall find you here on my return."

"I fear not, Captain Hayward," replied the lady, "but you have promised, you know, to come over and—"

"Nay, dear mamma, I think you will be here," said Mary Clifford, "I think for once I shall attempt to coax you."

Mrs. Clifford seemed somewat surprised at her daughter's eagerness to stay; but Sir John exclaimed joyously, "There's a good girl—there's a capital girl, Mary; you are the best little girl in the world; she'll stay, she'll stay. We'll get up a conspiracy against her. There, be off, Ned. No long leave-takings. You'll find us all here when you come back, just as you left us: me, as solemn and severe as usual, my sister as gay and jovial, Isabella as pensorous, and Mary as merry and madcap as ever."

Ned Hayward, however, did not fail to bid Miss Clifford adieu before he went, and be it remarked, he did it in a somewhat lower tone than usual, and added a few words more than he had spoken to the rest. Beauchamp accompanied him to the door, and then pausing near the horse, inquired

in a low tone, "Are you quite certain the man with whom you had the struggle this morning is the same who fired the shot last night?"

"Perfectly," answered Ned Hayward, "for I saw his face quite well in the sand-pit; and I never forget a face. I wish to Heaven you could catch him."

"Have you any idea of his name?" asked Beauchamp.

"None in the world," replied Ned Hayward; "but there are two people here who must know, I think. One is young Wittingham, and the other is Ste Gimlet, otherwise Wolf. I have a strong notion this fellow was one of those attacking the carriage the other night. But that puts me in mind, Beauchamp, that I intended to go up and talk to Gimlet, but I have not time now. I wish you would; and just tell him from me, I will pay his boy's schooling if he will send him to learn something better than making bird-traps. You can perhaps find out at the same time who this fellow is, so it may be worth a walk."

"I will, I will," answered Beauchamp, "but you said the young ladies here had something to tell me. What is it?"

"I thought they had done it," replied Ned Hayward, "that is stupid! But I have not time now, you must ask them; good bye;" and touching his horse lightly with his heel, he was soon on his way to Tarningham.

Beauchamp paused for a moment on the steps in deep meditation, and then turned into the house, saying to himself, "This must be inquired into instantly." He found Sir John Slingsby in the luncheon-room, reading the newspaper, but nobody else, for the ladies had returned to the drawing-room, and two of them, at least, were looking somewhat anxiously for his coming. It very rarely happens that any one who is looked anxiously for ever does come; and of course, in the present instance, Beauchamp took the natural course and disappointed the two ladies.

"I have a message to deliver from Captain Hayward to your new keeper, Sir John," he said, "and therefore I will walk over to his cottage, and see him. An hour I dare say will accomplish it."

"It depends upon legs, my dear sir," answered the baronet, looking up. "It would cost my two an hour and a half to go and come; so if I might advise, you would take four. You will find plenty of hoofs in the stables, and a groom to show you the way. Thus you will be back the sooner, and the women will have something to talk to; for I must be busy—very busy—devilish busy, indeed. I have not done any business for ten years, the lawyer tells me, so I must work hard to-day. I'll read the papers, first, however, if Wharton himself stood at the door; and he is a great deal worse than Satan. I like to hear all the lies that are going about in the world; and as newspapers were certainly invented for the propagation of falsehood, one is sure to find all there. Take a horse, take a horse, Beauchamp. Life is too short to walk three miles and back to speak with a gamekeeper."

"Well, Sir John, I will, with many thanks," answered his guest, and in about a quarter of an hour he was trotting away towards the new cottage of Stephen Gimlet, with a groom to show him the way. That way was a very picturesque one, cutting off an angle of the moor and then winding through wild lanes rich with all sorts of flowers and shrubs, till at length a small old gray church appeared in view at the side of a little green. The

stone, where the thick ivy hid it not, was incrusted in many places with yellow, white, and brown lichens, giving that peculiar rich hue with which nature is so fond of investing old buildings. There was but one other edifice of any kind in the neighbourhood, and that was a small cottage of two stories, built close against one side of the church. Probably it had originally been the abode of the sexton, and the ivy spreading from the neighbouring buttress twined round the chimneys, meeting several lower shoots of the same creeping plant, and enveloped one whole side in a green mantle. The sunshine was streaming from behind the church, between it and the cottage, and that ray made the whole scene look cheerful enough; but yet Beauchamp could not help thinking, "This place, with its solitary house and lonely church, its little green, and small fields behind, with their close hedge-rows, must look somewhat desolate in dull weather. Still the house seems a comfortable one, and there has been care bestowed upon the garden, with its flowers and herbs. I hope this is Gimlet's cottage; for the very fact of finding such things in preparation may waken in him different tastes from those to which he has been habituated."

"Here's the place, sir," said the groom, riding up and touching his hat, and at the same moment the sound of the horses' feet brought the rosy, curly-headed urchin of the *ci-devant* poacher trotting to the door.

Beauchamp dismounted and went in; and instantly a loud, yelping bark was heard from the other side of the front room, where a terrier dog was tied to the post of a sort of dresser. By the side of the dog was the figure of the newly-constructed gamekeeper himself, stooping down and arranging sundry boxes and cages on the ground.

Now the learned critic has paused on the words "newly-constructed gamekeeper"—let him not deny it—and has cavilled thereat and declared them incorrect. But I will defend them: they are neither there by, and on account of, careless writing or careless printing; but, well-considered, just, and appropriate, there they stand on the author's responsibility. I contend he was a newly-constructed gamekeeper, and out of very curious materials was he constructed, too.

As soon as he heard Beauchamp's step, Ste Gimlet, raised himself, and recognising his visiter at once, a well-pleased smile spread over his face, which the gentleman thought gave great promise for the future. It is something, as this world goes, to be glad to see one from whom we have received a benefit. The opposite emotion is more general unless we expect new favours; a fact of which Beauchamp had been made aware by some sad experience, and as the man's pleased look was instantaneous, without a touch of affectation in it, he augured well for some of the feelings of his heart.

"Well, Gimlet," said the visiter, "I am happy to see that some of your stock has been saved, even if all your furniture has perished."

"Thank you, sir," replied the other, "my furniture was not worth a groat. I made most of it myself; but I lost a good many things it won't be easy to get again. All the dogs that were in the house, but this one, were burned or choked. He broke his cord and got away. All my ferrets too, went, but three that were in the shed; and the tame badger, poor fellow, I found a bit of his skin this morning. I thank you very much, sir, for what you gave me, and if you wait five minutes you'll see what I've done with it. I think it will give you pleasure, sir; for I've contrived to

get quite enough to set the place out comfortably, and have something over in case any thing is forgotten."

Beauchamp liked the man's way of expressing his gratitude by showing that he appreciated the feelings in which the benefit was conferred. It was worth a thousand hyperboles.

"I shall stay some little time, Gimlet," he said, "for I have one or two things to talk to you about, if you can spare a minute."

"Certainly sir," answered the man in a respectful tone, "but I can't ask you to sit down, because you see there is no chair."

"Never mind that," replied Beauchamp, "but what I wished principally to say is this: my friend, Captain Hayward, takes a good deal of interest in you and in your boy; and, as he was going to London to-day he asked me to see you and tell you, that if you like to let the poor little fellow attend any good school in the neighbourhood he will pay the expenses. He wished me to point out to you what an advantage it will be to him to have a good education, and also how much better and more safe it is for him to be at school while you are absent on your duty than shut up alone in your house."

"Whatever that gentleman wishes, sir, I will do," Gimlet replied, "I never knew one like him before—I wish I had—but, however, I am bound to do what he tells me; and even if I did not see and know that what he says in this matter is good and right, I would do it all the same. But as for paying, sir, I hope he won't ask me to let him do that, for I have now got quite enough and to spare; and although I feel it a pleasure to be grateful to such a gentleman, yet he can do good elsewhere with the money."

"You can settle that with him afterwards, Gimlet," replied Mr. Beauchamp, "for he is coming back in a day or two; but I now want to ask you a question which you must answer or not as you think fit. You were with Captain Hayward, it seems, when he came up with the man who fired into the window of the hall, and you saw his face, I think?"

Gimlet nodded his head, saying, "I did sir."

"Do you know the man?" asked Beauchamp, fixing his eyes upon him.

"Yes, sir," replied the other at once, with the colour coming up into his face, "but before you go on, just let me say a word. That person and I were in some sort companions together once, in a matter we had better have let alone, and I should not like to 'peach."

"In regard to the attack upon the carriage—to which I know you allude—I am not about to inquire," replied Beauchamp, "but I will ask you only one other question, and I promise you, upon my honour, not to use any thing you tell me against the person. Was his name Moreton?"

"I wont tell you a lie, sir," answered Gimlet. "It was, though how you have found it out I can't guess, for he has been away from this part of the country for many a year."

"It matters not," answered Beauchamp, "how I found it out; I know he has been absent many a year. Can you tell me how long he has returned?"

"That I can't say, I'm sure, sir," replied the man; "but I did hear that he and the lady have been lodging at Buxton's inn for a day or two, but not more. It's a great pity to see how he has gone on, and to sell that fine old place that has been theirs for so many hundred years! I should think, that if one had any thing worth having that had been one's

father's, one's grandfather's, and one's great grandfather's, for such a long while, it would keep one straight. It's mostly when a man has nothing to pride himself upon that he goes wrong."

"Not always," answered Beauchamp, "unbridled passion, my good friend, youth, inexperience, sometimes accident, lead a man to commit a false step, and that is very difficult to retrieve in this life."

"Aye, aye, I know that, I know that, sir," answered Gimlet, "but I hope not impossible;" and he looked up in Beauchamp's face with an expression of doubt and inquiry.

"By no means impossible," replied the gentleman, "and the man who has the courage and strength of mind to retrieve a false step, gives a better assurance to society for his future conduct than perhaps a man who has never committed one can do."

Gimlet looked down and meditated for a minute or two, and, though he did not distinctly express the subject of his contemplation, his reverie ended with the words, "Well I will try." The next moment he added, "I don't think, however, that this Captain Moreton will ever make much of it; for he has been going on now a long while in the same way, from a boy to a lad, and from a lad to a man. He broke his father's heart, they say, after having ruined him to pay his debts; but the worst of it all is, he was always trying to make others as bad as himself. He did me no good; for when I was a boy and used to go out and carry his game-bag, he put me up to all manner of things, and that was the beginning of my liking to what people call poaching. Then, too, he had a great hand in ruining this young Harry Wittingham. He taught him to gamble and drink, and a great deal more, when he was a mere child, I may say."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Beauchamp, "then the young man is to be pitied more than blamed."

"I don't know, sir, I don't know," answered the gamekeeper; "he's a bad-hearted fellow. He set fire to my cottage, that's clear enough, and he knew the boy was in it too; but this business of firing in at the window I can't make out at all; I should have thought it had been an accident if he had not afterwards taken a shot at Captain Hayward."

"I wish to Heaven I could think it was an accident," answered Beauchamp; "but that is out of the question. They say there are thoughts of pulling down the old house, if the place is not sold again very soon. How far is it?"

"Oh, not three-quarters of a mile from this," replied the gamekeeper. "Have you never seen it, sir? It is a fine old place."

"Yes, I have seen it in former years," said Beauchamp. "Is it in this parish, then?"

"Oh yes, sir, this is the parish church here. They all lie buried in a vault here, and their monuments are in the aisle; would you like to see them? The key is always left in this cottage. There they lie, more than twenty of them—the Moretons, I mean—for you know the man's father was not a Moreton; he was a brother of the Lord Viscount Lenham; but, when he married the heiress he took the name of Moreton, according to her father's will. His tomb is in there, and I think it runs, 'The Honourable Henry John St. Leger Moreton.' It is a plain enough tomb for such a fine gentleman as he was; but those of the Moretons are very handsome, with great figures cut in stone as big as life."

"I should like to see them," said Beauchamp, rousing himself from a reverie.

"That's easily done," answered the gamekeeper, taking a large key from a nail driven into the wall, and leading the way to a small side-door of the church.

"You tell me he was down here with the lady," said Beauchamp, as the man was opening the door. "Do you know if he is married?"

"That I can't say, sir," answered the man. "He had a lady with him, and a strange-looking lady, too, with all manner of colours in her clothes. I saw her three days ago. She must have been a handsome-looking woman, too, when she was young; but she looks, I don't know how now."

Beauchamp tried to make him explain himself; but the man could give no better description; and, walking on into the church, they passed along from monument to monument, pausing to read the different inscriptions, the greater part of which were more intelligible to Beauchamp than his companion, as many were written in Latin. At length they came to a small and very plain tablet of modern erection, which bore the name of the last possesser of the Moreton property; and Beauchamp paused and gazed at it long, with a very sad and gloomy air.

There is always something melancholy in contemplating the final resting-place of the last of a long line. The mind naturally sums up the hopes gone by, the cherished expectations frustrated, the grandeur and the brightness passed away; the picture of many generations in infancy, manhood, decrepitude, with a long train of sports and joys, and pangs and sufferings, rises like a moving pageant to the eye of imagination; and the heart draws its own homily from the fate and history of others. But there seemed something more than this in the young gentleman's breast. His countenance was stern, as well as sad; it expressed a bitter gloom, rather than melancholy; and, folding his arms upon his chest, with a knitted brow, and teeth hard set together, he gazed upon the tablet in deep silence, till a step in the aisle behind him startled him; and, turning round, he beheld good Doctor Miles slowly pacing up the aisle towards him.

Stephen Gimlet bowed low to the rector, and took a step back; but Beauchamp did not change his place, though he welcomed his reverend friend with a smile.

"I want to speak with you, Stephen," said Doctor Miles, as he approached; and then, turning towards Beauchamp, he added, "How are you, my dear sir? There are some fine monuments here."

Beauchamp laid his hand upon the clergyman's arm, and, pointing to the tablet before him, murmured in a low voice; "I have something to say to you about that, my good friend; I will walk back with you; for I have long intended to talk to you on several subjects which had better not be delayed any longer;—I will leave you to speak with this good man here, if you will join me before the cottage."

"Oh, you need not go, you need not go," said Doctor Miles, "I have nothing to say you may not hear.—I wanted to tell you, Stephen," he continued, turning to the *ci-devant* poacher, "that I have been down today to Tarningham, and have seen old Mrs. Lamb and her son William."

"He's a dear good boy, sir," said Stephen Gimlet, gazing in the rec-

tor's face, "and he was kind to me, and used to come up and see his poor sister Mary when nobody else would come near her. That poor little fellow, all crooked and deformed as he is, has more heart and soul in him than the whole town of Tarningham."

"There are more good people in Tarningham and in the world, Stephen, than you know," answered Doctor Miles, with a sharp look; "you have to learn, my good friend, that there are natural consequences attached to every particular line of conduct; and, as you turn a key in a door, one way to open it, and another way to shut it; so, if your conduct be good, you open men's hearts towards you; if your conduct be bad, you close them."

Stephen Gimlet rubbed his finger on his temple, and answered in a somewhat bitter, but by no means insolent tone: "It's a very hard lock, sir, that of men's hearts; and when once it's shut, the bolt get's mighty rusty—at least, so I've found it."

"Stephen! Stephen!"—exclaimed the worthy clergyman, raising his finger with a monitory and reproachful gesture, "can you say so—especially to-day?"

"No, sir; no, sir;" cried Stephen Gimlet, eagerly, "I am wrong; I am very wrong; but just then there came across me the recollection of all the hard usage I have had for twelve long years, and how it had driven me from bad to worse—ay! and killed my poor Mary, too; for her father was very hard; and though he said her marrying me broke his heart, I am sure he broke hers."

"You must not brood upon such things, Gimlet," said Doctor Miles. "It is better, wiser, and more christian, for every man to think of the share which his own faults have had in shaping his own fate; and, if he do so coolly and dispassionately, he will find much less blame to be attributed to others than he is inclined to believe. But do not let us waste time upon such considerations. I went down to talk to Mrs. Lamb about you and your boy; I told her what Sir John had done for you; and the imminent peril of death which the poor child had fallen into, from being left totally alone, when you are absent. The good old woman—and pray remark, Stephen, I don't call people good, as the world generally does, without thinking them so—was very much affected and wept a good deal, and in the end she said she was quite ready to come up and keep house for you, and take care of the child while you are away."

The man seemed troubled; for the offer was one which, in many respects, was pleasant and convenient to him; but there was a bitter remnant of resentment at the opposition which his unfortunate wife's parents had shown to her marriage with himself, and at the obstinacy with which her father had refused all reconciliation, that struggled against better feelings, and checked any reply upon his lips. Doctor Miles, however, was an experienced reader of the human heart; and, when he saw such ulcerations, he generally knew the remedy, and how to apply it. In this instance he put all evil spirits to flight in a moment by awakening a better one, in whose presence they could not stand.

"The only difficulty with poor Mrs. Lamb seemed to be," he said, after watching the man's countenance during a momentary pause, "that she is so poor. She said that you would have enough to do with your money, and that the little she has, which does not amount to four shillings a week, would not pay her part of your housekeeping.

"Oh, if that's all, doctor," cried Stephen Gimlet, "don't let that stand in the way. My poor Mary's mother shall never want a meal when I can work for it. I'd find her one any how, if I had to go without myself. Besides, you know, I am rich now, and I'll take care to keep all straight, so as not to get poor again. There could not be a greater pleasure to me, I can assure you, sir, than to share whatever I've got with poor Mary's mother, and that dear good boy Bill. Thanks to this kind gentleman, I've got together a nice little lot of furniture; and, if the old woman will but bring her bed, we shall do very well, I'll warrant; and the boy will be taken care of, and go to the school; and we'll all lead a different sort of life and be quite happy, I dare say—No, not quite happy! I can never be quite happy any more, since my poor girl left me; but she is happy, I am sure; and that's one comfort."

"The greatest," said Doctor Miles, whose spirit of philanthropy in a peculiar way was very easily roused, "the greatest, Stephen; and, as it is by no means impossible, nor, I will say, improbable, both from the light of natural reason and many passages of Scripture, that the spirits of the dead are permitted to see the conduct and actions of those they loved on earth, after the long separation has occurred, think what a satisfaction it will be to your poor wife, if she can behold you acting as a son to her mother,—mind, I don't say that such a thing is by any means certain; I only hint that it is not impossible, nor altogether improbable, that such a power may exist in disembodied spirits."

"I am quite sure it does," said Stephen Gimlet, with calm earnestness; "I have seen her many a time sitting by the side of the water under the willow trees, and watching me when I was putting in my night-lines."

"I think you are mistaken, Stephen," said Doctor Miles, shaking his head; "but, at all events, if such a thing be possible, she will now watch you with more satisfaction, when you are supplying her place in affection to her mother."

"I will do my best, sir," said Stephen Gimlet, "if it be only on that account."

"I am sure you will, Stephen," answered the worthy clergyman; "and so, the first spare moment you have, you had better go down and talk with Mrs. Lamb.—Now, Mr. Beauchamp, I am ready."

Chap. XXIV.

"Well, well, sit down and cheer yourself, Goody Lamb," said Stephen Gimlet, after an interval of thirty hours—for I must pass over for the present those other events affecting more important characters in this tale, which filled up the intervening time in the neighbourhood of Tarningham—"let bygones be bygones, as they say in the country where you have lived so much. Here you are, in as comfortable a cottage as any in the country. I have plenty, and to spare; and, forgetting all that's past and done, I will try to be a son to you and a brother to poor Bill."

"Thank you, Stephen, thank you," said the old woman, to whom he spoke—a quiet, resigned-looking person, with fine features, and large dark eyes, undimmed by time, though the hair was as white as snow, the

skin exceedingly wrinkled, and the frame, apparently, enfeebled and bowed down with sickness, cares, or years; "I am sure you will do what you can, my poor lad; but still I cannot help feeling a little odd at having to move again at my time of life. I thought, when I and my poor husband, Davie Lamb, came up here to Tarningham, out of Scotland, it was the last time I should have to change. But we can never tell what may happen to us. I fancied, when I went to Scotland with stiff old Miss Moreton, that I was to be settled there for life. There I married Lamb, and thought it less likely than ever that I should change, when, suddenly, he takes it into his head to come up here to the place where I was born and brought up, and never told me why or wherefore."

"Ay, he was a close, hard man," said Stephen Gimlet; "he was not likely to give reasons to any one; he never did to me, but just said two or three words, and flung away."

"He was a kind husband and a kind father," said the widow, "though he said less than most men, I will acknowledge."

"He was not kind to his poor, dear girl," muttered Stephen Gimlet, in a tone which rendered his words scarcely audible; but yet the widow caught, or divined their sense clearly enough; and she answered:

"Well, Stephen, don't let us talk about it. There are some things that you and I cannot well agree upon; and it is better not to speak of them. Poor Davie's temper was soured by a great many things. People did not behave to him as well as they ought; and, although I have a notion they persuaded him to come here, they did not do for him all they promised."

"That's likely," answered the *ci-devant* poacher; "though I have no occasion to say so, either; for people have done much more for me than they ever promised, and more than I ever expected. See what good Sir John Slingsby has done, after I have been taking his game for this many a year; and Mr. Beauchamp, too—why, it was a twenty-pound note he gave me, just because he heard that my cottage had been burnt down, and all the things in it destroyed—but it was all owing to Captain Hayward, who began it by saving the dear boy's life, that lies sleeping there in t'other room, and spoke well of me—which nobody ever took the trouble to do before—and said I was not so bad as I seemed; and, please God, I'll not give his promises the lie, anyhow."

"God bless him for a good man," said Widow Lamb: "he is one of the few, Stephen, whose heart and soul are in doing good."

"Ay, that he is," answered the gamekeeper; "but I did not know you knew him, goody."

"No, I do not know much of him," answered the old lady, "but I know he has been very kind to my boy Bill; and before he went off for London t'other day, had a long talk to him, which is better, to my thinking than the money he gave him—but who is this Mr. Beauchamp, you say is such a kind man, too? I've heard Bill talk of him, and he tells me the same; but I can't well make out about him."

"Why, he is a friend of Captain Hayward's," rejoined the gamekeeper; "he has been staying a long while at the White Hart, and just the same sort of man as the other, though a sadder-looking man, and not so frank and free."

"But what looking man is he?" asked the old woman. "You can

tell one what a dog's like, or what a ferret's like, Stephen, well enough; and I should like to hear about him; for I have a curiosity, somehow."

"Why, he is a tall man and a strong man," answered Stephen Gimlet, "with a good deal of darkish hair, not what one would say curling, but yet not straight, either; and large eyes, in which you can see little or no white; very bright and sparkling, too. Then he's somewhat pale and sunburnt; and very plain in his dress, always in dark clothes; but yet, when one looks at him, one would not like to say a saucy thing to him; for there is something, I don't know what, in his way and his look, that, though he is as kind as possible when he speaks, seems to tell every body, 'I am not an ordinary sort of person.' He never wears any gloves, that I saw; but, for all that, his hands are as clean as if they had been washed the minute before, and the wristbands of his shirt are as white as snow."

Goody Lamb paused, thoughtfully, and rubbed her forehead once or twice, under the gray hair:

"I have seen him, then," she said at length, in a very peculiar tone; "he has passed my little window more than once—and his name is Beauchamp is it?"

"So they say," answered Stephen Gimlet, in some surprise; "why should it not?"

"Oh! I don't know," answered the widow; and there she ceased.

"Well, you are very droll to-night, goody," said Stephen Gimlet; "but I should like a cup of tea before I go out upon my rounds; so I'll just get some sticks to make the fire burn; for that kettle does nothing but simmer."

Thus saying, he went into the little passage, and out into a small yard, whence he brought a faggot or two. He then laid them on the hot embers, blew up a flame, made the kettle boil; and, all this time, not a word passed between him and Goody Lamb; for both seemed very busy with thoughts of their own. At length, when a teapot and some cups had been produced, and a small packet of tea wrapped up in a brown paper, the old lady sat down to prepare the beverage for her son-in-law, as the first act of kindly service she rendered him since she had undertaken to keep his house. To say the truth, it was more for herself than for him that the tea was made; for Stephen Gimlet did not like the infusion, and was not accustomed to it; but he knew the good dame's tastes, and was anxious to make her as comfortable as he could.

While she was making the tea after her own peculiar fashion—and almost every one has a mode of his own—Gimlet stood on the other side of the little deal table and watched her proceedings. At length he said, somewhat suddenly, "Yes, Mr. Beauchamp was up here, yesterday, just when Doctor Miles was talking to me, and he asked me a great many questions about ——" and here he paused, thinking he might be violating some confidence if he mentioned the subject of his visiter's inquiries. The next instant he concluded his sentence in a different way from that which he first intended, saying—"about a good many things; and then he went into the church with me and looked at all the tombs of the Moretons, and especially that of the last gentleman."

"Ay, well he might," answered Goody Lamb.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Stephen Gimlet, with a slight laugh; "then you seem to know more of him than I do."

Goody Lamb nodded her head; and her son-in-law proceeded with some warmth: "Then I am sure you know no harm of him."

"No, Stephen, no," she said, "I do not! I saw him as a young lad, and I have not seen him since; but I have not forgotten him; for he came down to my house—what is called the Grieves-house in Scotland—on the morning of a day that turned out the heaviest day of his life; and he was a gay young lad then; and he saw my poor boy, who was then a little fellow of four years old, that all the folks there used to gibe at on account of his misfortunes; but this gentleman took him on his knee and patted his head and was kind to him, and said he was a clever boy, and gave him a couple of shillings to buy himself a little flute, because the poor fellow was fond of music even then, and used to whistle so sweetly, it was enough to break one's heart to hear such sounds come from such a poor body. The gentleman has never thought of me or mine since then, I'll warrant, but I have thought of him often enough; and I'll ask him a question or two some day, please God."

"The heaviest day in his life," repeated Stephen Gimlet, who had marked every word she uttered with strong attention; "how was that, Goody?"

"Ay," answered Widow Lamb, shaking her head, "as they say in that country, it is no good talking of all that; so ask me no more questions, Stephen; but sit down and take your tea, my man, and then go about your work."

Stephen Gimlet sat down and, with not the greatest pleasure in the world, took a cup of the beverage she had prepared; but still he was very thoughtful; for there was something in Mr. Beauchamp, even in the grave sadness of his ordinary manner, which created a kind of interest in a man of a peculiarly imaginative character; and he would have given a good deal to know all that Widow Lamb could tell, but would not. He did not choose to question her, however; and, after having finished a large slice of brown bread, he rose and unfastened the only dog he had remaining, in order to go out upon his night's round.

Just at that moment, however, some one tried the latch of the cottage, and then knocked for admission; and the dog, springing forward, growled, barked, and snarled furiously.

The gamekeeper chid him back, and then opened the door, when, to his surprise, he saw the figure of young Harry Wittingham before him. The dog sprang forward again, as if he would have torn the visiter to pieces; and, to say the truth, Stephen Gimlet felt a great inclination to let the beast have his way; but, after a moment's thought, he drove it back again, saying, with a bitter laugh,

"The beast knows the danger of letting you in. What do you want with me, sir?"

"I want you to do me a great service, Ste," said Harry Wittingham, with a familiar and friendly air; "and I am sure you will, if ——"

"No, I won't," answered Stephen Gimlet, "if it were to save you from hanging, I would not put my foot over that door-step. It is no use talking, Mr. Wittingham; I will have nothing more to do with any of your tricks. I don't wish ever to see you again; I am in a new way of life, and it won't do, I can tell you."

"Oh, I have heard all about that," answered the young man, in a light tone; "and, moreover, that you have taken a silly fancy into your head,

that I set fire to your cottage. It is all nonsense, upon my word. Your boy must have done it, playing with the fire that was on the hearth."

Stephen Gimlet's face turned somewhat pale with the effort to keep down the anger that was in his heart; but he replied shortly and quickly, for fear it should burst forth:

"The boy had no fire to play with—you knew well he was locked up in the bed-room, and there he was found, when you burned the place down."

"Well, if I had any hand in it," said young Wittingham, "it must have been a mere accident."

"Ay, when you knew there was a poor helpless child in the house," said Stephen Gimlet, bitterly, "it was a sort of accident which well-nigh deserved hanging."

"Nonsense, nonsense, my good fellow," said the young man, "you are angry about nothing; and though you have got a good place, I dare say you are not a man to refuse a couple of guineas when they are offered to you."

"If you offer them," cried Stephen Gimlet, furiously, "I'll throw them in your face—an accident, indeed! to burn my cottage, and nearly my poor child! I suppose it was by accident that you stopped the carriage in the lane? And by accident that you set a man to fire at your own father through the window?"

"Hush, hush, Stephen," cried Widow Lamb, catching hold of his coat and attempting to keep him back, as he took a step towards Harry Wittingham, who turned very pale.

The young man recovered his audacity the next moment, however, and exclaimed:

"Pooh! let him alone, good woman; if he thinks to bully me, he is mistaken."

"Get out of this house," cried Stephen Gimlet, advancing close to him. "Get out of this house, without another word, or I'll break your neck!"

"You are a fool," answered young Wittingham; "and, if you don't mind, I'll send you to Botany Bay."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when Stephen Gimlet aimed a straight blow at him with his right hand, which was immediately parried; for the young vagabond was not unskilful in the science of defence; but, the next instant, the gamekeeper's left told with stunning effect in the midst of his face, and he fell prostrate, with his head out of the doorway and his feet within. Stephen Gimlet looked at him for a moment, then, stooping down, lifted him in his strong arms, pitched him headlong out, and shut the door.

"There!" said Gimlet;—"now I'll sit down for a minute and get cool."

Chap. XXV.

We will go back, if it pleases the reader; for fortunately, it happens, that, in a work of this character, one can go back. Oh, how often in human life is it to be wished, that we could do the same! What deeds, done amiss, would then be rectified! What mistakes in thought, in conduct, in language, would then be corrected! What evils for the future avoided! What false steps would be turned back! What moral bonds

shackling our whole being, would not then be broken! I do believe, that, if any man would take any hour out of any period of his life, and look at it with a calm, impartial, unprejudiced eye, he would feel a longing to turn back and change something therein: he would wish to say more, than he had said—or less—to say it in a different tone—with a different look—or he would have acted differently—he would have yielded—or resisted—or listened—or refused to listen—he would wish to have exerted himself energetically—or to have remained passive—or to have meditated ere he acted—or considered something he had forgotten—or attended to the small, still voice in his heart, when he had shut his ears. Something, something, he ever would have altered in the past! But, alas! the past is the only reality of life, unchangeable, irretrievable, indestructible; we can neither mould it, nor recall it, nor wipe it out. There it stands for ever: the rock of adamant, up whose steep side we can hew no backward path.

We will turn back to where we left Doctor Miles and Beauchamp.. Issuing forth from the church, and, passing round Stephen Gimlet's cottage, they found the worthy clergyman's little phaeton standing by the two horses which Beauchamp had brought from Tarningham Park. Orders were given for the four-wheeled and four-footed things to follow slowly; and the two gentlemen walked forward on foot, the younger putting his hand lightly through the arm of the elder, as a man does, when he wishes to bespeak attention to what he is going to say.

"I have been looking at those monuments with some interest, my dear doctor," said Beauchamp, after they had taken about twenty steps in advance; "and now I am going to make you, in some degree, what, I dare say, as a good Protestant divine, you never expected to become—my father-confessor. There are several things, upon which I much wish to consult you, as I have great need of a good and fair opinion and advice."

"The best that it is in my power to give, you shall have, my young friend," answered Doctor Miles; "not that I expect you to take my advice, either; for I never yet, in the course of a long life, knew above two men, who did take advice, when it was given. But that is not always the fault of the giver; and, therefore, mine is ever ready, when it is asked. What is it you have to say?"

"More, I fear, than can be well said in one conversation," answered Beauchamp; "but I had better begin and tell a part, premising, that it is under the seal of confession, and therefore ——"

"Shall be as much your own secret, as if it had not been given to me," said Doctor Miles; "go on."

"Well, then, for one part of the story," said Beauchamp, with a smile at his old companion's abruptness; "in the first place, my dear doctor, I am, in some sort, an impostor; and our mutual friend, Stanhope, has aided the cheat."

Doctor Miles turned round sharply, and looked in his face for a moment; then nodded his head, as he saw there was no appearance of shame in the expression, and gazed straightforward again, without saying a word.

"To make the matter short, my good friend," continued his companion, "my name is not Beauchamp at all, nor any thing the least like it."

"*Nom de guerre,*" said Doctor Miles; "pray, what may the war be about?"

"Of that hereafter," said Beauchamp—"for I shall still continue to call him by the name which he repudiated. "You have seen, that I have been somewhat anxious to purchase this Moreton Hall property, and am still anxious to do so, though I have received a little bit of news on that subject to-day, which may make me very cautious about the examination of titles, &c. This intelligence is, that the ostensible proprietor is not the real one; your acquaintance, Mr. Wharton, having become virtually possessed of the property, perhaps, by not the fairest means."

"Humph!" said Doctor Miles; but he added nothing further, and Beauchamp went on.

"Poor Mr. St. Leger Moreton," he said, "was by no means a man of business, an easy, kind-hearted, somewhat too sensitive person."

"I know, I know," answered Doctor Miles, "I was well acquainted with him; and if ever man died of a broken heart, which is by no means so unusual an occurrence as people suppose, he did so."

"I believe it," answered Beauchamp; "but, at all events, he was not a man, as you must know, to ascertain, that he was dealt fairly by. His son, I am sorry to say, was willing to do any thing for ready money—I say any thing, for I do not know that act to which he would not have recourse for any object that he sought to gain."

"You seem to know them all thoroughly," said Doctor Miles, drily; and he then added in a warmer tone, "I will tell you what, my dear sir, this Captain Moreton is one of those men who make us ashamed of human nature. Born to a fine estate, the son of an excellent woman and amiable man, though a weak one, he went on corrupting himself and every one else, from boyhood to youth, and from youth to manhood. He is the only man I have ever known without one principle of any kind, or one redeeming point. There is but one thing to be said in his excuse, namely, that his great aunt, old Miss Moreton, who went to Scotland, and left him a small property there of about a thousand a year, which he dissipated totally in eleven weeks after he got it, spoiled him from his infancy, pampered, indulged, encouraged him in the most frightful manner. Even his vices became virtues in her eyes; so that there is not much marvel that he became a gambler, a *débauchée*, a duellist, and a scoundrel. People may consider that his courage and his talents were redeeming qualities, but I look upon them as none. They were only energies, which carried him on to deeper wickedness and infamy. He is now, I believe, a common sharper and swindler."

"I have let you go on, doctor," said Beauchamp, "because you have not said one word that is not just; but yet I must tell you, that this gentleman is my first cousin, and, unfortunately, heir to my estates and name."

Doctor Miles halted suddenly, and looked at his companion with some surprise.

"This takes me unprepared," he said; "I never heard of his having more than one cousin, namely, the present Lord Lenham; and he, I understood, was travelling in India for pleasure—a curious place to go for pleasure—but all men have their whims."

"It was not exactly a whim that led me thither, my dear doctor," said Beauchamp; "from the time I was twenty-one years of age up to the present hour, I have been a wanderer over the face of the earth, expiat-

ing in bitterness of heart one early error. I have not time now, and, I may say also, I have not spirits at the present moment to enter into the long detail of my past history. Let it suffice for the present to say, that a species of persecution, very difficult to avoid or bear, made me for many years a stranger to my native country. I visited every part of Europe and America, and then thought I would travel in the East, visiting scenes full of interest both from their novelty, in some respects, and from the vast antiquity to which their history and many of their monuments go back. As I found that all my movements were watched for the purpose of subjecting me to annoyance, I thought my residence in India a favourable opportunity for dropping my title and assuming another name, and have ever since gone by that of Beauchamp. During these wanderings my income has far exceeded my expenditure; a large sum of money has accumulated, and, on my return to England, I was advised to invest it in land. My attention was first directed to this estate, which I am desirous of purchasing, by finding a letter at my agents from my cousin Captain Moreton, expressing great penitence for all that has passed, professing a desire to retrieve his errors, lamenting the loss of the family property, and asking for a loan of five thousand pounds.

"I hope you did not give it him," cried Doctor Miles. "His penitence is all feigned; his reformation false; the money would go at the gambling-table in a week. I am not uncharitable in saying so, for I have had the opportunity of ascertaining within this month, that the man is the same as ever."

"So I found on making inquiries," rejoined Beauchamp, "and consequently I refused decidedly. This refusal brought a most insolent and abusive letter, of which I took no notice; but having received intimation that the man is married, I made up my mind to the following course: to purchase this property, and, if he have any children, to make it the condition of my giving him pecuniary assistance, that he shall give up one of them to be educated entirely by myself. Having insured that all shall be done to make that child a worthy member of society, I would settle the Moreton estate upon it, and thus, at all events, leave one of my name in a situation to do honour to it."

"A kind plan, and a good one," said Doctor Miles; "but yet people will call it a whimsical one, and wonder that you do not marry yourself, and transmit your property and name to children of your own."

A bright and cheerful smile came upon Beauchamp's face.

"Hitherto, my dear doctor," he said, "that has been impossible. The obstacles, however, are now removed—at least, I believe so; and, perhaps, some day I may follow the course you suggest, but that will make no difference in regard to my intention. If I have children of my own, they will have more than enough for happiness, and having conceived a scheme of this kind, I never like to abandon it. I will therefore purchase this property, if it can be ascertained that Mr. Wharton's title is perfectly clear; but perhaps you, as the clergyman of two parishes here, can obtain proofs for me, that all the colateral heirs to the estate, under the entail made by Sir Charles Moreton, are extinct beyond all doubt. Under those circumstances, the sale by my uncle and his son would be valid."

"Wharton would not have bought it without he was sure," said Doctor Miles.

"The sum actually paid was very small," replied Beauchamp, in a pe-

culiar tone, "all the rest went to cover a debt, real or pretended, of Mr. Wharton's own, but here we are at the gates of the park, and so I must bring our conference to an end. To-morrow or the next day I will tell you more of my personal history, for there are other subjects on which I must consult you. Do you know who this is riding up so fast?"

"A fool," said Doctor Miles; and almost as he spoke, a young, fresh-coloured man, dressed in a green coat and leather breeches, and mounted on a splendid horse, with a servant behind him, cantered up, and sprang to the ground.

"I don't know—ah—whether I have the honour of speaking to Mr. Beauchamp—ah," he said, in a self-sufficient tone.

Beauchamp bowed his head, saying, "The same, sir."

"Then, sir—ah—my name is Granty—ah—and you see—ah—I have been referred to you—ah—as the friend of a certain Captain Hayward—ah—in reference to a little affair—ah—between him and my friend Harry Wittingham—ah—whom he threatened to horsewhip—ah."

"If he threatened," answered Beauchamp, in a calm tone, "he is a very likely man to fulfil his words—but I think, sir, we had better speak upon this subject alone, as Captain Hayward has put me in possession of his views. This is my friend, Doctor Miles, a clergyman."

"Oh, yes, I know Doctor Miles—ah," said Mr. Granty, "a very good fellow, aren't you, Miles—ah?"

"No, sir, I am not," answered Doctor Miles; "but now, Mr. Beauchamp, I will leave you, as you seem to have some pleasant conversation before you;" and shaking Mr. Beauchamp by the hand without any further apparent notice of what he had heard, Doctor Miles walked to the side of his carriage and got in, honouring Mr. Granty with the sort of cold, stiff bow that a poker might be supposed to make if it were taught to dance a minuet. But Doctor Miles had noticed all that had passed, and did not forget it.

And now, dear reader, we will put our horses into a quicker pace, leap over all the further conversation between Mr. Beauchamp and Mr. Granty, and also an intervening space of two days, merely premising that, during that period, from a great number of knots on the tangled string of events, neither Mary Clifford nor Isabella Slingsby had any opportunity of speaking to Mr. Beauchamp for more than two minutes in private. Those two minutes were employed by Miss Clifford, to whose lot they fell, in telling him, with a hesitating and varying colour, that she very much wished for a short conversation with him. Beauchamp was surprised, but he answered with courtesy and kindness, and wished her to proceed at once. Sir John Slingsby was upon them the next moment, however, and the matter was deferred.

Thus went the two days I have mentioned, but on the morning of the third, just about half-past five, when every body but skylarks are supposed to be asleep, Mr. Beauchamp and our friend Ned Hayward entered the small meadow just under the trees by the palings of Tarningham Park, on the side next to Tarningham, near the spot where the river issued forth into the fields on its onward progress. They were followed by a man, carrying a mahogany case, bound with brass, and a gentleman in a black coat, with a surgical air about him; for strange human nature seldom goes out to make a hole in another piece of human nature, without taking precautions for mending it as soon as made.

Beauchamp took out his watch and satisfied himself that they were to

their time, spoke a few words to the surgeon, unlocked the mahogany box, looked at some of the things it contained, and then walked up and down the field with Ned Hayward for a quarter of an hour.

"This is too bad, Hayward," he said, at length; "I think we might very well now retire."

"No, no," said Hayward, "give him law enough, one can never tell what may stop a man. He shal[illegible]another quarter of an hour. Then if he does not come, he shall h[illegible]orsewhipping."

Ten minutes more passed, an[illegible]wo other gentlemen entered the field, with a follower, coming [illegible] a quick pace, and with heated brows.

"Beg pardon, gentlemen—ah," said Mr. Granty, advancing; "but we have had the devil's own work—ah—to get the tools—ah. My friend Wittingham was knocked down by a fellow—ah—that he was sending for cash, so that I had to furnish—ah—"

"Never mind all this," said Beauchamp, "you are now here, though you have kept my friend waiting. We had better proceed to business at once, as I have had a hint that from a slight indiscretion on your part, sir, in mentioning this matter before a clergyman, inquiries have been made which may produce inconvenient results."

Mr. Granty was somewhat nettled; but neither Beauchamp nor Hayward attended to any of his 'ahs;' the ground was measured, the pistols loaded, the two gentlemen placed on their ground, and then came the unpleasant "one—two—three." Both fired instantly, and the next moment Harry Wittingham reeled and dropped. Beauchamp thought he saw Ned Hayward waver slightly, more as if the pistol had recoiled violently in his hand than any thing else; but, as soon as his antagonist fell, the young officer ran up to him, stooped and raised his head.

The surgeon came up directly and opened the wounded man's coat and waistcoat as he lay with his face as pale as ashes. At the same moment, however, there was a cry of "Hie, hie," and turning round, Beauchamp saw the poor little pot-boy, Billy Lamb, scampering across the field as hard as he could go.

"Run, run," cried the boy; "there are the magistrates and the constables all coming up—run over by the style there; I brought the chaise to the end of the lane.

"I can't go," said Ned Hayward, "till I hear what is to come of this."

"You had better go," said the surgeon, looking up; it does not seem to me to be dangerous, but you may get into prison if you stay. No, it has shattered the rib, but passed round. He will do well, I think. Run, run; I can see the people coming."

"Beauchamp took Ned Hayward's arm and drew him away. In two minutes they had reached the chaise and were rolling on; but then Ned Hayward leaned back somewhat languidly, and said,

"I wish, Beauchamp, you would just tie your handkerchief tight round my shoulder here; for it is bleeding more than I thought, and I feel sickish."

"Good Heavens! are you hurt?" exclaimed Beauchamp, and opening his waistcoat, he saw that the whole right side of his shirt was steeped in blood.

Chap. XXVI.

I do believe, from my very heart and soul, that there is not the slightest possible good in attempting to write a book regularly. I say with prime ministers and maid-servants, with philosophers and fools, "I've tried it, and surely I ought to know." It may be objected that the result entirely depends upon the way in which anything is tried, and that a very simple experiment would fail or might fail in the hands of a fool or a maid-servant, which would succeed in those of a prime minister or a philosopher. Nevertheless, it is true that critics make rules which life will not conform to. Art says one thing, nature another; and, in such a case, a fig for art! Art may teach us how to embellish nature, or show us what to portray.

"Do not be continually changing the scene," says the critic, "do not run from character to character; introduce no personage who does not tend to bring about some result;" but in the course of human events the scene is always shifting; the characters which pass before our eyes, cross and return at every instant, and innumerable personages flit before us like shadows over a glass, leaving no trace of their having been. Others, indeed, appear for an instant not only on the limited stage of domestic life, but often on the great scene of the world, act their appointed part, produce some particular effect, and then like those strange visitants of our system, the comets, rush back into the depths from which they emerged but for an hour.

All this has been written to prove that it is perfectly right and judicious that I should introduce my beloved reader into the study of Mr. Wharton, or rather Abraham Wharton, Esq., solicitor, and attorney-at-law. Mr. Wharton was a small, spare, narrow man, of a tolerably gentlemanlike figure; and, to look at his back, one of those prepossessions which lead us all by the nose, made one believe that his face must be a thin, sharp, foxlike face, probably with a dark black beard, closely shaved, making the muzzle look blue.

On getting round in front, however, the surprise of the new acquaintance was great to see a red and blotchy countenance, with sharp black eyes, and very little beard at all. There was generally a secret simper upon his lips intended to be courteous, but that simper, like an exchequer bill, was very easily convertible, and a poor client, an inferior solicitor on the opposite side, or an unready debtor, soon found that it would be changed into heavy frowns or sarcastic grins.

Mr. Wharton was very proper and accurate in his dress. His coat was always black,—even when he went out to hunt, which was not a rare occurrence, he never sported the red-jacket. In riding, he would occasionally indulge in leather, elsewhere than from the knee downwards; but the habiliment of the lower man was, upon all ordinary occasions, a pair of dark gray pantaloons. He was now so habited in his study, as he called the room behind that where seven clerks were seated, for the business he was engaged in was one in the ordinary course, though of extraordinary interest to Mr. Wharton. It was, in short, the consummation of plucking a poor bird which had been entrapped long before. Now it was not intended to leave him a feather, and yet Mr. Wharton was inclined to do the thing as decorously as possible. By decorously I do not mean tenderly—such an unnecessary delicacy never entered into Mr. Wharton's head.

The decorum that he thought of was merely *the seeming in the world's eyes*, as a great deal of other decorum is, both male and female. He was about to be as hard, as relentless, as iron-hearted as a cannon-ball, but all with infinite professions of kindness and good feeling, and sorrow for the painful necessity, &c. &c. &c., for Mr. Wharton followed Dr. Kitchener's barbarous recipe for devouring oysters, and "tickled his little favourites before he ate them."

The lawyer was standing at a table, with some papers before him—not too many—for he was not like those bankrupt attorneys of the capital who fill their rooms with brown tin cases, marked in large white letters "House of Lords," he preferred as little show of business as possible. His object now-a-days was not to get practice, but to make money. Practice enough he had; too much for the common weal.

A clerk—a sort of private secretary indeed—was sitting at the other end of the table, and the two had discussed one or two less important affairs, affecting a few hundred pounds, when Mr. Wharton at length observed, "I think to-morrow is the last day with Sir John Slingsby, Mr. Pilkington, is it not?"

He knew quite well that it was; but, it would seem, he wished to hear his clerk's opinion upon the subject.

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Pilkington, "I don't see a chance for him."

"Nor I either," answered Mr. Wharton; "I am afraid he is quite run out, poor man. The six months' notice of foreclosure was all right, and the interest now amounts to a large sum."

"A very large sum indeed, sir, with the costs," answered Mr. Pilkington; "you don't think, sir, he'll attempt to revise the costs or haggle about the interest."

"He can't, Mr. Pilkington," replied Mr. Wharton, drily, "the costs are all secured by bond and accounts passed, and it was a client of mine who advanced him the money at seven-and-a-half to pay the interest every six months on my mortgage. I had nothing to do with the transaction."

Mr. Pilkington smiled, and Mr. Wharton proceeded.

"Why you know quite well, Pilkington, that it was Dyer who advanced the money, and his bankruptcy brought the bonds into my hands."

"I thought there was only one bond, sir," answered Mr. Pilkington; "you told me to have a fresh bond every six months for the running interest and the arrears, and the interest upon former advances, to guard against loss."

Mr. Wharton now smiled and nodded his head, saying, for he was vain of his shrewdness, and vanity is a weak passion, "True, true, Pilkington, but last half-year I saw that things were coming to a close, and therefore thought it better to have two bonds. It looks more regular, though the other is the most convenient mode."

"And besides it secures the interest on the last half-year's interest," said Pilkington; but to this observation Mr. Wharton made no reply, turning to another part of the same subject.

"Just bid Raymond to step down to Mr. Wittingham's," said the lawyer, "and tell him with my compliments I should be glad to speak with him for a minute. I must give him a hint of what is going on."

"Why, sir," said Mr. Pilkington, hesitating "you know he has a bond too, out on the same day, and he'll be sure to go before you, having also a bill of sale."

"I know, I know," answered Mr. Wharton, "but I should like him to be the first, Pilkington."

"Will there be enough to cover all?" asked the clerk, doubtfully.

"Ample," answered his great man; "besides, the whole sum coming thundering down at once will ensure that no one will be fool enough to help. I have heard, indeed, something about a friend who would advance money to pay Wittingham's bond. Let him!—all the better, that cannot supersede my debt. Wittingham will get his money, and Sir John won't easily find much more on any security he has to offer. Besides, when some one begins, it gives the very best reason for others going on, and Wittingham won't be slow, depend upon it. Tell Mr. Raymond to fetch him."

The clerk retired, not venturing to urge any more objections; but when he returned again, Mr. Wharton himself continued the conversation thus,

"Wittingham is a curious person to deal with; one does not always know what can be his objects."

Mr. Wharton had always an object himself, and, therefore, he fancied that no man could act without one. He never took the impulse of passion, or the misdirection of folly, or the pigheadedness of obstinacy into account. However, with Mr. Wittingham he was in some degree right, as to his generally having an object; but he was in some degree wrong also, for all the other causes of human wrong-going, passion, folly, and pigheadedness, had their share in the modes, methods, and contrivances by which the worthy magistrate sought his ends.

"Now, what can be the meaning," continued Mr. Wharton, "of his opposing so strongly all steps against this Mr. Beauchamp and that Captain Hayward, who were engaged in the duel with his son?"

"They say he had quarrelled with Harry Wittingham and disinherited him," replied the clerk; "and old Mrs. Billiter, the housekeeper, is quite furious about it. She declares that it is all old Wittingham's fault; that if it had not been for him, nothing of the kind would have happened; and that he murdered the young man. I do not know what it all means; but they say she will nurse Harry Wittingham through it after all."

Mr. Wharton mused for a minute or two, and then said,

"You do not mean, he is out of danger?"

"Oh dear, no, sir," answered Mr. Pilkington, who perceived a slightly dissatisfied twang in his superior's question; "Mr. Slattery, the surgeon, said he might sink at any time for the next ten days."

"Humph," said Mr. Wharton, "that is all right. It will keep the others out of the way for some time to come; and a very good thing, too, for Mr. Beauchamp himself. He it is who is treating for the Moreton Hall estate; there is a little hitch in the business, which will be soon removed; but he seems to me just the sort of man who would take Sir John Slingsby's mortgage as an investment, as soon as the other. At all events, he might create difficulties in a business which had better be settled as soon as possible for all parties, and might burn his own fingers, poor man, into the bargain. You had the bills posted up, Pilkington?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the clerk, "for twenty miles round, offering a reward. There is no fear, sir. They are safe enough—most likely in France by this time."

Mr. Wharton seemed satisfied; and, after a few minutes, worthy Mr. Wittingham entered the office, and was thence ushered into the study; but, alas! it was no longer the Mr. Wittingham of former days. The somewhat fresh complexion; the stiff, consequential carriage; the vulgar swagger, were all gone; and Mr. Wittingham looked a very sick old gentleman, indeed; weak in the knees, bent in the back, and sallow in the face. The wig was ill-adjusted, the Melton coat a world too wide; you could have put a finger between the knee-bands of the breeches and the stockings; and the top-boots slipped down almost to the ancles. It was marvellous how one who had been so tall and thin before, could have become, to the eye, so much taller and thinner. The great Prince of Parma, wrote despatches, reviewed troops, and conducted a negotiation, within one hour before a long and lingering malady terminated in death. He knew he was dying, and yet went through all his ordinary business, as if he had only to dress and go out to a party instead of into his grave. This was a wonderful instance of the persistence of character under bodily infirmity, or rather of its triumph over corporeal decay. But that of Mr. Wittingham was more remarkable. The external Wittingham was wofully changed: his oldest friend would not have known him; but the internal Wittingham was still the same; there was not a tittle of difference. He was not in the least softened, he was not in the least brightened: his was one of those granite natures, hard to cut, and impossible to polish. Although he had very little of the diamond in him, yet, as the diamond can only be shaped by the powder of the diamond, nothing but Wittingham could touch Wittingham. His own selfishness was the only means by which he was accessible.

"Ah, Mr. Wharton," he said, "you sent for me; what is in the wind now? Not about these two young men any more, I trust. That account is closed. I will have nothing to do with it. Henry Wittingham called out this Captain Hayward; Captain Hayward was fool enough to go out with Henry Wittingham. They each had a shot, and the balance struck was a pistol-ball against Henry Wittingham. Perhaps, if all the items had been reckoned, the account might have been heavier, but I am not going to open the books again, I should not find any thing to the credit of my son, depend upon it."

"Oh, no, my good friend," said Mr. Wharton, in the most amiable tone possible; "I knew the subject was disagreeable to you, and therefore never returned to the business again. The other magistrates did what they thought their duty required, in offering a reward, &c., but as you had a delicacy in meddling where your son was concerned, the matter was not pressed upon you."

"Delicacy! fiddlesticks' ends!" retorted Mr. Wittingham. "I never had a delicacy in my life!—I did not choose! That is the proper word. But if it was not about this, why did you send for me?"

"Why, my dear sir," said Mr. Wharton, "I thought it due in honour to give you a hint—as I know you are a large creditor of Sir John Slingsby—that matters are not going altogether well there."

"I have known that these six years," answered the magistrate; "honour, indeed! You have a great deal to do with honour, and delicacy,

and all that; but I am a man of business, and look to things as matters of business. Speak more plainly, Wharton, what is there going worse than usual at the Park? Does he want to borrow more money?"

"He did a fortnight ago, and could not get it," replied Mr. Wharton, drily; for the most impudent rogue in the world does not like to feel himself thoroughly understood. "But the short and the long of the matter is this, my good sir:—Sir John can go on no longer. Six months' notice of foreclosure is out to-morrow; other steps must be taken immediately; large arrears of interest are due; two or three bonds with judgment are hanging over our poor friend; and you had better look after yourself."

"Well, well, there is time enough yet," said Mr. Wittingham, in a much less business-like tone than Mr. Wharton expected; "the preliminaries of the law are somewhat lengthy, Mr. Wharton; *fi-fas* and *ca-sas* take some time; and I will think of the matter."

"As you please, my good friend," answered Wharton; "only just let me hint, that all the preliminaries have been already gone through. An execution will be put in early to-morrow; there are a good many creditors, and there may be a sort of scramble, as the school-boys have it, where the quickest runner gets the biggest nut. I thought it but kind and fair to tell you, as a neighbour and a friend, especially as your debt is no trifle, I think."

"An execution early to-morrow!" exclaimed Mr. Wittingham; "won't the estate pay all?"

"About two-thirds, I imagine," said Wharton, telling, as was his wont, a great lie with the coolest face possible.

"And what will Sir John do?" said the magistrate, "and poor Miss Slingsby?"

"I am afraid we must touch Sir John's person," replied the lawyer, with a sneer; "and as to poor Miss Slingsby, I see nothing for it, but that she should go out as a governess. But do not let us talk nonsense, Wittingham. You are a man of sense and of business. I have given you a caution, and you will act upon it. That is all I have to do with the matter."

To Mr. Wharton's surprise, however, he did not find Mr. Wittingham so ready to act in the way he hinted as had been anticipated. The old gentleman hesitated, and doubted, and seemed so uneasy that the solicitor began to fear he had mistaken his character totally, to apprehend that, after all, he might be a kind-hearted, benevolent old gentleman. The reader, however, who has duly remarked the conversation between the magistrate on his sick-bed, and worthy Dr. Miles, may, perhaps, perceive other causes for Mr. Wittingham's hesitation. He had found that Sir John Slingsby possessed a secret which might hang his son. Now, although I do not mean at all to say that Mr. Wittingham wished his son to die, in any way, or that he would not have been somewhat sorry for his death, by any means, yet he would have much preferred that the means were not those of strangulation. To have his son hanged, would be to have his own consideration hanged. In short, he did not at all wish to be the father of a man who had been hanged; and consequently he was somewhat afraid of driving Sir John Slingsby into a corner. But each man, as Pope well knew, has some ruling passion, which is strong even in death. Sir John Slingsby owed Mr. Wittingham five thousand

pounds; and Mr. Wittingham could not forget that fact. As he thought of it, it increased, swelled out, grew heavy, like a nightmare. To lose five thousand pounds at one blow! What was any other consideration to that? What was the whole Newgate-calendar, arranged as a genealogical tree and appended to his name either as ancestry or posterity? Nothing, nothing! Dust in the balance! A feather in an air-pump! Mr. Wittingham grew exceedingly civil to his kind friend, Mr. Wharton; he compassionated poor Sir John Slingsby very much; he was sorry for Miss Slingsby; but he did not in the least see why, when other people were about to help themselves, he should not have his just right. He chatted over the matter with Mr. Wharton, and obtained an opinion from him, without a fee, as to the best mode of proceeding—and Mr. Wharton's opinions on such points were very sound; but in this case particularly careful. Then Mr. Wittingham went home, sent for his worthy solicitor, Mr. Bacon, whom he had employed for many years, as cheaper and safer than Mr. Wharton, and gave him instructions, which set the poor little attorney's hair on end.

Mr. Bacon knew Mr. Wittingham, however; he had been accustomed to manage him at petty sessions; and he was well aware that it was necessary to set Mr. Wittingham in opposition to Mr. Wittingham, before he could hope that any one's opinion would be listened to. When those two respectable persons had a dispute together, there was some chance of a third being attended to who stepped in as an umpire.

But, in the present case, Mr. Bacon was mistaken. He did not say one word of the pity, and the shame, and the disgrace of taking Sir John Slingsby quite by surprise; but he started various legal difficulties, and, indeed, some formidable obstacles to the very summary proceedings which Mr. Wittingham contemplated. But that gentleman was as a gun loaded with excellent powder and well-crammed down shot, by Mr. Wharton; and the priming was dry and fresh. Mr. Bacon's difficulties were swept away in a moment; his obstacles leaped over; and the solicitor was astonished at the amount of technical knowledge which his client had obtained in a few hours.

There was nothing to be done but obey. Mr. Wittingham was too good a card to throw out: Sir John Slingsby was evidently ruined beyond redemption; and with a sorrowful heart—for Mr. Bacon was, at bottom, a kind and well-disposed man—he took his way to his office with his eyes roaming from one side of the street to the other, as if he were looking for some means of escaping from a disagreeable task. As they thus roamed, they fell upon Billy Lamb, the little deformed pot-boy. The lawyer eyed him for a minute or so as he walked along, compared him in imagination with one of his own clerks, a tall, handsome-looking fellow, with a simpering face; thought that Billy would do best, though he was much more like a wet capon than a human being, and beckoning the boy into his office, retired with him into an inner room, where Mr. Bacon proceeded so cautiously and diffidently, that, had not Billy Lamb's wits been as sharp as his face, he would have been puzzled to know what the solicitor wanted him to do.

CHAP. XXVII.

IT was a dark, cold, cheerless night, though the season was summer, and the preceding week had been very warm—one of those nights when a cold cutting north-east wind has suddenly broken through the sweet dream of bright days, and checked the blood in the trees and plants, withering them with the presage of winter. From noon till eventide that wind had blown; and although it had died away towards night, it had left the sky dark and the air chilly. Not a star was to be seen in the expanse above; and, though the moon was up, yet the light she gave only served to show that heavy clouds were floating over the heavens, the rounded edges of the vapours becoming every now and then of a dim white, without the face of the bright orb ever being visible for a moment. A dull, damp moist hung about the ground, and there was a faint smell, not altogether unpleasant, but sickly and oppressive, rose up, resembling that which is given forth by some kinds of water-plants, and burdened the cold air.

In the little church-yard, at the back of Stephen Gimlet's cottage, there was a light burning, though ten o'clock had struck some quarter of an hour before; and an elderly man, dressed, notwithstanding the chilliness of the night, merely in a waistcoat with striped sleeves, might have been seen by that light, which was nested in a horse-lantern, and perched upon a fresh-turned heap of earth. His head and shoulders were above the ground, and part of his rounded back, with ever and anon the rise and fall of a heavy pick-axe, appeared amongst the nettles and long hemlocks which overrun the church-yard. His legs and feet were buried in a pit which he was digging, and busily the sexton laboured away to hollow out the grave, muttering to himself from time to time, and sometimes even singing at his gloomy work. He was an old man, but he had no one to help him, and in truth he needed it not, for he was hale and hearty, and he put such a good will to his task, that it went on rapidly. The digging of a grave was to him a sort of festival. He held brotherhood with the worm, and gladly prepared the board for his kindred's banquet.

The grave-digger had gone on for some time when, about the hour I have mentioned, some one paused at the side of the low mossy wall, about a hundred yards from the cottage of the new gamekeeper, and looked over towards the lantern. Whoever the visiter was, he seemed either to hesitate or to consider, for he remained with his arms leaning on the coping for full five minutes. before he opened the little wooden-gate close by, and walking in, went up to the side of the grave. The sexton heard him well enough, but I never saw a sexton who was not a humorist, and he took not the least notice, working away as before.

"Why, what are you about, old gentleman?" said a man's voice, at length.

"Don't you see?" rejoined the sexton, looking up, "practising the oldest trade in the world but one—digging to be sure—aye, and grave-digging, too, which is a very ancient profession likewise, though when first it began men lived so long, the sextons must have been but poor craftsmen for want of practice."

"And whose grave is it you are digging?" asked the visiter. "I have been here some days, and have not heard of any deaths."

"One would think you were a doctor," answered the sexton, "for you

seem to fancy that you must have a hand in every death in the parish—but you want to know whose grave it is—well, I can't tell you, for I don't know myself."

"But who ordered you to dig it then?" demanded the stranger.

"No one," said the sexton; "it will fit somebody, I warrant, and I shall get paid for it; and why should not I keep a ready-made grave as a town cobbler keeps ready-made shoes? I am digging it out of my own fancy. There will be death somewhere before the week is out, I am sure; for I dreamed last night that I saw a wedding come to this church, and the bride and the bridegroom stepped on each of the grave hillocks as they walked—so there will be a death, that's certain, and may be two."

"And so you are digging the grave on speculation, old fellow?" exclaimed the other, "but I dare say you have a shrewd guess whom it is for. There is some poor fellow ill in the neighbourhood—or some woman in a bad way, ha?"

"It may be for the young man lying wounded up at Buxton's inn, answered the sexton; "they say he is better; but I should not wonder if it served his turn after all. But I don't know, there is never any telling who may go next. I've seen funny things in my day. Those who thought they had a long lease, find it was a short one: those who were wishing for other people's death, that they might get their money, die first themselves."

The sexton paused, and the stranger did not make any answer, looking gloomily down into the pit as if he did not much like the last reflections that rose up from the bottom of the grave.

"Aye, funny things enough I have seen," continued the sexton, after giving a stroke or two with his pickaxe; "but the funniest of all is, to see how folks take on at first for those who are gone, and how soon they get over it. Lord, what a lot of tears I have seen shed on this little bit of ground! and how soon they were dried up, like a shower in the sunshine. I recollect now there was a young lady sent down here for change of air by the London doctors, after they had poisoned her with their stuff, I dare say. A pretty creature she was as ever I set eyes on, and did not seem ill, only a bit of a cough. Her mother came with her, and then her lover, who was to be married to her when she got well. But at six months' end she died—there she lies, close on your left—and her lover, wasn't he terrible downcast? and he said to me when we had put her comfortably in the ground, 'I shan't be long after her, sexton; keep me that place beside her—there's a guinea for you.' He did not come back, however, for five years, and then I saw him one day go along the road in a chaise and four, with a fine lady by his side, as gay as a lark."

"Well, you would not have the man go on whimpering all his life?" said the other; "how old are you, sexton?"

"Sixty and eight last January," answered the other, "and I have dug these graves forty years come St. John."

"Have you many old men in the parish?" asked the stranger.

"The oldest is eighty-two," replied the sexton, "and she is a woman."

"Six from eighty-two," said the stranger in a contemplative tone, "that leaves seventy-six. That will do very well."

"Will it?" said the sexton, "well, you know best; but I should like to see a bit more of your face," and as he spoke, the old man suddenly

raised his lantern towards the stranger, and then burst out into a laugh, "ay, I thought I knew the voice!" he said, "and so you've come back again, captain? Well now, this is droll enough! That bone you've got your foot upon belongs to your old wet-nurse, Sally Loames, if I know this ground; and she had as great a hand in damaging you as any of the rest. She was a bad one! But what has brought you down now that all the money's gone and the property too?"

"Why, I'll tell you," answered Captain Moreton, "I'll tell you, my good old Grindley. I want to see into the vault where the coffins are, and just to have a look at the register. Can't you help me? you used always to have the keys."

"No, no," captain, rejoined the sexton, shaking his head, "no tricks! no tricks! I'm not going to put my head into a noose for nothing."

"Nobody wants you to put your head in a noose, Grindley," answered the other, "all I want is just to take a look at the coffins for a minute, and another at the register, for I have had a hint that I have been terribly cheated, and that people have put my great-grandfather's death six years too early, which makes all the difference to me; for if my mother was born while he was living she could not break the entail, do you see?"

"Well, then," said the sexton, "you can come to-morrow, captain; and I'll tell the doctor any hour you like."

"That won't do, Grindley," replied Moreton, "the parson is with the enemy; and, besides, I must not let any body know that I have seen the register and the coffins till I have every thing prepared to upset their roguery. You would not have me lose my own, would you, old boy? Then as to your doing it for nothing, if you will swear not to tell that I have seen the things at all, till I am ready and give you leave, you shall have a ten-pound note."

It is a strange and terrible thing, that the value of that which has no value except as it affects us in this world and this life, increases enormously in our eyes as we are leaving it. The sexton had always been more or less a covetous man, as Captain Moreton well knew; but the passion had increased upon him with years, and the bait of the ten-pound note was not to be resisted. He took up the lantern, he got out of the grave, and looked carefully round. It was late at night—all was quiet —nothing seemed stirring; and approaching close to Moreton's side, he said in a whisper,

"No one knows that you were coming here, eh, captain?"

"Nobody in the world," replied the other, "I called at your house an hour ago, and the girl told me you were down here, but I said I would call on you again to-morrow."

"And you only want to look at the coffins and the book?" continued the sexton.

"Nothing else in the world," said Moreton, in an easy tone; "perhaps I may take a memorandum in my pocket-book, that's all."

"Well, then, give us the note and come along," replied the sexton, "there can be no harm in that."

Moreton slipped something into his hand, and they moved towards a little door in the side of the church, opposite to that on which stood the cottage of Stephen Gimlet. Here the sexton drew a large bunch of keys out of his pocket and opened the door, holding up the lantern to let his companion see the way in.

GEORGE CANNING.*

"O for an hour of George Canning!"—Hon. G. Smythe.

This is a graceful and welcome contribution to the literature of the country. A good biography of a statesman so distinguished and so universally respected as George Canning, was a want that remained to be filled up. The task demanded calm judgment, chastened feeling, and a tutored pen: advantages which Mr. Bell is well known to possess in an eminent degree. The exquisite portraiture, given by the author of De Vere, of the contention in the mind of one of England's most gifted sons, between literary tastes and the pursuits of ambition, is here made the striking and instructive theme of a whole biography; and it was indeed the great, the dominant feature of Canning's life.

Descended from a family of note and antiquity, it was the subsequent prime minister's misfortune to have passed his first childhood under the most disadvantageous circumstances of the bad example of profligate and disorderly habits. The inauspicious guardianship of Mr. Reddish would, indeed, have been fatal to an ordinary intellect. Great, therefore, is the debt of gratitude due to the memory of the blunt and honest actor, Moody, who, declaring the boy to be on the high road to the gallows, persevered in his rescue till he got him transferred to the charge of his uncle, Mr. Stratford Canning, with the strict understanding that there should be no further intercourse with his mother's connexions.

Removed from Hyde Abbey School, the burial place of Alfred, whose memory must have often flitted across the mind of a boy who, even at this early period obtained some applause for his skill in verse-making, he was at once placed as an oppidan on his reception at Eton, and where, besides acquiring distinction for the easy elegance of his Latin and English poetry, he also discovered, says his biographer, "in his character the germ of those traits for which he was afterwards so much admired in public life: great generosity of temper, quickness of apprehension, and firmness of purpose."

There are no boyish delinquencies to record of Canning's Eton days. His laborious and studious habits kept the animal spirits in check, but it was there that he formed some of those warm and enduring friendships which had subsequently so much influence on his progress in life. "The purity of sentiment," Mr. Bell gracefully remarks, "and congenialities of pursuits in which these personal attachments had their origin, flowered out into a little literary enterprise, which has conferred celebrity upon the spot from which it issued—the famous boy-periodical, called the 'Microcosm,' projected by a few of the more accomplished Etonians, with Canning, then advancing towards the seventeenth year of his age, at their head."

It was at Eton, too, that the boy first discovered a political bias. His generous and heroic nature led him to side at once with what was then the weaker and the oppressed party. He threw himself, on the occasion of a contested election for Windsor, into the popular party, and his convictions were of so permanent a character as to have thriven even in the

* The Life of the Right Hon. George Canning. By Robert Bell, Author of "History of Russia," "Lives of English Poets," &c. &c. 1 vol. 8vo, Chapman & Hall.

aristocratic atmosphere of Christ Church, Oxford. At college, Canning formed many new friendships of an intimate character, all of which, like those of Eton, were materially calculated to influence, if not to decide the subsequent direction of his life. This was the era of poetical epistles, scrap-book contributions, and *vers de société*, of which the following is an example:—

"Mr. Canning, then about eighteen or nineteen years of age, was walking in the grounds with Mrs. Crewe, who had just lost her favourite dog, Quon, and wanted an epitaph for him. The dog was buried close at hand, near the dairy-house. Mr. Canning protested he could not make epitaphs; but the lady was not to be denied, and so he revenged himself with the following:

EPITAPH ON MRS. CREWE'S DOG.

Poor Quon lies buried near this dairy,
And is not this a sad quondary?*"

And Mr. Bell has industriously collected sufficient specimens of these lighter illustrations of the student's fancy and accomplishments to satisfy the reader without adding much lustre to the posthumous fame of his hero.

The conversion of Canning to Toryism is told in bolder and more picturesque language than generally belongs to Mr. Bell's easy and refined style. The interview with William Godwin is dramatically conceived,

"A small, fresh-coloured man, with intelligent eyes, a strong expression of obstinacy in his face, and pressing ardour of manner, makes his appearance the next morning at breakfast. The host is collected, as a man should be who holds himself prepared for a revelation. The guest, unreserved and impatient of delay, hastens to unfold his mission. Amongst the speculators who are thrown up to the surface, in great political emergencies, there are generally some who are misled by the grandeur of their conceptions; and who, in the purity and integrity of their own hearts, cannot see the evil or the danger that lies before them. This was a man of that order. He enters into an animated description of the state of the country, traces the inquietude of the people to its source in the corruption and tyranny of the government, declares that they are resolved to endure oppression no longer, that they are already organised for action, that the auspicious time has arrived to put out their strength, and ends by the astounding announcement, that they have selected *him*—this youth who has made such a stir amongst them—as the fittest person to be placed at the head of the movement. Miracle upon miracle! The astonishment of the youth who receives this communication may well suspend his judgment: he requires an interval to collect himself, and decide; and then, dismissing his strange visiter, shuts himself up to think. In that interval he takes a step which commits him for life. It is but a step from Lincoln's-inn to Downing-street. His faith in the people is shaken. He sees in this theory of regeneration nothing but folly and bloodshed. His reason revolts from all participation in it. And the

* This will recall Sheridan's well-known epigram on Lady Payne's monkey—the pretty and ill-used Lady Payne.

"Alas! poor Ned,
My monkey's dead,
I had rather by half
It had been Sir Ralph."

next chamber to which we follow him, is the closet of the Minister, to whom he makes his new confession of faith, and gives in his final adherence.

"Reader, the violent little man was William Godwin, the author of the 'Political Justice,' and the convert was George Canning."

The origin of clubs and the influence of the French Revolution on parties in this country is also briefly but skilfully depicted in a tone of natural and healthy vigour. Who indeed can tell, with the increase of the modern clubs which have grown out of those of the end of the eighteenth century, and with the wealth and intellect that is thrown into them, what may be the amount of their future development, and the influence which they may ultimately have in the social and political destinies of this country?

From the period of his conversion, the life of Canning became the life of a public man. There are few persons of so distinguished a reputation whose private life was less chequered by incident or variety. The boy at Eton was truly father to the man, and his calm, studious, steady habits carried him onwards through life, like a deep powerful current, little vexed by obstacles, and seldom ruffled by storms, to the highest honours in the realm. The love of letters had more time to break forth in the early career of the statesman than in after life, and his biographer, who is strongly opposed to Mr. Pitt's measures against what he deems to have been an imaginary spread of revolutionary doctrines in this country, says, "While Pitt and Grenville were carrying on the war with remorseless energy abroad, Canning was employing a much more effective instrument than the sword, in combating the progress of revolutionary principles at home. That instrument was ridicule; and if the ministry had been content to leave French principles to its tender mercies they would have witnessed their extirpation by a surer process than riot acts and state trials. The 'Anti-Jacobin' was a much more formidable prosecutor than the attorney-general."

It was this long-debated question of war for principles—a war that bequeathed to England its national debt—which called forth the first magnificent displays of Canning's eloquence. Mr. Tierney had made a motion that the state of the country rendered it imperative upon us to leave Europe to herself. Mr. Canning rose to reply on the ministerial side, and delivered a speech which for compass of reason and masterly elocution drew expressions of admiration even from Mr. Pitt. Mr. Canning's speeches which soon followed this, upon the question of union with Ireland, suggest some sensible and judicious observations from his biographer upon the past and present policy of England towards that unhappy and ever-distracted country. We only disagree widely with Mr. Bell when he would trace *all* the evils that afflict that country to the injustice done to it, and none to the character of the people themselves.

Upon the "Oregon question," which has lately assumed so formidable an importance, and which Mr. Rush had instructions to re-open in the time of Canning's final sickness, Mr. Bell remarks, that the claims of the United States by right of discovery and by right of treaty are fatal one to the other, and cannot co-exist. Spain could not confer upon America that which America herself already possessed. "Such a union of titles," says Mr. Rush, "imparting validity (perhaps he means *invalidity*) to each other, does not often exist;"—"an observation," says

Mr. Bell, "which might be safely carried a little further, by saying that such an union never existed before."

The great features in Canning's life were the part he took in arresting the current of revolutionary feelings in this country and upholding the continental war: the two sanguinary dramas that wrapped the close of the eighteenth century in gloom and sadness. The union with Ireland and the dissolution of the Pitt ministry were stepping-stones to his maturer fame. This was also the epoch of his marriage. The Addington administration and the short-lived Grenville ministry led the way to Canning's appointment to office as secretary of state for foreign affairs in the Perceval ministry. This was unfortunately the epoch of his duel with Lord Castlereagh. Parliamentary Reform, Catholic Emancipation, the Test Act, a comprehensive and most judicious system of foreign policy, and some domestic difficulties, more especially the question of Queen Caroline, were among the most important subjects which occupied the palmiest days of this gifted patriot and statesman. Amidst all, Canning's passion for literature, Mr. Bell remarks truly, coloured his whole life. Every moment of leisure was given up to books. His eloquence was wonderful. In descriptive power, and in the higher uses of imagination, Canning certainly excelled all his contemporaries except Burke. He died, as is well known, in the same villa and the same room to which Fox, under circumstances painfully similar—that of an unanswered aspersion from a rising opposition—and by a further strange coincidence, at the same age, had also removed—to die. But Canning carried with him a more profound and universal respect. His public and private life were alike revered by all parties, and, in the words of his able biographer, "all jealousies and animosities were extinguished in the common grief; and Faction herself wept upon his grave."

LAURA.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

Earth had not a fairer creature
  Than my bright Italian girl,
Beauty dwelt in every feature,
  Love in every silken curl;
In her own bright land they taught her
  Songs like those which Sappho sung,
None like fair Italia's daughter
  Charm'd the old—entranc'd the young.

Not an orb in Heaven's dominion
  Shone like Laura's sunny eyes,
Not a bird, on golden pinion,
  Seem'd more free 'neath summer skies;
All the young and brave went to her,
  Pilgrims they to beauty's shrine;
Not a soul but feared to woo her
  Till *I* dared—and she was mine!

THE TRAVELS AND OPINIONS OF MR. JOLLY GREEN.

Chap. VIII.

Montmorency, as most travellers are aware, is a about twelve miles from Paris. It is equally the resort of the votaries of pleasure and of religion: the former go there to eat cherries and ride on donkeys, the latter to worship at the shrine of a celebrated saint and martyr named John James Rousseau, who dwelt there in a hermitage somewhere about the middle of the last century. He was one of the foremost of that race of pious men who devoted their energies to the religious education of their countrymen, the fruits of which were so conspicuous in the French Revolution. His "Confessions" are curious, and show to what an extent the devotional fervour of the recluse may impel him to self-torture; for I find in his works (written in French) that he was in the habit of sitting in a state of ecstacy—like a wild duck—in the water amidst the bushes ("au milieu des bois et des eaux"); and that it was his delight to write in windy weather, half-buried in the snow, with no other fire than he carried under his waistcoat, and weeping like a water-spout the whole time. It was under these circumstances, that in the course of three weeks he composed his well-known philosophical treatise on the use of spectacles, which he dedicated to a brother saint named D'Alembert. I am certain of this fact, for the original runs as follows:—"Dans ce lieu, sans abri contre le vent et la neige, sans autre feu que celui qui bruloit dessous mon gilet, je composai dans l'espace de trois semaines, ma lettre à D'Alembert sur les spectacles.—J'en versai de delicieuses larmes." This is a touching picture, and worthy of the great man who has portrayed it.

Cherries were out of season, but piety always flourishes in Paris, and donkeys abound everywhere; no better place than Montmorency could, therefore, have been hit on for the development of the national character, and it was with sensations of the liveliest pleasure, not unaccompanied, however, by some of those "horribles battemens de cœur," which Saint John James speaks of, that I descended to the *salon* where the party were to assemble for the excursion.

Madame de Vaudet and Angelique were already there, and both welcomed me very cordially. I was charmed with the grace and finish of their costume, and they were pleased to express their admiration at the calm simplicity of mine; for, thinking that I should probably have to ride through the forest, I had put on a scarlet hunting coat with leathers and tops—the same that I always wear when I turn out at home to see the East Surrey staghounds throw off near the Croydon station. The amiable mother and daughter were attired in Napoleon-blue Pompadours, with skirts *à la Mousquetaire*, fichus *à la Genevoise*, and chapeaux *à la Gondy*, a style of dress at once sylvan and striking.

We were soon joined by four more ladies, to whom I was formally presented. They were Madame de Pretantaine, a stylish, dashing person, with a very high colour and very black eyes; the Marchioness de Maquignon, a middle-aged lady whose lofty bearing and courtly air betrayed the Palais Royal in every movement, and her two daughters, Julie

and Estelle, fine girls, certainly, but not at all to be compared with Mademoiselle de Vaudet. The gentlemen of the party were the Visco[illegible] Vieux Rusé, the Chevalier de l'Escroc, Don Juan de Picaro y Bribon, the Baron von Spitzbube, the Marquis de Maquignon, and the English baronet, Sir Henry Jones, who, in addition to the estimable qualities with which nature had endowed him, superadded the most salient characteristics of the distinguished foreigners above enumerated. Thus he was a match at billiards for the chevalier, readily pitted himself against the viscount at *écarté*, related adventures as wondrous as those of the Spaniard, smoked and drank as freely as the baron, and knew quite as much about a horse as the marquis, who, in the course of his life, had had a great deal to do with large studs and took a pleasure in breeding expensive cattle. The personal appearance of Sir Henry Jones was highly *distingué;* he was tall and stout, with curly hair, blue eyes, a fine bulbous Saxon nose, an expansive countenance and a cheerful smile that welcomed every new acquaintance, and put them immediately at their ease. Sir Henry's pronunciation was somewhat rapid and indistinct, and amongst his predilections was a decided *penchant* for brandy-and-water. He had one or two amiable weaknesses, the most prominent of which were an unwillingness to hurt people's feelings by blurting out the truth on all occasions, and a fondness for bestowing the patronage of his custom on tradespeople of every description, without strictly scrutinising the accounts when sent in, or even heeding much about their settlement. So brilliant were his ideas of expenditure, that he made a point of never inquiring the price of any thing, and so liberal were his notions that, in the old days of stage-coaches, he had often contrived to run up a bill in a town where he was not known, during the brief interval of changing horses. It was partly owing to the indulgence of this rare generosity of disposition that he had been induced to leave his native country for a time, and fix his abode at one or other of the large cities on the continent, where, however, he never remained long enough to experience the *ennui* which too frequently arises from a protracted residence amongst the importunate classes of society. From these slight traits, it will at once be inferred, that he was highly popular; indeed, I believe, few persons have ever been so much sought for or inquired after. His name, too, was widely spread, even in places where his sojourn had been brief, for his property consisted chiefly in a species of *assignats*, a well-known valuable stock admirably adapted for a circulating medium, to which he constantly affixed the guarantee of his own signature. Some of this stock, not yet converted into cash, is at present in my own possession.

Such was our party, and as we mustered so strong, it was necessary that the carriage to convey us should be of rather large dimensions. It was procured by the viscount from a celebrated establishment at the corner of the Place du Carrousel, and was called a *gondole*, a description of vehicle exactly corresponding with the Venetian *gondola*, with this difference only, that it went upon wheels, and was drawn by horses, whereas, if I am rightly informed, the other resembles a boat. The *gondole* is, in fact, a kind of daily omnibus (called in French an "*omnibus à jour*), with curtains which may be lowered at pleasure, and in which the passengers are seated on cross benches, holding three each.

Into this carriage we all got, and established ourselves in little *parties quarrées*, of six each, sitting opposite each other in threes. I had the

honour of being placed at the head of the *gondole*, between Madame de Vaudet and Angelique, and before us were Sir Henry Jones, the Marchioness de Maquignon, and the Spanish hidalgo. In the second circle, the Baron von Spitzbube, divided Julie and Estelle. Madame de Pretantaine occupied one corner, the marquis the other, and the viscount was seated with his back to the door. There was no room inside for the Chevalier de l'Escroc, who took his place on the box beside the driver, and this was the more pleasant, as it enabled him with greater convenience to gratify the company with his performance on the French horn, of which he had brought with him a somewhat gigantic specimen, the tone being perfectly in accordance with its size. The French are extremely fond of music, and particularly attached to their national horn; it is the partner of their board, the companion of their exile, the joy of their youth, and the solace of their old age; it is dear to them as the air they breathe, and through it the greater part of their breath finds an outlet.

The morning was delicious; indeed, historically so, for it recalled to my recollection the memorable day when the distinguished family of Fudge set out on a similar expedition to the same attractive spot.

Our course lay through the Faubourg St. Denis, and when we had passed the barrier there was a halt, and the Viscount de Vieux Rusé got out of the gondole, only, however, to return to it in the course of a few minutes, bearing a hamper in his arms, which was secured beneath the driver's seat, where the provisions for the pic-nic in the forest were stowed. I was informed that the hamper contained champagne; and on inquiring why it had not been brought with us from the hotel, De Vieux Rusé looked at me with a very knowing expression, and winking one eye, observed:

"We have buy him mosh more sheep on dis side de barrier."

This was a hint which I determined not to lose sight of, in the event which I contemplated, of giving a snug little bachelor's party, some evening, in my own room.

Our gallant steeds now pranced merrily onwards, and in the course of an hour, or less, the venerable spires of the Cathedral of St. Denis rose before us, towering in proud solitude over the catacombs of an extinct dynasty. The viscount, who had been the personal friend of the former family, and whose studies and pursuits eminently qualified him for the task, undertook to be the cicisbeo of the party, and explain to us the history of the monuments. It is with regret I have to state that I had forgotten to bring my note-book, but I trust I can supply the deficiency from a memory which is not apt to fail me, and, that the graphic style of the original may not be lost, I will repeat the description as nearly as possible in the words of the noble narrator.

"Dis jolly edifice," said the viscount, taking off his hat and bowing to the ladies, though his discourse was addressed principally to me,—"dis jolly edifice was builded in de tenth sentry-box of Anno Domini, by de great King Dagobert, what my friend Beranger have wrote a very ansum song upon. He was famous for his *sans-culottes*, and if you will regarder his catacomb here on de left hand, you will see how he was flog by the devil for refusing to wear them, a just punishment for de vickedness of his early day. But afterwards, when he become a christian, he found out dis abbey in honour of de Benedicks. Next door to him is de tombeau

of his son, Louis de Twelf, and his wife, Queen Anne, standing upon deir knees and looking up at de sky as happy as de day is long. A littel furder off is Saint Caterine de Medicis and her husband, who was kill in a prize-fight. She was a very clevare woman, but rader too fond of strong drink, which she give to her friends and kill dem. She was a great support of de chursh, for which reason her tombeau is hold up by four virtuous cardinals of brass. On de opposite side is François Premier and his good lady, to whom he was so very mosh attash dat he could nevare bear to be a moment from her side, as Mr. Gudgeon, the arshitect, have represent in de marble. He was a perfect French hosband, Mr. Grin, and dere is still a great many like him in France. King François was very fond of fighting, and gain great many battels, but von day he lose every ting except his honour; de last ting," exclaimed the viscount, emphatically, and striking his breast, "de last ting which belong to a Frenchman. Observe several stone pillows erected to de heads of our brave kings; here is one of Henry Trois, who was kill by de carving-knife of a clergyman, name Jacques Clement, as he sat down to supper. Here is anoder of Francis de Second, what was husband to de Queen of de Scotch; it is basely surround by weeping angels. Down stairs, in de cellar of de abbey, is many more tombeaux, which was all torn to pieces in de revolution. In one of de dark corners de Duke de Berri was assassinate; de monument expiatoire point out de spot. He fell a victim," added De Vieux Rusé, confidentially, "to de bad advice of a mercenary grandfather, who desire him nevare to play at cards, de verry ting dat was invented for de amusement of one of his ancestors, dat was mad, an amusement which constitute de real appiness of mankind."

The viscount did not explain this philosophical maxim by any further illustration, but led the way to the vaults, which were built by the celebrated Abbot Segar, who, after he had invented the luxury which bears his name, was in the habit of passing his solitary hours below the earth, sitting on a skull, smoking and meditating on the transitory nature of the things upon it. The remainder of the viscount's description was equally luminous with the preceding; but my attention was somewhat abstracted from the account which he gave of the thirty tyrants, whose remains were converted into bone-dust, by an uneasy sensation which I experienced as we passed through the gloomy crypt. Madame de Vaudet had taken my proffered arm, and, only a few yards behind us, her daughter Angelique leant on that of Sir Henry Jones. I could observe that their conversation was an animated one—too much so, indeed, for the solemnity of the place, and, unless a suspicious ear deceived me, I feel perfectly certain that in one of the dark passages (which evidently did not lead to nothing) I heard the sound of a very vigorous *baiser*. It is quite true, it might have occurred between Don Juan and Madame de Pretantaine, who were very close to the perfidious pair, but the lover's ear is singularly acute in matters of this kind, and I felt all the throes of the demon within my agitated bosom. I could no longer listen with interest to the eloquent details of De Vieux Rusé, or the bland accents of Madame de Vaudet; "I became," as my friend Jawley has so happily expressed it, "of a fierce green," and experienced a deep "sense of lost-ness," as the pangs of jealousy shot through my trembling frame. By a strong effort, however, I mastered my emotion, and paced the *pavé* of this mighty mausoleum, to all appearance as calm

and unmoved as the marble effigies upon which I glared with an expression as stony as their own. I had my reward for this forbearance, for as we re-entered the carriage, Angelique turned towards me and smiled, with an aspect so roseate, that he must have been less than man, who could at that moment have harboured a thought injurious to her purity. My suspicious imaginings melted into thin air, and resolving to show what I was capable of, I bandied a few gay sallies with Sir Henry, cutting him up in a playful style of irony, the concealed purport of which he could not discover, and seasoned a lively discourse with Madame de Vaudet, with a sprinkling of œillades, which I flatter myself were not thrown away upon the charming Angelique, for her colour went and came as rapidly as the tints changed in her shot-silk Pompadour; and more than once she was obliged to bury her glowing features in her embroidered kerchief. The trajet between St. Denis and Montmorency was consequently a delightful one, and it was almost with feelings of regret that I found we had reached the Hermitage of Saint John James Rousseau.

I must devote a few words to this remarkable place, though as Jawley has observed, in one of his fine critical moods: "I detest the superficiality of synopsis."

The great celebrity which attaches to the Hermitage, arises from the fact of its having been the spot where John James,—as the French delight to call him,—wrote his memorable letters to Héloise, of which the Pope made so admirable a translation. It did not, however, correspond in appearance with the ideas I had always formed of the character of these anchorite abodes, but I suppose the Hermitage of such a man as Rousseau is not to be judged of by ordinary rules. It certainly bore no resemblance to the well known retreat of the Hermit of the Beulah Spa, who still holds, in my estimation, the first place in the ranks of celibacy. I could perceive here neither the rock-work, the stone seat, the moss-covered walls, the stained-glass window, the crucifix, the hour-glass, the skull, the cross-bones, the prie-dieu, nor, most interesting feature of all, the venerable stuffed figure at his orisons perpetually redeeming souls from purgatory, which formed the glory of that interesting place of public amusement. Possibly all these saint-like properties may have been carried off by the enthusiasts of the French Revolution, amongst whom Rousseau was so deservedly popular; but at the present day, there is little to distinguish the Hermitage from an ordinary dwelling. We were shown into a small room where the saint used to play on the piano with his friend Grétry. The instrument is the same on which the latter composed his charming comedy of the Village Clergyman ("Le Devin du Village"). It was probably in this room that Rousseau used to take his *café au lait*, *tête-à-tête* with the intellectual and highly-gifted Therèse; and where he gave those pleasant little supper parties to his neighbours the bricklayer and his daughter, which he describes as being such a relief after the heavy dinners he was compelled to eat with the Marshal de Luxembourg. It was doubtless in this very chamber that those merry evenings were spent with his agreeable friends, Grimm and Holbach, of whom he always speaks in such a tender Christian-like spirit. A closet adjoining was pointed out as the spot where most likely Rousseau's bear used to sleep, wrapped up in the flannel petticoat of Madame d'Epinay; and the precise locality was indicated to us on the door-step leading into the garden, where the saint was sitting when he made that memorable exclamation in respect to peri-

winkles, "Voilà de la pervenche!" a description of shell-fish, of which he was remarkably fond, and of which he was in all probability the first to set the fashion of eating. It is, perhaps, to his ingenuity that the world is indebted for a knowledge of the art of extracting the periwinkle with a pin. The tableau which the subject suggests, would form a fine illustration for the national collection at Versailles, and harmonise well with that grand battle-piece, the capture of the Emperor of Morocco's goloshes and umbrella, the greatest achievement of the French army in Africa. We were also shown the bed-room "over the kitchen," where John James was in the habit of sleeping, but the little cribs into which he used to put his *Enfants Trouvés*, were nowhere to be seen. I mentioned the fact to Madame de Pretantaine, but she only shrugged her shoulders, and said, "Que voulez-vous!" I have once or twice since asked myself what she meant. Surely I have not made a conquest here too! The person who showed us the Hermitage, whom I rewarded with a five-franc piece—intimated that there was something mysterious in the manner of Saint Rousseau's death. But whether he committed martyrdom by swallowing Prussic acid or by dashing out his brains against the wall, I could not precisely ascertain. Perhaps both accounts are correct, for he was a man of a singularly wild and original turn of mind. He lives, however, embalmed in the hearts of the Parisians, who have erected a street to his memory, which, by a curious coincidence, adjoins the Rue Coq Héron.

The emotions caused by our visit to the Hermitage were various. Most of the ladies shed tears, and I am not ashamed to say that I joined them; Sir Henry Jones and the Baron von Spitzbube were so powerfully affected, that they rushed into a neighbouring café, and drank two or three tumblers of brandy-and-water before they could recover their self-possession; the remainder of the gentlemen had passed through too many lacerating scenes of real life, to yield to the influence of fictitious woes.

The gondole was now ordered to proceed to the "Rendezvous de la Chasse," a delicious spot in the heart of the forest of Montmorency, where it was settled that we were to dine. For such of the party as preferred riding, animals were procured, not horses exactly, but those equally useful though less showy quadrupeds, donkeys. I lamented not having an English thorough-bred, on which M. de Maquignon kindly informed me that he had a very valuable one at his stables in Paris which he thought would just suit me, and which he promised to show me on the following day. The price he said was, in comparison with the beauty of the steed, quite insignificant. The two daughters of the marquis called loudly for *baudets*, and Angelique did so too, at the same time bestowing on me an encouraging glance, which at once decided any little hesitation I might have felt at exhibiting my asinine accomplishments before strangers. The Chevalier de l'Escroc was also mounted, his purpose being to enliven the partie de chasse with the music of his horn, which, by the bye, had been silent only within the sacred walls of the Abbey and the Hermitage. Sir Henry Jones, who, I suspect knew very little about riding, preferred going on foot, as did the Baron von Spitzbube, who closed the cortège, armed with a thick, heavy stick, to assist the paces of the donkeys. Whoever has not seen a French hunting party, can form but a faint conception of the noise and merriment which invariably attend it. On this occasion the ladies screamed, alternately with fear and laughter, the donkey boys swore, the party in the gondole clapped their

hands and uttered cries of encouragement, the gentlemen shouted energetically, and above the din, the chevalier awoke the tones of his coûteau de chasse. In the midst of it all, I kept a firm hold of the pommel of my saddle, for the paces of the animal which I bestrode were rather uneasy. It was very different from being mounted on one of the high mettled racers of the desert.

The accompaniment to our motion might run thus:—

"Oh! mon Dieu, je ne peux pas m'y tenir!" "Sacré baudet! allez donc." "Oh! mais c'est drôle!" "Holà!" "Regardez donc, Monsieur Grin." "Tanta-ra-ra-ra-ra!" "Damn this donkey, how he shakes!" "Hold on Green!" (This was from Jones.) "Ah, je vais mourir de rire, —ha! ha! ha! ha!" "Verfluchter Esel!" A tremendous blow administered to my beast, followed this exclamation of the baron, and the tempest of voices having risen to its height, the donkeys set off at a good round pace towards the Rendezvous. I kept my eye on Angelique, and would willingly have ridden on her right hand to protect her from the dangers of the forest, but my animal was one of the most obstinate of its kind, and the more I pulled it on one side, the more pertinaciously it went on the other. I had also no hands to spare, one of them being engaged with the bridle, and the other with the pommel. The brute jolted me so besides, that there was scarcely any breath in my body, and the little French I was able to remember, was of very little service to me. As to the English language, it was entirely lost upon the creature. Do what I would, nothing could persuade it to keep anywhere but close to the tail of Angelique's *monture*, and in that position I had the annoyance of perceiving that, owing to his long legs, Sir Henry Jones was keeping up beside that young lady, steadying her in her seat—a kind of uneasy chair —and apparently enjoying my uncomfortable situation.

In this order we reached the brow of the hill above the Rendezvous, and the spirits of the donkeys being up, they set off at a fearful gallop. It was in fact a perfect race; the ladies garments fluttered, the air was rent with their screams, the Chevalier de l'Escroc blew out a tremendous burst, my hat got over my eyes, I abandoned the bridle altogether, held on with both hands, and plunging madly forward, allowed my Bucephalus to career in the realms of boundless space. He did so, but not long, for whether he trod in a rut or kicked up behind, I know not, but in the midst of a shower of dust and gravel he suddenly came to the ground, and I was jerked over his head into a heap of stones by the roadside.

When I rose from the ground, which I did in the course of a few minutes, for though a good deal bruised, I was not seriously wounded, I could see nothing of the partie de chasse, nor even of the accursed beast that had thrown me; the gondole was nowhere visible, and I was alone in the Forest of Montmorency. In the midst of my perplexity, two strangers suddenly made their appearance. They were singularly muffled up about the throat, and their countenances were not very clearly discernible, but I put a bold face upon the matter, and asked them the way to the Rendezvous de la Chasse.

The tallest of the two answered briefly: "Suivez-moi, Monsieur," and striking into a path on his right hand, he entered the thicket. I presumed he meant to show me a short cut, and unhesitatingly followed. His companion brought up the rear.

ALGERIA AND TUNIS IN 1845.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the desolating and desultory warfare carried on for upwards of fifteen years by a handful of Arabs and Kabyles, fighting for their country, against an army of a hundred thousand Frenchmen, it appears from Captain Kennedy's sensible and pleasant little book that the progress of civilisation is really apparent in these long-suffering realms, and that the spade and the trowel are gradually assuming duties of a less showy, but more substantial character, than those performed by the sword and the carbine.

In the lower part of triangular Algiers, the monotony of the Moorish houses is already entirely broken up by new French buildings, and the dull repose of the harem-garden is changed into the lively bustle of a French barrack-yard, while outside the walls the hills gently sloping to the sea, are studded with country-houses and gardens. Within are also modern palaces, barracks, prisons, and hospitals, magazines and factories, alternating with large hotels, fashionable cafés and showy shops.

Nor is the population less striking, composed as it is of a motley crew of Arabs, Moors, French, Maltese, Italians, &c.

"Among the various costumes and styles of dress," says Captain Kennedy, "seen in the streets of Algiers, none are so ridiculous as that of the European civilian dressed *à l'Arabe*, some fine specimens of which we saw to-day. One of this 'genus,' a wealthy shopkeeper from the Rue Chausée-d'Antin, had by his adventures a short time since created some little amusement—enthusiastic on the subject of the new colony, his thoughts by day had been for months of Algeria, and his dreams by night of bernoused warriors, fiery steeds, and bloody yataghans. At last, determined to see with his own eyes, he left his beloved Paris, and arrived safely in Algiers.

"His first care was to procure a complete Arab dress, in which he sallied forth the morning after his arrival. He came in search of adventures, and he was soon gratified; stalking along he accidentally hustled a couple of French soldiers, he was sworn at, thrashed, and rolled in the mud, as a 'S— *cochon d'Arabe*,' lost his purse from having no pockets in his new garments, and was nearly kicked down stairs by the garçon of his hotel, for venturing to enter his own room.

"Undismayed by these misadventures, he set out the following day armed to the teeth, to ride to Bleedah, when, half way there, he was seized as a suspicious character, by two Arab gendarmes, for being armed without having a permit, and pretending not to understand Arabic, was disarmed and dismounted, his hands tied behind his back, and fastened to his captors' stirrups, he spent the night on the ground in a wretched hut, with a handful of cuscusoo for supper, and next morning was dragged into Algiers in broad daylight, half dead with fear and fatigue; on being carried before the police he was instantly liberated, and taking advantage of the first packet, returned to France, after having seen more of life in Algeria in a few days, than many who had spent the same number of years in this colony."

Captain Kennedy and his friend and companion Lord Fielding tra-

* Algeria and Tunis in 1845. By Captain J. Clark Kennedy. 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

velled by diligence by a capital road constructed by the troops from Algiers to Bleedah. Farmhouses were numerous on the wayside, the colonists chiefly Germans. Herds of cattle and numerous flocks of sheep were grazing on the hill-sides. A pleasing and promising state of things. "Were it not," says Captain Kennedy, "for an occasional party of Arabs going to market with the country produce, or returning from the city, it would be difficult to imagine from the surrounding scene, that you are travelling in another quarter of the globe." The absence of wood, however, is a great inconvenience.

At Bleedah there is a Place d'Armes, and a broad handsome street is building, but the native portion of the town is in a sadly ruinous condition. The European population, our author says, owing to the fine climate and abundance of water, is greatly on the increase, and will shortly outnumber the natives. Bleedah forms a link between the seaport of Algiers and the country beyond the Atlas.

Quitting this important station the party crossed the little Atlas by the ravine of the Cheefa, another military road of a highly picturesque character, and gained Medeah, the capital of a province, and head-quarters of a subdivision of the French army, the authority of which extends hence to an imaginary line on the borders of the Great Desert. Medeah was founded by the Romans in an admirable situation, easily defended, and 3200 feet above the sea. Here, as at Algiers and Bleedah, the destruction of the Arab streets is going on, and French buildings are rising in their place; the only structure of consequence yet finished is the military hospital in the upper part of the town, erected in a fine airy situation, and a conspicuous object for miles around.

An excursion made from hence in company with the French general's aide-de-camp, into the *little* desert, a visit to the Bel Arbi, the Dashera of the Haoueras, a sight of one or two Douars, or Arab encampments, and an unsuccessful hunt after the last of the boars, constituted the whole of Captain Kennedy's and Lord Fielding's experiences of Arab life. Bleedah was regained not without some misadventures by the pass of Mouzaia, from whence the trajêt to Algiers is as before-mentioned, easy enough.

The next excursion was to Bona, by steam-packet, thence to the ruins of Hippo Regius, and by steam to Tunis. It appears that after all the pompous announcements given of the translation of the remains of St. Augustin to the place of his death, that the French prelates were obliged to content themselves with one arm, over which a sort of altar tomb has been erected in the midst of the ruins "in the worst possible taste," according to Captain Kennedy.

Our travellers speak highly of the Bey of Tunis, who appears to be marching apace with the civilisation by which he is nearly surrounded, and to be outrivalling, especially by the most noble act of emancipating the slaves, the greatest reformers that modern Mohammedanism has yet produced. From Tunis the party made excursions to Carthage, to the ruins of Adrumetum, and to Mahadeah, turning inwards to the holy Kairouan, seldom visited by Europeans, and where they were insulted by the women—always the first in the race of bigotry—and returning by Zouwan to Tunis. Near Susa they saw those beautiful birds the Numedian cranes, called by the French "Mademoisselles." "In the spring," says Captain Kennedy, "when they are paying their addresses to each

other, their proceedings are very curious; they are seen to place themselves face to face, a little distance apart, one commences bowing, and is imitated by the other; a regular minuet is then danced, each bird, with drooping wings and a graceful movement of the head and neck, advances, retires, and moves in a circle, with an easy gliding step, sometimes passing *dos-a-dos*; the whole performance is gone through as methodically as by young ladies at school."

The journey from Tunis to Bona was effected by land, thus allowing a good deal of country to be explored, and permitting the party to view the native at Keff as at Kairouan, in his real character. On their return to Bona they visited the forest of the Jebel Edough, ate therein a *fricandeau de lion*, and thence gained Constantine, the position of which, like that of most of the cities of the interior, is very remarkable—houses, walls, and castles, grouped together on a high terraced and escarped rock of irregular form, and cut up by deep ravines. The site itself, also, at a considerable elevation above the sea, insures a moderate temperature and a healthy atmosphere.

The reader will probably thank us for some idea of those corps essentially Franco-Algerine which have sprung up out of the necessities of a peculiar mode of warfare, and a peculiar country and climate, and which are beginning to occupy a prominent situation in French literature. First on the list is the *Chasseur d'Afrique*. He has a uniform composed of a light blue jacket with yellow facings, red overalls, strapped with leather, and a low forage-cap, diminishing in size to the crown, with a broad horizontal peak. His arms are a long carbine of small bore, a sword and pistols, plain saddlery with a very small valise. The chasseurs are exceedingly well mounted, and it is considered by all who are desirous of distinguishing themselves, the favourite corps of the army.

The *Zouaves* are to the infantry what the *Chasseurs d'Afrique* are to the cavalry, the favourite corps. It was at first essentially a native force, but at the present time is composed almost entirely of Frenchmen. "The uniform," says Captain Kennedy, "is most picturesque," being half Oriental half European. The Spahis are the Arab irregular cavalry, in the pay of France. For their pay they provide themselves with horses, accoutrements, clothing, and provisions, but their arms are supplied by government. Then there is the *Légion Etrangère*, a force of nearly five thousand men, composed of adventurers, deserters, and escaped criminals of all nations. The Polish battalion is the best conducted and most distinguished of this legion. Captain Kennedy says that there are only two or three Englishmen in their ranks. Last of all come *Les Zephyrs*, composed of men who, having undergone a certain amount of punishment, are not considered eligible to serve again in the ranks of their own regiments. The men are a kind of soldier-farmers, and are kept in order by a very severe discipline.

It only remains to us to subjoin a few remarks on the renowned Abd-el-Kader, and the prospects of the French in Algeria as being characterised by much moderation and good sense. "There are few men of the present day," says Captain Kennedy, speaking of the indomitable Arab, "whose career has attracted so much attention, and of whose character so little that can be relied upon is known. In the prime of life (according to most accounts he was born about 1806), he is described as small of stature, with regular features, a pleasing expression, and of mild

and gentle manners. Daringly active both in mind and body, he has taken advantage of circumstances to place himself at the head of the Arab tribes discontented with Christian rule and unwilling to submit to the restraints of a regular government. For this position his talents, piety, and lineal descent from the prophet through his only daughter Fatima, eminently qualify him. Whatever his motive, be it religious ardour, patriotism, or ambition, he is a brave man and a skilful leader, struggling for the liberties of the people of his fatherland, and as such he is deserving of our sympathies; while at the same time every one must regret the continuance of a contest carried on by both parties with so much ferocity, and rejoice in any event that would tend to bring it to a speedy conclusion; the more so, as it must, if the peace of Europe remain undisturbed, eventually end in his destruction, for every year brings an enormous accession of strength to the European population, whilst the same period sees the numbers of the Arabs, and their resources, gradually wasting away in a gallant yet fruitless struggle."

It is impossible not to coincide with such sensible observations, or not to join with the gallant author in the hope that civilisation may yet take the place of barbarism, without a renewal of those horrid spectacles which the African war has too frequently presented.

RUSSIA AND ITS AUTOCRAT.*

Ivan Golovine was summoned in March, 1843, from Paris, to repair forthwith to the metropolis of the Autocrat. Thinking that his travels might not terminate there, but might be prolonged into more easterly and less inviting territories, he judiciously preferred the inconveniences of disobedience to those of exile and punishment. In return for deprival of rights, confiscation of property, and all the other little *et cæteras* entailed by disregard of the imperial commands, the Russian subject retorts in two volumes of political and personal detraction. One would think it scarcely wise on the part of despotic power to draw upon itself these frequent missives, for although there must be some exaggeration, still what every one repeats under similar circumstances, as well as what is substantiated by unbought and unpropitiated travellers, must also contain much that *is* true, and Ivan Golovine's revelations possess an advantage over those of his predecessors, in being more frequently the results of personal experience, and generally of a more familiar and intimate character. The author's style is also lively and piquant, and the chapter called the "General View," is a good specimen of the Russian social system, as it is under a pope-autocrat, emperor, and hierarch at the same time. The character of the people is for the same causes exposed with more than usual felicity, and without prejudice and partiality. The cheating, thieving, and drunken habits of his countrymen being spoken of unreservedly, and amusingly illustrated. They all have their origin in the prostration of mind and intellect at the feet of despotism. Tyranny

* Russia under the Autocrat Nicholas the First. By Ivan Golovine, a Russian Subject. 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

is established, and subsists by means of the barbarism which it propagates and sustains in its turn; while immorality necessarily succeeds, and crowns the work. "If," says M. Golovine, "they do not go so far at court as to congratulate the husband who has been deceived by a member of the Imperial family, it is as much from jealousy as from decorum; but they seldom fail to envy his lot, and he himself is so little master of his happiness, as openly to boast of it."

This prostration of mind also extends itself to the body. The use of linen is still a mark of distinction of the higher ranks. Many persons change it only when they go to the baths, once, or at most, twice a week. "So you put on clean linen every day," said a Russian officer to his comrade, who had been accustomed to Parisian habits. "And you?" inquired the latter. "I keep that for Saturday," replied the other, with great *naïveté*. In fact, there are persons who prefer coloured linen, because it is less liable to become dirty, or at least to appear so.

The universal peculation in all government offices, military and civil, is exposed as usual, and illustrated by many additional examples. We shall quote one: "The Emperor, during one of his visits to Berlin, showed Prince Augustus a snuff-box, which his Majesty intended for M. Krüger, and which the Prince greatly admired. After it had been given to the artist, His Royal Highness expressed a wish to see it again, and great was his surprise on finding a very ordinary snuff-box in place of the one which had been shown him. He spoke of it to the Emperor, who, perceiving that he had been robbed, replied, that he should have too much to do if he attempted to eradicate this vice."

Art and literature alone lift up their heads to somewhat like an equality of respect, with what they are held in this country. "In Russia," says M. Golovine, "the term 'learned man' is equivalent to an odd man, a poor devil, a sort of labourer; a professor is on a par with domestics; a literary man, one who has mistaken his vocation."

It appears that the German party is so powerful in Russia, that the functionaries of that nation, who surround the government, are, with respect to the Russians, in the inverse ratio of fifty to three. They fill all the great dignities of the empire. The author attributes this to their devotion to the throne, and their habits of perseverance; he claims superiority of intellect to the Russian, but does not prove his position.

Of the capital, M. Golovine says, "Petersburg cannot remain the capital of Russia; it is an advanced camp, the founder of which never intended to make it a permanent residence. Constantinople or Calcutta, these are the natural capitals of empire." This is absurd, the Russian despots would not have reigned at the first, ere the empire would crumble to pieces; and as to the second, the author himself exposes what a chimera is its occupation by the armies which have never been able to reduce the Circassians. But the author knows nothing about Oriental politics, when he gives Egypt to France and Constantinople to Nicholas.

The instances of tyranny, peculation, and injustice on the part of the Russian police, constitute always the most amusing portions of works written in illustration of that unfortunate country, only just emerging from barbarism. Some of these, as narrated by M. Golovine, are old acquaintances, as the case of Count Benkendorf having 1000 roubles restored to him, on his complaint, by the police, which it afterwards

turned out he had never lost. But there are a multitude of new and amusing instances. We give one for its brevity: "Prince M——, gave notice to the police that he had been robbed of his cloak. Some days afterwards an officer came to inform him that all his endeavours to find his cloak had been fruitless. The prince went out with him into the ante-chamber, and actually saw the man put on his own cloak!"

M. Golovine denies to Nicholas that strength of character which, with all his faults, has been generally acceded to him. He says that, on the day of his accession, and the insurrection of which all have heard, that he was with difficulty persuaded to show himself, and that before leaving the palace he prayed with fervour. In the square itself he was pale and trembling. This boasted strength of character he in fact refers to obstinacy and cruelty, and not courage. This is evidently an invidious view of the emperor's character, but his late progresses, his anxiety on the score of food, his care in regard to his appurtenances, his unwillingness to sleep on a bedstead, his purposely riding in a carriage different from that which would appear to be intended for him, his sending off on his departure various carriages in different directions in order that the route taken by himself may not be known, and his sudden appearances and disappearances would certainly seem to corroborate this unfavourable view of the despot's character.

Count Nesselrode is, it appears, an Englishman, and belongs to the parish of Stepney, for he was born of German parents, on board an English ship, and baptised according to the rites of the Church of England. Agriculture is stated to be in a condition of alarming backwardness. Dearths occur periodically, and each time bring the country to the brink of ruin. This from a Russian, does not uphold the fears entertained by some Englishmen of an inundation of the staff of life from these primitive lands. It appears that the Russians have scarcely even settled their language yet, their authors being divided into two parties, one of whom prefer *sei* for *this*, the other *eto*. Several Greek letters have, however, been excluded by imperial ordinances. Imperial wisdom will, no doubt, gradually introduce a language of less doubtful harmony and less equivocal richness than the present Russian; but this can only be done by fusing into it more Slavonian roots, but to this our author, and most Russians, except their most eminent poets, appear to have an objection. We observe, also, in our author himself, irregularities of orthography, as sometimes Kaissacks, at others Cossacks; and sometimes Tcherkesses, at others Circassians. The war in the Caucasus is spoken of in detail, and in very sensible language, in fact, excepting a strong hostility against one who has brought power to bear against an untried man; the great characteristics of this work are sound common sense, and great absence of national prejudice, the presence of one and the absence of the other being much to the advantage of the work, and most creditable to the author. The closing reflections upon the war in the Caucasus, attest how often human foresight is baffled in anticipating the results of wars carried on for no other purpose than mere conquest. It appears as if Providence opposed such unnatural aggressions, and that out of the very circumstances of the case there emanated an Akbar Khân, an Abd-al-Khadr, or a Schamyl.

SPANISH BALLADS RELATING TO KING ALFONSO THE WISE.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN OXENFORD.

Alfonso X., of Castile, son of Saint Ferdinand (renowned for his victories over the Moors, and especially for the conquest of Seville) is especially prominent in the history of Spanish literature. For his knowledge of history, philosophy, and astrology, he is greatly celebrated; he had a part in the formation of the code of laws called *Las siete partidas*, and a poem on the "philosopher's stone" attributed to him is still extant. His wisdom as a ruler is less established than his learning, and hence his title, "Salibo," should perhaps be translated "learned" rather than "wise," though Mariana hints that the name may have been given him by the malice of his enemies, probably by way of irony.

His days were embittered by the rebellion of his second son, Don Sancho, and the Spanish nobles, who eventually succeeded in dispossessing him of nearly the whole of his kingdom with the exception of Seville. One of the chief causes of the disaffection seems to have been the debasement of the national coin. In the place of a coin of a good standard, called the *pepion*, he substituted another called the *burgales* (from Burgos, where it was made) in which the gold was alloyed with baser metals. Another description of money, called *black*, from the quantity of base metal it contained, was a further innovation.

In the second ballad we find, besides the debasement of the coin, that the freedom of Portugal from vassalage, and the gift of the sum of money to the eastern empress, are enumerated among the pretexts for revolt. Alfonso III., King of Portugal, had repudiated his wife, Mathilde, Countess of Boulogne, and had contracted marriage with Beatrice, a natural daughter of Alfonso X. By this union he released himself from an annual tribute which had long been paid by Portugal to Castile. The "Empress of Constantinople," who appears so prominently in the first ballad, is Maria, wife of the Latin emperor, Baldwin II., who, according to some accounts, when driven out of Greece by Michael Palæologus, was taken prisoner by the Sultan of Egypt, and ransomed precisely in the manner described. The story is told by Mariana, who does not, however, give it implicit credence. It is curious enough that in the ballad the generosity of Alfonso to the empress is made one of the causes of his being chosen Emperor of Germany. The election referred to took place during the period of anarchy that followed the fall of the house of Hohenstauffen, and preceded the rise of the house of Hapsburg. Alfonso had only the name of emperor, and his title to the house was disputed by Richard, Duke of Cornwall.

In the strait to which Alfonso was reduced by the rebellion of his subjects he pledged his crown to the King of Morocco, Abu Yusef (in the second ballad called Abenyuca), who not only advanced him money, but went over to Spain on purpose to assist him. He landed at Algecira, and the place where the two kings met, as described in the second ballad, was Zahara, in Granada. Matters were, however, not brought to so settled a state, as the end of this ballad would lead one to suppose. King Alfonso died in Seville, in the year 1284, not forgiving every body, as the third ballad says, but retaining his hatred for Don Sancho, as he

showed by his will. He bequeathed his kingdom to his grandsons, children of his eldest son, Ferdinand de la Cerda, providing that in case of their death without issue, the King of France should succeed.

The above imperfect sketch of Alfonso's reign will probably be more than enough for the comprehension of the following ballads. J. O.

I.

DON ALFONSO AND THE EMPRESS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

De la gran Constantinopla, &c.

1.

GREAT Constantinople's empress
Has departed from her home,
And to see good King Alfonso,
Now to Burgos she has come,—

2.

King Alfonso, whose brave father,
Was the hero of Castile,
For he took Andalusia,
With the city of Seville.

3.

Thirty dames are with the empress,
All in sable garments dight;
King Alfonso goes to meet her,
In his train is many a knight.

4.

Every tribute of high honour
Which her rank may claim he gives;
And he takes her to the palace,
Where the queen, his consort lives.

5.

The arrival of the empress,
The Castilian queen delights,
And she bids them spread the tables,
And her royal guest invites.

6.

"Nay, I eat not," said the empress,
"Where a festal board is spread."
Then the queen inquired the reason,
And the empress to her said:

7.

"Thou art living, queen, in honour,
But no honour now is mine:
I am mourning for my husband,
Thou art living still with thine.

8.

"Yes, thy husband has his freedom,
In a dungeon mine is cast;
He is absent from his country,
For the Soldan holds him fast.

9.

"Fifty quintals weigh'd in silver,
For his liberty he claims,
And the pope a third will give me
Of the ransom which he names.

10.

"And the King of France has granted
To my pray'rs another third;
Now they tell me of thy husband,
Of his goodness I have heard.

11.

"So I come to crave his succour,
Sure so good a king as he,
From the anguish which he suffers,
Will my wretched husband free,—

12.

"From the pris'n, where, as I told you,
He is now condemn'd to sigh;
And I may not eat at table
Till I know the king's reply."

13.

Then the queen to good Alfonso
Made the lady's wishes known,
And he vow'd that he would aid her
By his faith and royal crown.

14.

And he bade her without scruple,
At the table take a seat;
By the queen then sat the empress,
And her happiness was great.

15.

Now the good king, Don Alfonso,
When some twenty days had fled,
Gave the whole amount of silver,
To the empress, as he said.

16.

All the money France had lent her,
And the pope, she might repay,
And redeem her captive husband
From the dungeon where he lay.

17.

When the emperor left his prison,
All this kindness he made known,
And the goodness of Alfonso,
Was to ev'ry nation shown.

18.

So the German people chose him
To succeed their king, who died;
For he well deserv'd the honour,
And a greater boon beside.

II.

KING ALFONSO, ON THE REBELLION OF HIS SON DON SANCHO, OBTAINS THE ASSISTANCE OF ABENYUCA, KING OF MOROCCO.

Aguese Infante Don Sancho, &c.

1.
'Twas a most unworthy action,
That Don Sancho dar'd to rise,
As a rebel to his father,
Don Alfonso, called "The Wise."

2.
All the royal dues he seizes,
Towns and cities too he takes,
And he says, "My sire is lavish,
And a spurious money makes.

3.
"And that king, his daughter's husband,
He from lawful homage frees;
Which Castile may claim in justice
From the vassal Portuguese.

4.
"And a heavy sum of silver
To a queen he chose to pay,
That she might release her husband
From the prison where he lay."

5.
Very poor was King Alfonso,
And his spirits were cast down:
In the utmost desperation,
He despatch'd his royal crown—

6.
To the Moor, King Abenyuca,
On this pawn a loan to crave;
And the Moor, to good Alfonso,
Sixty thousand *doblas* gave.

7.
Now one day King Abenyuca
To his knights assembled, said,
While the crown of Don Alfonso
In their presence he displayed:

8.
"I will go, I am determined,
To Alfonso of Castile;
I desire much to assist him,
For his son is acting ill,
And has taken all his kingdom,
But the city of Seville."

9.
"Thy discourse is full of wisdom,"
Thus the Moorish knights replied;
"Thou may'st injure thus the Christians,
And wilt serve thy friend beside."

10.
To the good king, Don Alfonso,
He sent offers of his aid,
With his men and with his person,
He would help his cause, he said.
The Castilian monarch thank'd him
For the promises he made.

11.
O'er the sea goes Abenyuca,
Many ships at his command,
And he sails to Algecira,
And alights upon the strand.
The Castilian king delighted,
Then receives him in his hand.

12.
Soon a friendly strife arises,
As to where they both should sit;
For the Moor, King Abenyuca,
Thinks the homage were but meet,
If, in rev'rence to Alfonso,
He were seated at his feet.

13.
This Alfonso would not suffer,
But he said that side by side
They, as equals, should be seated,
When the Moorish king replied:

14.
"Nay, indeed, good King Alfonso,
Sorry courtesy 'twould be
If I trespass'd on thine honours,
Sitting on thy throne with thee.

15.
"From a race of kingly fathers
Has thy sov'reignty come down,
While to me, it is but lately,
God has given the royal crown."

16.
"Not to all," said Alfonso.
"God a royal crown will give
Only those who well deserve it,
Like thyself, the boon receive."
When they both had prov'd their friendship,
Abenyuca took his leave.

17.
And he fought in many battles,
Many vict'ries did he gain,
And recover'd from Don Sancho,
Many a town and fair domain.

18.
And he made them all acknowledge
Don Alfonso as before.
Thus the king regain'd his kingdom,
Through the friendship of the Moor.

III.

THE DEATH OF KING ALFONSO.

Opreso, está el rey Alfonso, &c.

1.

Bow'd with grief was King Alfonso,
And his very soul was pain'd;
For his son, the Prince Don Sancho,
Who the name of "Brave" obtain'd,
With the provinces had risen,
And the greater part had gain'd,

2.

And another rumour reach'd him,
Which was worse than all the rest,
That Don Sancho dead was lying,
Yet his anguish he suppress'd.

3.

Though he felt his heart was broken,
He would tell his grief to none,
But, with sorrow in his features,
He retir'd to mourn alone.

4.

And began to weep with anguish,
And his snowy beard to tear,
"Thou unhappy king," thus spake he
With the loudness of despair.

5.

"Thou hast lost thy son, Don Sancho,
Thou hast lost thine only joy,
He depriv'd thee of thy kingdom,
Yet thy mirror was that boy.

6.

"'Twas by evil counsel only,
That he rose against thy throne;
For the nobles of the kingdom
Bade him act as he has done;
Though he err'd, 'twas not from malice,
But from thoughtless youth alone.

7.

"Spain, oh Spain, thy loss is heavy—
What a prince is from thee torn!
For a noble of such honour,
Thou hast surely right to mourn.

8.

"He is dead! Though good his fathers,
He was better than them all.
Of the great he was the terror,
The belov'd of the small;
Cruel death, what sad misfortune
On a king thou biddest fall!"

9.

There were some who overheard him;
One was bolder than the rest,
With the King he was familiar,
And he thus his thoughts express'd:

10.

"Nay, my lord, 'twill harm thee surely,
For thy son such grief to show,
And the men, who now obey thee,
Will be anger'd if they know—

11.

"Why so bitterly thou weepest;
Thou wilt be no more obey'd;
Thou will lose all thine adherents,
Not a man thy cause will aid."

12.

Then the king said, falsely smiling,
In his heart his rage he kept,
"Nay, it was not for Don Sancho,
My belov'd son, I wept.

13.

"But I feel—now I have lost him,
I shall ne'er my lands regain,
For the rebels, out of terror,
All my castles will retain.
He was one, and they are many,
I have lost my fair domain."

14.

Thus the grief his son had caus'd him,
King Alfonso could conceal,
When Don Sancho had recover'd,
Oh, what pleasure did he feel!
But he felt a mortal sickness,
In the city of Seville.

15.

When he knew his end approaching,
He refused his grace to none;
There were many who had wrong'd him,
But he pardon'd ev'ry one.

16.

He partook—a pious Christian—
Of the body of the Lord.
From this life he then departed,
And his death was much deplor'd.

17.

Near his father, Saint Fernando,
He was buried, in the town,
Which the royal saint had taken,
Like a warrior of renown.

THE OPERA, WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE GOLD CURTAINS.

Trust not to the words of vain rumour, close your ears to the voice of empty prediction, as Ulysses rendered his auricular organs impervious to the song of the Syrens. You will, perchance, hear that the curtains that decorate the opera boxes are going to be dyed—but expect nothing of the kind. Even as gold—actual gold—the gold whereof, say our spelling books, "guineas and half-guineas are made,"—asserts its superiority over all other metals; so shall the seeming gold of the curtains, proudly triumph over every rebellious hue that would interfere with its dominion. *Red*, deeply blushing at its own presumption, shall slink from the field; *green*, though it surveys the gold with jealous eyes, shall avoid the contest, *white* shall remain pallid in the back ground; *blue*, looking itself—that is looking *blue*—shall not attempt to dispute the supremacy. *Black* of course would never think of raising a question about the matter; and as for all the hybrid shades that arise from the intermarriage of the rebellious colours, they shall retire with their respective parents.

For, indeed, *why* should the gold curtains be displaced? To gold, as we have hinted, belongs the supremacy of natural right. If you want an impartial judge, catch an alchemist (poor Kellermann is dead) and ask him. Pindar sang:

Ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ, ὁ δε χρυσὸς ἀιθόμενον πῦρ
ἅτε διαπρέπει νυκτὶ μελάνορος ἔξοχα πλόυτου.

Whereby he signified that (soda) water was an excellent thing in the height of the opera season—particularly if the day had been preceded by a champagne supper—and that an opera box with gold curtains, was as conspicuous among other indications of a large income, as the opera chandelier when it is lighted up at night. The house, newly decorated, is the most splendid theatre in the world, and, therefore, is consistently adorned with the most lordly colour in the world—a colour, which at the same time delicately symbolises the ready cash, that has been expended in the improvement.

But, say some, will not the gold curtains counteract the effect which the ladies ought to produce, by the joint efforts of their loveliness and their dress-makers? We are not sure that we ought to condescend to answer this objection, seeing that we set forth in our very last number that the gold curtains were to be considered as so many frames, enclosing a number of beautiful pictures. Nevertheless, we will not content ourselves with a reference to the April *New Monthly*, but will bring forward a new strong authority, no other than the goddess Aurora herself. Homer tells us:

Ἠὼς—κροκόπεπλος ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' α ἶα,

that Eos (Aurora) clad in saffron-colored peplus was diffused on all the earth, and do our readers suppose that the said Aurora, at whose bidding all flowers resume their hue, who is the first to make the earth wear a variegated garment, was such a wretched judge of colours, that she picked out the most unbecoming of them all? Did she wish to look

especially faded in the eyes of that Tithonus, whom she had begged Zeus to immortalise?—No!—If she had, Tithonus, in his cricket-form would not now be singing to her praises on the winter's hearth. As for any objection that saffron-colour may not be precisely the same as *bouton d'or*, we dismiss it as hair-splitting and frivolous.

Again, when the troop of satyrs were all made slaves to Polyphemus, and mourned after their lawful sovereign, Bacchus, the very first peculiarity in that beloved deity that occurred to their minds was his "yellow hair." Thus, according to Euripides, did they sing:

> Ὦ φίλος, ὦ φίλε Βακχεῖε,
> πο͂ι οἰοπολεῖς,
> ξανθὰν χαίταν σείων;

Which is admirably rendered by Shelley,

> Bacchus, oh beloved, where
> Shaking wide thy yellow hair,
> Wand'rest thou alone, afar?

Now Bacchus, as we all know, was the early conqueror of India, a kind of foreshadowing of the East India Company; and do we suppose that in the very land of dyes, where blue and black divinities are in fashion, and where the people think it marvellous proper to stain their hands and feet with *henna*, he would have allowed his hair to retain its pristine yellowness, had he not been convinced that no other hue was so becoming to his complexion? Therefore, oh! inhabitants of the boxes, cease to dread the effect of the *bouton d'or* curtains. Let Guido's picture over the stage remind you of Aurora, and Lucile Grahn's *pas de Bacchante*, (if she dances it,) remind you of Bacchus—to say nothing of authorities in the shape of amber-coloured boudoirs, &c.

Supposing the case, that to certain dull habiliments, the curtains are unfavourable—is it necessary that the sombre attire should remain in fashion for an entire season? Berlin guardsmen had portraits of Fanny Elssler painted on their pipes, French ladies of the revolutionary period wore *chapeaux à la guillotine*, a certain sort of fans, used in the days of Mazurier, the famous jocko, recorded his triumphs by exhibiting the various colours of the ape. What has *not* set a fashion? And now, it would surely be worth while, for dress-makers to set their heads together, and excogitate colours that may stand in relief against the gold curtains. There is an old proverb about Mahomet going to the mountain, when the mountain would not come to Mahomet.

Turn we to the physical world. Whence did experimentalists derive their first knowledge of the electric fluid? Why, they found that amber when warm, had a power of attracting light substances. This was the first revelation; and from the Greek word ἤλεκτρον, is the word "electricity" derived. Here is a whole department of science founded on the attractive powers of amber. And shall the amber curtains that so vividly represent the hue of the mineral, prove repulsive to the hearts of the *habitué*—which being hearts free from care, are light substances *par excellence*. After a while, to be sure, the bits of feather, &c., being fully electrified, were found to start back from the amber. But these curtains are new, friends, these curtains are new, and the period of satiety cannot yet have approached. At present, therefore, they must attract, or a physical absurdity will be symbolised.

Moreover what colour could be substituted? An ancient metaphysician proved that any thing that is not something, must be something else, and hence the curtains if they be not gold colour, must be of some colour which is not like gold. Hang up your boxes with red, and make the whole interior of the opera-house look like Judge Jeffreys' court during the "Red Assize," and nothing will be more heavy. Blue will be cold and cheerless. Green will be as unpleasant to the eyes, as its superabundance in the pictures of an unskilful landscape painter. Run over the list of colours, and you will find you must return to the theory of the paintings in the gilt frames, and allow the *bouton d'or* to maintain its place.

Therefore to go back to the point whence we started, heed no rumours about chromatic transformations, but resist them as an obstinate player on the horn proverbially resists the conductor of an orchestra. The *bouton d'or* is firmly fixed, and neither Atlas who carried the world on his shoulders, nor the monkey Hanuman who carried a rock on the tip of his tail can remove it from its place.

Easter has passed, and there is every indication of the season having fairly set in. The fair Castellan was, as it were, the harbinger, as she came out shortly before Passion Week. Her voice is as sweet as ever, and in style, in neatness of execution, and in the finish of her *fioriture*, she has greatly improved. Then as an actress she has moved forward wonderfully. We write under the immediate impression of her *Sonnambula*, and her very delicate and natural representation of the character is flitting before us yet. There is a charm in the manner of this lady, which does not startle and take by storm, but which grows upon you more and more. Her version of a character will bear investigating, you may watch her countenance, her by-play, and you will find "all right."

Now the great "stars" crowd upon the boards. Grisi returns with her voice in admirable condition, and again delights the town as *Elvira*. Mario sings *Il mio tesoro* to perfection, coming free from the huskiness which sometimes has adhered to him, like Sinbad's old man of the sea. Lablache brings the hugeness of his voice and the hugeness of his figure, and people scarcely know which delights them the most. Now, too, the "Long Thursdays" begin to exhibit their wondrous extent, the number of hours being symbolised by the height of bill at the doors.

"Puritani," "Giovanni," "Sonnambula," "Barbiere," are pressing upon each other's heels, and *habitués* see from their stalls the spectacles which they have witnessed scores of times before, and which please them as much as ever. Leaving our readers to be carried along by the stream, we take leave of them for the present.

No!—Stop one single instant, while we cry after you just as some luckless wight who has missed the train, bawls in senseless despair after the vanishing engine,—for does not the "season," with its operas, its balls, its etceteras, convey you along just as though it were a vehicle? One fact more? the Queen *has* been to the opera—nay, she has been *twice*.

LITERATURE.

EMILIA WYNDHAM.*

Emilia Wyndham, a paragon of goodness and beauty, loves, and is beloved by Colonel Lennox, one of those supercilious specimens of modern chivalry who profess not to know a wood anemone, despise a garden terrace because it has not an esplanade a thousand feet high breasting the ocean, and looks upon all men of business as a class to be avoided. The character of Emilia's father will be best described by an extract.

"I was promised some grouse for supper to-night, and here is only an odious roast fowl."

"Why, I am very sorry you should be disappointed, Mr. Wyndham," was the reply, "but when the man asked half-a-guinea a brace for them, I really felt inclined to be shabby, and send him away without his reckoning."

"Every thing one particularly likes is always half-a-guinea a brace with women," and then turning round, "What have you there before you, ma'am?"

"Sweetbreads."

"Humph! Emilia, is that an apricot tart?"

"No, papa—cherry, I think."

"Are apricots, too, madam, half-a-guinea a half-dozen; because I rather expressed a wish for some, I think, yesterday?"

This exhibition of domestic fretfulness and tyranny occurs in the presence of Colonel Lennox and of Mr. Danby, a London solicitor, who has arrived at the Oaks, to avert a catastrophe which Mr. Wyndham's thoughtless, dissatisfied nature, and his habitual extravagance, pandered to by a rascally attorney, is rapidly bringing about. Mr. Danby is described as a thin, spare man, whose clothes rather hung upon than dressed him, and with hair either rusted or grizzled, yet a man of superior abilities and deep feelings—feelings which Emilia first called forth from their hidden depths to infuse a new and life-breathing warmth into that heart, which before, was as dry as the parchment upon which he endorsed his conveyances.

Emilia has a bosom friend, Lisa Hesketh, daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Maria. She is *petite*, exquisitely beautiful, and undisciplined, "the most beautiful heap of elegant and soft-looking things, and the sweetest little face among them all, that could well be imagined." An extract from one of Lisa Hesketh's characteristic letters to Emilia will convey the best idea of her disposition. It is written on the occasion of her father's appointment as ambassador to the Court of St. Petersburg.

"Oh, I'll make mischief among them all at St. Petersburg—see if I don't—and I'll marry some grand Russian prince—Prince Ruffamuffapuffaslowsky. Don't you see the princess coming walking up to you in a grand London party—you'll only be poor little Mrs. Colonel Len. . . —don't beat me—hanging on your husband's arm, with, may be, a paltry bit of a red ribbon just peeping at his button-hole, and a paltry Sir as a handle to his name; and I shall come up to you with my grandee—

* Emilia Wyndham. By the Author of "Two Old Men's Tales." "Mount Sorel," &c. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

all sorts of sheep-skins, and two-necked eagles, and dragons, and Georges and Michaels, and monsters, adorning his breast, and covered from head to foot with stars and garters; and you'll look so humble and so afraid, and I shall be so sweetly condescending."

It will scarcely be anticipated after these juvenile confidences, that Lisa Hesketh weds Colonel Lennox, and the good and beautiful Emilia is married to the man of red tapes and rusty black suit. Yet such events are quickly brought about by the ruin and sickness of Mr. Wyndham, the death of his lady, and the selfishness and harshness of an uncle. Colonel Lennox has joined his regiment without explaining himself—it was too much trouble to do so—and to procure a shelter for her father, sunk under misfortune to a fretful drivelling lunatic, and a home for herself, Emilia at length accepts that offered to her in Chancery-lane! while Lennox, on his return from the Peninsula, disgusted with what he considers to be her want of faith, marries the pretty, but thoughtless, Lisa.

Unlike most novels of which matrimony is the climax, in the present instance, it is only the stepping-stone to the mature development of the characters we have so slightly sketched. The friends, although moving in such different spheres of life, continue faithful to one another; while, as might be expected, the ill-assorted unions they have made, are productive at first of any thing but happiness. Lisa's want of character and principle, conduct her to the very verge of guilt, but Emilia, resolved to save her, toils in her career of love and goodness with unequalled nobleness and depth of purpose. An Iago of a mother unfortunately rouses distrust and jealousy during these proceedings in Mr. Danby's bosom, and his life is a life of doubt and misery, till one great catastrophe averted in time—an elopement prevented by Emilia—places all parties in their proper light, and restores husbands and wives to love and duty.

It is difficult to imagine any thing better told or more carefully and skilfully wrought out, than this wedded relationship of Mr. Danby and Emilia Wyndham; and we are fully prepared to agree with the author, that it was much better that these pairs once united, should have remained united, and have learned to love one another, than that they should have changed partners, and found mutual failings, and mutual discontent, and fresh reason for changing again in every new form of married life they might have tried!

Lisa Hesketh and Emilia Wyndham, are characters modelled by no extraordinary coincidence upon the same plan as Eveleen and her better principled sister in "The Confessions of a Pretty Woman." Lisa's mother is like Eveleen's mother—"a dressy, vain, coquette, violent-tempered mother," whom she could neither love nor respect; but the development of the characters is managed with superior skill, told with infinitely more power, and wrought out without a blemish in the important points of taste and feeling. There is actually nothing to mar an admirable picture of manners, and a very striking story of every-day fashionable life. There is no aristocratic slang, no violation of decency, no forced hot-bed sentimentality. Every thing is natural and well told. There are passages that speak worlds as to the sex of the author, as "man is born, bred, reared, dyed, double dyed in jealousy—it is the universal passion." And again, "if husbands now and then received a lesson in their turn, and learned

to correct themselves as well as their wives." And still more so in a sentence, the only one we should perhaps have wished to have seen omitted—"There is something in woman that seems born for the knapsack." That "every virtue has its attendant vice," is, as thus placed, a sophism. Every sentiment may be in excess or in deficiency. Hence it is that extravagance may accompany generosity, or covetousness, economy. It is the abuse not the use, that is vicious, and hence the practice of virtues without their attendant vices, is not only as the author puts it, rare, excellent, and beautiful, but it is essential to the healthy performance of the moral and intellectual functions, and is the standard of perfection in the natural constitution of man.

Here is an observation highly creditable to a female pen.

"A passion for nature—a deep, imaginative passion for her wild scenes and solitary beauty—very often lies hidden under the rough coat of the fisherman, the velveteen shooting-jacket, and even under the scarlet coat . . . though the scarlet coat has more of the show and vanity of life in it, and is often, though not always, the covering for that vulgar and most unpoetic feeling, the love of fashion—the same may be said of the battue." * * * "In such employments, wholesome, healthy tastes, and many sound and manly virtues are exercised. Nature—wild, beautiful, romantic Nature—never speaks to the human heart altogether in vain."

There is a world of charity in these observations which are worthy of the author of "The Natural History of Enthusiasm," and we see the same correct feeling slily coming to the surface in two other sentences. "People who live in such little, dark, ugly rooms, have not even a right to esteem themselves happy. Happiness is the right as well as the attribute, only of those who are clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day." But we must quit this delightful novel; leaving it to its own merits to recommend it to a host of admirers. Every lady should read it.

THE BIBLE, THE KORAN, AND THE TALMUD.*

We gladly call attention to a work which is adapted to smooth down religious prejudices, and even to throw some light upon Biblical history. It is impossible for us to enter into the great controversy as to how far, or how much, the Arabian prophet altered the religious history of the Jews and Christians in his first great intention of establishing the doctrine of the *unity* of God. One thing is certain, that he only learned late in life to read and write, and that all his information was legendarily derived from Jews and Christians; hence, if that religious history came corrupt to him, so it may also have been sometimes obscured in the Jewish and Christian writings.

We would take for an example the legend of Abraham's auto-da-fé, so universal among Oriental Jews and Muhammadans, as a story that must have been intentionally omitted from the Mosaic history. Many others might be pointed out. The reader also, on comparing the Biblical,

* The Bible, the Koran, and the Talmud; or, Biblical Legends of the Mussulmans. Compiled from Arabic sources, and compared with Jewish traditions. By Dr. G. Weil. Longman and Co.

Talmudic, and Moslem legends, will be struck with many points in which the latter enjoy a kind of moral superiority. Thus, with the Moslems, Abraham's paternal love and solicitude is especially shown towards Ismael, treated by the Jews as a discarded child. Abraham tells the falsehood concerning Sarah, but the king discovers it at once, and Joseph marries Zuleicha, the wife and then the widow of Potiphar. Opposed to this generally more natural course of events, there is, on the other hand, frequently more extravagance in the marvellous incidents of Biblical tradition, more especially in what refers to Moses and to Solomon. These are topics, however, which would carry us away into a wide field of suggestive thought. We can only at present express our gratification at perceiving that the means of comparing a few of these old legends, which have had such influence on the destinies of mankind, are placed within the reach of all.

WRIGHT'S POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.*

Next to those great events of which history is chiefly composed—the strife of religious, military, and political ambitions—the applied uses, rather than the recorded development, of the elements of prosperity and power and of prostration and decay, among kings, republics, and people; that which is most acceptable to individual intelligence is the history of the mind of past times, as it is alone intimately revealed to us in popular stories and superstitions. Not only is the spirit and manners of the age most apparent in these emanations of the universal mind of the epoch, as opposed to the partial literature of the master-minds, who have at all times marched in advance of the era in which they lived; but also the springs of social movements and the excellences or faults of then-existing systems come out in the most strikingly picturesque light, and enable the antiquarian to trace them, as since grafted, in so many strange and often undreamt-of ramifications.

No person in this country, is so well qualified as Mr. Thomas Wright, to enter upon a like field of investigation. He has long given himself up to the most interesting and ennobling branch of antiquarian pursuit—the archæology of mind and literature. The language, as well as the spirit, of the Anglo-Saxon writers, are as familiar to him as the Norman-French and Anglo-Norman, or early English, and the rhyming chronicles are as zealously propounded by him as the earliest metrical romances.

We feel regret in not being able to follow out some of these curious and suggestive theories. How the fierce Pagan superstitions, revealed to us in the history of a Beowulf, became with the progress of Christianity, the angels and devils of monkish credulity, and with the mild influence of civilisation, lighter and more mirthful spirits—the Pucks, Hobgoblins, and Robin Goodfellows of the peasantry, how, amid such small fry of a popular mythology, Hereward the Saxon, Eustace the Monk, Fulke Fitz Warine, and Robin Hood, are brought out by Mr. Wright—the first originally in *Ainsworth's Magazine*—in de-

* Essays on Subjects connected with the Literature, Popular Superstitions, and History of England in the Middle Ages. By Thomas Wright, M.A., corresponding member of the Institute of France. 2 vols. John Russell Smith.

served imperial ascendancy. Pity it is that research should be daily supplanting tradition, and converting popular heroes into neither more nor less than popular falsehoods. We grieve over Mr. Wright's disbelief in Robin Hood, as we do over the ghosts of Arthur and his Knights. According to the genuine antiquarian code, no sooner has a hero, or a place, acquired a name, and felt itself warm and settled in its seat, than it behoves a new light to spring up, which, pronouncing its title false and usurped, ousts it most unceremoniously to make room for some other name, doomed shortly, in its turn, to experience the fate of its predecessor.

Seldom has the uncertain tenure of the popular antiquarian title, been more amusingly exhibited than in the instance given by Mr. Wright, of Sam Lover's story of "Little Fairy," which is given as the history of Unibos in Grimm and Schmeller, yet both apparently having an eastern origin, since the same story exists, slightly modified, as that of the "Young Calender," in the *Contes Tartares* of Gueulette.

The dilemma of brevity is somewhat compensated for, by the pleasure we feel in knowing that numbers will read these curious and instructive volumes, with the same degree of amusement and delight that we have experienced. They are evidently but the foreshadowing of the author's subject. To complete a perfect picture of the Middle Ages in the point of view in which he here presents them to us, will require a second, and, perhaps, a third series of similar illustrations. It is one of the most instructive and amusing branches of antiquarian pursuit, and having, by long study and research, fairly appropriated the field to himself, we sincerely wish Mr. Wright success in carrying his researches with equal spirit and success, into all that still remains to be known of the popular mind and superstitions of the Middle Ages, and the influence which such superstitions exercised upon by-gone and existing systems and institutions.

MOHAN LAL'S TRAVELS.*

The work of the Cashmeerian or Kashmirian Mohan Lal, is highly deserving of perusal on several accounts. In the first place it contains a brief but perspicuous (and very carefully edited in point of correct nomenclature), account of the Punjaub, Balk, Bokhara, Sarakhs, Mashad, Hirat, Candahar, Kabul, and Multan; all countries which lie between two progressive civilisations, and which cannot but be gradually influenced by that civilisation. Whether the ameliorated condition of the people themselves or political necessities will put an end to the petty freebooting, enslaving, and murdering independence of these central Asiatic states, lies buried in the womb of time; but no nation, however debased or prostrate, ever came long in contact with more civilised races without some beneficial results flowing from such a circumstance.

A second point of interest in Mohan Lal's work is to be met with in the personal and individual notices which it contains, many of which are of considerable interest. The late Ranjit Singh is extremely well described. After him comes Dost Mohammed Khan, and at Kabul he meets with Dr.

* Travels in the Punjaub, Afghanistan, and Turkistan, to Balk, Bokhara, and Hirat; and a Visit to Great Britain and Germany. By Mohan Lal, Esq. Wm. H. Allen and Co.

Wolff, of whom he tells a strange and almost incredible anecdote. Next we have Mir Murad Bey, from whose clutches the party with difficulty escaped at Khunduz; then the infamous Amir of Bokhara, the Turkoman robbers of Sarakhs, and on their arrival at Mashad the King of Persia, who being engaged in the siege of Kochan, is met with at that city, accompanied by Sir John Macneill and the captains-general Shee and Borowski. Of Shee he says, "I did not doubt the warlike spirit of this gentleman, whom I consider the best rider among all the Europeans I know." He might have added, one of the best rifle shots also. Shee's exploits in Persia are worth being narrated, he was the terror of every mountain bandit from Sarakhs to Shiraz, he had in his brief career stormed castles by dozens, and subjected petty chieftains by hundreds. His seizure of the celebrated Wali Khan and of Baghir Khan is perpetuated in songs which are popular throughout Farsistan. But the only record probably existing of these exploits and adventures, is buried among the dusty archives of the India House.

At Hirat, we have the celebrated Shah Kamran and Shere Mohammed Khan, and the author returned with Mr. Gerard by Candahar to Kabul, and thence to Peshawur, where he saw the Sikh army under Generals Ventura and Avitabile. While the descriptions given of Europeans are more *naïve* than real, those given of Oriental chieftains are decidedly more graphic and true than any we possess from European pens, not even excepting Burnes himself. The local legends and traditions interspersed here and there, are also full of Oriental simplicity and *naïveté*.

A third point of interest lies in the individual himself, who, by descent a Cashmeerian but in reality a native of Delhi, was educated in the English class attached to the Persian college in the city of the Moguls—a class from which, Mr. C. E. Trevelyan justly remarks, the greatest results may be expected, in the effect that it may have of determining the choice of the people of India and those of the Trans-Indus countries between the Asiatic and European systems of instruction.

Cast from early life among the motley host of followers of Mohammed, Ali, Brahma, Govind Singh, the Guru, or spiritual guide of the Sikhs, Nanak Baba, the guide of the Akhalis and Nihangs, and numerous other Imams, Pirs, prophets, and holy men, in such variety and profusion as is only to be met with in the East, it is not surprising that Mohan Lal should have fallen back from such a multiplication of subsidiary faiths to an ostensible Deism. "Mr. Wolff," he says, "was very kind to me, especially when I told him that my religion consisted in the worship of one sole Supreme Being;" but the pliability of this belief with an Eastern is a somewhat curious psychological phenomenon, not unfamiliar to Oriental travellers. At Mashad he bathed in the bath which only Mohammedans are allowed to enter. At Shujabad he propitiated the Sikh soldiery by repeating the shibboleth of their faith, nor is he more particular in uttering that of Mohammedans or Shiahs. Questioned by Abbas Mirza as to whether he was a Sunni or Shiah (follower of Mohammed or Ali), he answered that he was the friend of Panjtan or of the five holy men! the Persian doctrine! while to Dr. Wolff, who asked him to become a Christian, he merely says his answer was very much liked. And at Edinburgh he attended, in company with Dr. Macwhirther, a sermon by Dr. Muir, which, he avouches, was productive of everlasting happiness.

This facile and Oriental spirit of concession of faith contrasts very much with the claims made to a remarkable degree of political integrity. For example, his having told Abbas Mirza that Ranjit Singh could drive him out of his territories, or to his reported conversations with the king at Herat. But these things are not half so amusing as his answer to a query of Sir John Macneill's, as to his preferring travel to staying at home. "The human breast," answered Mohan Lal, "which is touched by sensibility, ardently embraces the good company of travellers, and shuns domestic society." "This answer," says Mohan Lal, "was pleasing to him!" We cannot help, in reference to past transactions, noticing the Mirza's opinion, however insignificant, that four Russian regiments might easily subdue the whole of Bokhara.

MR. JAMES'S "STEPMOTHER."*

MR. JAMES has made a preliminary apology for having, in this last of his numerous novels, descended into ordinary and even vulgar life, as well as for having been obliged to blend the comic with the tragic in the portraiture of that life, and further, for having freely made use of those small peculiarities of dialect and character which are most characteristic of persons living under such circumstances; but he, at the same time, carefully notes that the light tone of the work, must not mislead the reader from the higher objects which he had in view, and the moral end which he proposed to accomplish.

It is sufficient, however, now-a-days, for any writer who is not of a particular clique, to venture into the field of ordinary or low life, and to depict the vicious as well as the good, in order to be immediately assailed as a "Jack Sheppardite." This has become, with certain critics, a theme as unchangeable as are their own illogical and perverse conclusions. The language used upon such occasions is in itself a curiosity. It is generally exclamatory—a kind of awkward hop and jump style, like the graceful attempts to run made by a donkey with its legs tied. "How long are the public to feed on garbage like this? How long *are* (thus writes the correct *Athenæum*) the growing thirst for what is knowledge and taste for what is beautiful to have no better representative than such works in a favourite branch of our literature? How long are we to appear before the stranger by such literary ambassadors as these? * * * Is the literary conscience extinct amongst our novel writers? Have they deposed art?" These abrupt sentences are made to alternate occasionally with a whole series of *non sequiturs*——"On the present occasion, Mr. James has descended into the vicious school of Jack Sheppard."—Lucky Jack he ought to be called, from his wondrous utility to the halting critic—"And nowhere have its immoralities seemed grosser than in his page—from the coarseness, yet feebleness, of the drawing." Coarse drawing may be bad, but can scarcely be feeble! Again, "Never did slang sound so vulgar as in these volumes, because so impressive and uncharacteristic." If the peculiarities of dialect of the vulgar, or the *slang*, as the refined critic terms it, is *impressive*, he (the critic) must have eyes as long as his ears to have discovered that it could, at the same time, be *uncharacteristic*. And, lastly, "Never has the face of ruffianism looked so dirty, because never so pale." As if pal-

* The Stepmother. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

lidity were in any degree concomitant upon, or necessarily associated with dirt, except in the eyes of some rubicund and apoplectic critic.

Such a jumble of nonsense—the stringing together of words without meaning, and sentences without logic—is common as rank grass in fields fertilised only by censures, condemnations, and motes. The elimination of the Beautiful is far too troublesome and unproductive. Detraction is the marketable ware, and a livelihood is most easily earned by creating divisions, irritating contentions, and jarring opinions. Some men cannot endure an intellect superior to their own. How delightful to such persons to see their literary contemporaries debased to their own level, and how easy and profitable it is to pander to so ignoble an appetite! But the lion-ass must roar as well as bray—he must debase his contemporaries for the sake of his readers, but he must, at the same time, place himself on a mole-hill above them all. This is to be accomplished by some gigantic condemnation of all literature *en masse*, which in select terms and decent language is somewhat as follows: "An idle, vulgar, unmeaning literature like ours of to-day, must give place to something higher and nobler." This "higher and nobler" is evidently what the critic alone can achieve—for *our* literature of the day is proclaimed to be, with that exception only, idle, vulgar, and unmeaning!

But enough of this impotent, yet vaunting criticism. The gradual improvement in the tone and manners of society, the complicated relations of life, the growing contrasts between town and country manners, and all the artificial distinctions that crowd in with commerce, wealth, and luxury, which first gave rise to the novels of Le Sage and Defoe, of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, have continued ever since, nor can the walk of genuine humour or variety of character become more limited, but, on the contrary, must be constantly extended. The modifications and various aspects of ordinary life cannot belong to one class of writers more than to another. The authors of "Paul Clifford," of "Jack Sheppard," or of the "Stepmother," have as much right to correct manners, by pictures of vulgar life, as have the authors of "Oliver Twist," "St. Giles and St. James," or the "History of Snobs."

It is often more disagreeable to the writer than to the reader to be employed in delineating unamiable and vicious characters. It is painful to live the time over again with them. It is painful to observe how the faults and failings occasioned by weakness of character and want of moral discipline cloud over the destiny of better spirits. But of what is the moral of real life composed, save of reflections drawn from such pictures, either presented by our own experience or by the experience of others? What would the novel become if nothing but gallant knights and gentle dames, stern moralists, pious old ladies, and maudlin critics were admitted into its pages. Even in the time of the earliest romances the hero had his monster, his tyrant, or his giant to combat, and the monster and the tyrant of existing society is vice in its Protean shapes. The egoistical Howardsons, Lawyer Quatterlies, Miser Scarves, Pecksniffs, down to the greater villains, are all among the social blemishes of the day, and what more legitimate and praiseworthy labour can there be, than the attempt to eradicate such blots upon humanity, and to extirpate them, by exhibiting them in their natural hideousness and deformity? It will be positively necessary, if the most laudable and noble objects of the literature of fiction are thus misrepresented by contemporary criticism, to place that criticism in its true position.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A FRENCH MARCHIONESS.*

This is evidently a translation; and it is one of the most gossiping entertaining books that has been published for many a day. The heroine is the Marchioness de Crequy, a most remarkable woman, distinguished for the superiority of her character, her originality of mind, and the unaffected charm of her manners. She braved the dangers of the Revolution in Paris in an hôtel, the life-rent of which she had purchased from the Marquis de Feuquires. The bargain must have been a favourable one to her, for she attained nearly a hundred years of age before she died. It was of the marchioness that Jean Jacques Rousseau remarked that she was "*le catholicisme en cornette, et la haute noblesse en deshabille.*

The easy confidential manner in which these recollections are told is amusing beyond description; it is impossible not to go on with the gossiping old lady, her pictures of manners, dress, cookery, of all the minutiæ of public, religious, and domestic life, are full of originality, and we know, indeed, of few books of the kind which will more amply repay perusal.

MR. FISHER'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.†

Mrs. Ellis's works have attained so deserved a popularity, and her "Women of England" has been so universally admitted as indispensable to every female's library, that it would be a work of supererogation to do aught beyond noticing the advantages presented by the publication of a neat, cheap, and uniform edition of these meritorious works.

That the same able writer is, however, herself not idle, is shown by the first volume of a new work, called "Temper and Temperament;" the object of which is to illustrate the varieties of human character, and the peculiar requirements of different dispositions, by a series of short detached stories, which are as replete with amusement as instruction, and are further illustrated by numerous engravings.

Fisher's "Gallery of Scripture Engravings," is one of those great undertakings for which the establishment is distinguished. By means of such a combination of art and literature, an acquaintance with the best works of the great masters may be obtained—for art was founded upon religion—and the peculiar interest of these is enhanced by modern and real local landscapes.

BURNS'S FIRESIDE LIBRARY.‡

Underneath are given the titles of some of the works that have lately appeared in Mr. Burns's "Fireside Library:" a collection unrivalled in its choice of entertaining literature, and the cheap, elegant, and accessible form in which it is presented to the public.

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* Recollections of a French Marchioness. 2 vols. T. C. Newby.

† Englishwoman's Family Library, Vol. I. The Women of England, their Social Duties and Domestic Habits. By Mrs. Ellis.

Temper and Temperament; or, Varieties of Character. By Mrs. Ellis.

Fisher's Gallery of Scripture Engravings, Historical and Landscape, with Descriptive Notices, Historical, Geographical, and Critical. By John Kitto, D.D.L. Part I. to V. Fisher, Son, & Co., Angel-street, St. Martin's-le-Grand.

‡ Marco Visconti, from the Italian of Tomasso Grossi.

The Magic Ring, a Knightly Romance, by the late Baron de la Motte Fouqué.

William Tell, from the German of Schiller.

The Maid of Orleans, a Romantic Tragedy, translated from the German of Frederick von Schiller.

DOCTOR KNAPP'S UNIVERSAL HISTORY.*

The success of this valuable little book shows how well it is adapted for the objects intended. It is divided into such short chapters that each forms a lesson of itself, and has the proper questions attached to it. The spirit of the work is excellent, and it can be strongly recommended for family use, as in every respect an admirable introduction to the study of history.

THE QUEEN'S LIEGES.†

The strange historical fact of the simulated coronation and actual homage done to the long dead Inez de Castro, has before this been made the groundwork of poetry and fiction, and the same eventful history is now brought out with a length and minuteness of detail, and a gradual culmination of interest which will no doubt render the Queen's Lieges a favourite among romance readers. The descriptions of scenery are excellent, and apparently faithful, and the characters are generally well sketched. There is an occasional want of animation, and events are slow of succession, but these faults are rather indicative of want of experience than want of power. Young romancers require to clip their poetical pinions closely before they can hope to write successful narrative.

THE NELSON DESPATCHES.‡

If it were possible to give additional interest to a national work, this has been accomplished, in the case of the "Nelson Letters and Despatches," by the publication of M. Thiers's great rival work, "The Consulate and the Empire." It is neither desirable, nor is it in accordance with our principles or feelings, to revive dormant animosities, or nourish national jealousies; but since so eminent and so influential a writer as M. Thiers has attributed the non-invasion of England, by the imperial navy, to the premature death of Vice-Admiral La Touche Treville, it is impossible not to call attention to the truly extraordinary exposure of the real character of that Gallican naval hero, which is contained in the truthful and honest letters of the single-hearted Nelson. The correspondence, indeed, continues to increase in interest and importance, as it approaches its close.

THE KING OF SAXONY'S JOURNEY.§

This is, without comparison, the most fascinating book that we have perused for a long time. It is utterly impossible to read one page and not to be carried on to the next. Setting aside the peculiar advantages by which the author was favoured in every respect, there is a *naïveté* and

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* An Abridgment of Universal History, adapted to the Use of Families and Schools, with Appropriate Questions at the End of each Section. By the Rev. H. J. Knapp, D.D. Longman & Co.

† The Queen's Lieges, in four volumes. T. C. Newby.

‡ The Despatches and Letters of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson. With Notes by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas. The Sixth Volume. Henry Colburn.

§ The King of Saxony's Journey through England and Scotland in the Year 1844. By Dr. C. G. Carus. 1 vol. Chapman and Hall.

simplicity united to a trained intellect, a cultivated taste, and a correct feeling, which throw a charm over every sentence. Many false impressions are always to be met with in the works of an utter foreigner, and a hundred critical objections might be easily started, here and there, upon matters of fact; but these little drawbacks, unavoidable in a rapid journey, are more than compensated by the uniform good feeling shown towards our country and our institutions. We wish, indeed, we could have collected some of those critical remarks of Dr. Carus, which few will read without advantage, but are obliged to content ourselves with calling attention to a work that will most amply repay perusal.

SEVEN YEARS' CAMPAIGNING.*

THE same campaign may wear to different men a different aspect, and even the same engagement has its different scenes. One never tires of reading these multifarious pictures of personal impressions, or adventures, for they possess the unfailing charm of life and individuality. True that where the simultaneous acts of many are brought to bear upon one point, there is always the chance of the individual over-rating the part which he performed in producing a given result, but this is a fault of a most pardonable character, for were it not for zeal and self exaggeration, the great result would rarely be brought about at all. On the battle-field, every man is a hero in his own estimation, and is naturally so, for the stakes are great. True it is also, that there is a rivalry of services: For example, Sir Richard Henegan considers that full justice has not been historically done to the field-train department. This feeling is not only pardonable but praiseworthy. It is the opinion of many experienced field-officers, that a certain *esprit de corps*, and a little jealousy in the service, not carried to an ungentlemanlike extent, but merely as far as rivalry of zeal, is beneficial to the service at large. We have said so much, because Sir R. Henegan's work has been criticised for its failings in this way. There certainly is a shade of the Emerald Isle in its composition, but still, on the whole, it is an entertaining bustling narrative, and is unusually full of interesting incidents and piquant anecdotes, concerning campaigns and battles, in which every one feels the deepest interest.

MR. JAMES'S "ROBBER."†

THE spirit-stirring adventures of Langford, Earl of Danemore, and of Alice Heywood, constitute the eighth volume of the revised and corrected edition of Mr. James's works, which will indeed form a noble monument to that gentleman's genius and industry.

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* Seven Years' Campaigning in the Peninsula and the Netherlands; from 1808 to 1815. By Sir Richard D. Henegan, &c. 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

† The Works of G. P. R. James, Esq. Vol. VIII. The Robber.

PROGRESS OF POETRY.*

THE poetry of the month, or of the last two months, is quite sufficient both in quantity and quality, to attest that the great features of the age, utilitarianism and politics, have no effect in diminishing the number of worshippers of Nature and of the Beautiful in art or literature. Miss Camilla Toulmin has collected her fugitive verses into a small volume, which will tend to consolidate and uphold her reputation as a pleasing, careful, and graceful writer.

The Etonian, whose posthumous works are edited by Mr. R. Nolands, has bequeathed a number of poems to the public, all containing more of the *art* of the poet than the *genius*. The chief of these are the "Withered Misletoe," a ballad, in two parts, and "Esther," a sacred drama, both containing many beauties, and much polished versification.

An apt quotation from "As you like it," disarms criticism from the modestly designated "Rhymes by a Poetaster." There is, however, much that is delicate in sentiment, with considerable power of fancy and expression in many of these Rhymes, but they want the energy of genuine passion, and, above all, originality.

Abstract theory and imagination are to be met with in the poem called "Morning," and many pretty passages, but as a whole, it is unequal, and is wanting in melody and animation.

"Belisarius," has been favourably received by the public before it came to our hands. It decidedly contains the germ of good things. There is force and elevation of thought and language, eloquence, with occasional tenderness and pathos, only marred by failings which time and experience, and a severer critical purgation will avert.

Mr. Henry Spicer has been eminently successful in producing a dramatic sketch of the infamous Judge Jeffreys, when presiding at the Red Assize, in Dorchester, in 1685. Mr. Spicer possesses skill, tact, and talent, and the only market available for these is in the remote region of Sadler's Wells.

Of what avails it, to notice dramas that are printed but not published? Only to excite a curiosity which we cannot gratify, or to pen criticisms to the truth of which no echo can be found. The ability to construct five act dramas, not unworthy of success in stage representation, has long since

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* Poems. By Camilla Toulmin. Wm. S. Orr and Co.

The Legacy of an Etonian. Edited by Robert Norlands. Sole Executor. George Bell.

Rhymes. By a Poetaster. Saunders and Otley.

Morning, and other Poems. By a Member of the Scotch Bar. Saunders and Otley.

Belisarius, a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By W. R. Scott.

Jeffreys; or, The Wife's Vengeance. An Historical Play, in Five Acts. By Henry Spicer. G. W. Nickisson.

Dramas for the Stage. By George Stephens. 2 vols. Ineditus.

Bells and Pomegranates. No. VIII. and last. Luria; and a Soul's Tragedy. By Robert Browning. Edward Moxon.

The Emerald Isle. A Poem. By Miss Kinsley. Dolman, Bond-street.

The Minor Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley. A new Edition. Edward Moxon.

been conceded to Mr. George Stephens, the author of "Dramas for the Stage." He manifestly possesses many of the leading elements of success—poetical power, and acquaintance with the requisites of the stage. He is consequently indignant at the apathy he has met with in this iron and material age; but his case is not a solitary one, and while we sincerely sympathise with him, we feel that his fertility is in advance even of a possible reform.

The author of "Bells and Pomegranates," meant by that title to indicate an endeavour towards something like an alternation or mixture of music with discoursing sounds with sense, poetry with thought, preferring this symbol to the expression, which might have been deemed ambitious. So well has he performed his task, that every one affecting to be conversant with the poetry of the age must make himself familiar with Robert Browning's works, and will feel regret that so charming a writer is about for a time to unstring his melodious and thought-inspiring lyre. Mr. Browning has taken care, apparently, that his last part should also contain some of his best performances, for such both Luria and the poetry and prose of Chiappini's life will generally be esteemed.

"The Emerald Isle" is an attempt to versify the very obscure and mysterious annals of early Irish history, from Niul, who

"Erst in Egypt sung,
A great high-priest, from Phoenias sprung."

to Scota, daughter of Pharaoh! and it includes poetic descriptions of the Stone of Destiny, of Tarah, of the Giant's Causeway, Lough Neagh, &c. &c. The twining of the amaranth and eglantine is represented in lithography, and the symbol of Christianity also blazes in solitary glory. The work is to be continued.

The last upon our list, "The Minor Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley," is another of Mr. Moxon's classical issues, as remarkable for cheapness as for clear, good type, and general correctness.

SISMONDI'S LITERATURE OF EUROPE AND SCHLEGEL'S PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.*

We cannot imagine more appropriate works for the best and cheapest of modern libraries—one devoted to standard literature of high merit—than Sismondi's Literature of Europe and Schlegel's Philosophy of History. If the first is not written with all the freshness and spirit that characterises M. Villemain's more modern labours in critical literature, still the very highest rank has been universally conceded to it, in the annals of literary criticism, both on account of the important subject which it canvasses, and the depth of observation which it displays. With regard to Schlegel's work, it is sufficient to say that it is a masterpiece of one of the profoundest thinkers his country ever produced.

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* Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe; by J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi: translated from the Original, with Notes and a Life of the Author. By Thomas Roscoe. 2 vols. Second edition.

The Philosophy of History; in a Course of Lectures, delivered at Vienna, by Frederick von Schlegel, translated from the German, with a Memoir of the Author. By James Baron Robertson, Esq. Second edition. Henry G. Bohn.

ROSCOE'S LIVES OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.*

THE "History of the Lives of the Kings of England," by Thomas Roscoe, is by no means a work of ordinary character. The son of the illustrious historian of Lorenzo di Medicis, Thomas Roscoe has also earned for himself a great reputation for learning and scholarship which this work is well calculated to enhance.

The lives of the kings of England, if, as in the present case, each is made to complete the volume, will constitute an historico-biographical work, which will be a complete library in itself. Compiled from official records, and other authentic documents, Mr. Roscoe has had to quit the beaten track of recording merely public deeds and events in order to penetrate into the principles of action, or as he himself expresses it "the innermost recesses of their souls;" to explore the peculiarities of individual kingly disposition, character, and way of thinking; to study the influence of external circumstances upon these; to search out the real motives of actions; to follow its subject into the privacy of domestic and social life; and to draw a faithful picture alike of his virtues and his vices, his excellences and his failings, his passions, propensities, and eccentricities, in short of every trait by which he is distinguished from the rest of mankind. This is truly a task of no trifling extent, and is entered upon with a spirit and zeal which imparts the profoundest interest to the narrative.

THE EMBASSY.†

"THE iron mask," says Voltaire, "is an enigma, to which every body seeks the key." The anonymous author of the "Embassy" appears to be engaged in a whole series of novels to unfold the secret with due ceremony. In a first series of "Chronicles of the Bastile," he took up the history of this mysterious personage at the period when he quitted his prison in the Isle of St. Marguerite for the still more frightful abode in the tower of the Bastile, called La Bertandière, continuing the history up to the time of his death in 1703.

In the present work, the principal feature is the history of an intrigue between the Duke of Buckingham and Anne of Austria, the result of which the author supposes to have been the birth of this very luckless individual. Added to this is a further intrigue, fathered upon the same nobleman, we suppose on account of his historically profligate character, with a youthful Kathleen, introduced in order to explain the cause of his assassination by John Felton. Enough to intimate how much of the mysterious and romantic is to be found in a novel written in all the spirit of the times, with considerable skill in reviving old places and scenes, a careful attention to historical accuracy (the licenses taken being always pointed out), and a lively and well-sustained style both in narrative and dialogue.

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* Lives of the Kings of England. By Thomas Roscoe. Vol. I. William the Conqueror. H. Colburn.

† The Embassy; or, the Key to a Mystery. An historical romance. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE PRIVATEER'S-MAN.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

(CONCLUSION.)

I WAS dragged aft to give an account of myself, and I stated in few words that I had been pursued by the Indians, and swam off to save my life.

"Havn't we met before?" said a rough voice.

I looked, and saw the Jolly Rover whom I had fallen in with on shore. I said "Yes; I was escaping from the Indians when I met you, and you showed me the d rection of the plantations."

"All's right," said he. "It's a true bill; and were those Indians after you that we saw on the beach just now?"

"Yes!" I replied, and then I stated how it was that they had attacked our cabin, and how we had escaped.

"That was well done, and so you swam off three miles. Fire and water wont hurt you; that's clear. You're just the man for us. What thing-um-bob is this that you have hung round your neck?" said he, taking up the leathern bag with the diamond in it.

"That," replied I—a sudden thought having struck me—"is my caul; I was born with a caul, and I have always worn it, as it saves a man from drowning."

"No wonder that you swam three miles then," replied the man.

You must know, madam, that some people are born with a membrane over the face which is termed a caul, and there has been a vulgar error that such people can never be drowned, especially if they wear this caul about their person in after life. Sailors are superstitious in many things, but particularly in this, and my caul was therefore as much respected by them as it hung round my neck, as it was by the Indians when they thought it was what they call "magic" or "medicine."

"Well," said the Jolly Rover, "as you had so much fire, so much water, and so much running, I think you won't be sorry to have a biscuit and glass of grog and then turn in; to-morrow we will talk to you."

I went down below very glad to accept the offer, and as I was regaling myself, who should come up to me but two of the Portuguese who had been wrecked in the xebeque, and put on shore with me in the little boat by the captain of the Transcendant. I was very glad to see them. They told me that after great hardship and suffering, they had arrived famished at the banks of this river, and had been taken on board by the pirates, and had remained with them ever since; that they were very anxious to get away, but never had had an opportunity. I begged them not to say who I was, but merely that I was once a shipmate of theirs. They promised, and being very tired I then laid down and went asleep. I was

so worn out that I did not wake till the next morning, when I found that we were under all sail running down to the southward. I saw the Jolly Rover, as I had termed him, on deck (his real or assumed name, I don't know which, I found out to be Toplift), sitting on a gun abaft. He called me to him. I said,—

"Are you the captain?"

"Yes," he replied, "for want of a better. I told you months ago what we were, so its no use repeating it. Do you intend to join us?"

"Then," replied I, "I will be very candid with you. I have been driven as it were on board of your vessel. but certainly without knowing exactly what she was. Now, captain, I have to ask you one question;—Would you, if you could go on shore in England, with plenty of money at your command, and plenty of good friends,—would you be here?"

"No; certainly not," replied he.

"Well; I am in that position. If once in England, I have money enough to live upon and plenty of friends; I therefore naturally want to get back to England, and not to run the risk of my neck on board of this vessel."

"That's very true," replied he, "but there are other considerations; my men wont have a man on board who will not swear fidelity, and, if you will not, I cannot protect you,—they will throw you overboard. We don't carry passengers."

"That's very true, also; and I will swear fidelity so far as this, that you never shall be betrayed by me, and I never will appear as a witness against one of you; it were most ungrateful if I did. While I am on board I will do any duty you please to put me to, for I cannot expect to eat my bread for nothing."

"And suppose we come to action?"

"There's the difficulty," replied I, "against an English ship I never will fight."

"But if we are opposed to any other nation, and there is a chance of our being overpowered?"

"Why then, if you are overpowered, as I shall be hung along with the rest, I think I must do all I can to save my own life; but, overpowered or not, I will not fire a shot or draw a cutlass against my own countrymen."

"Well, I cannot deny but that's all very fair."

"I think," replied I, "it is as much as you can expect; especially as I never will share any prize-money."

"Well; I will talk to the men, and hear what they say; but, now, answer me one question—Are you not a seaman?"

"I will answer the truth to every thing; I am a seaman, and I have commanded a privateer. I have served many years in privateers, and have seen a great deal of hard fighting."

"So I thought," replied he; "and now answer me another question,—Was it not you that played that trick to that French privateer captain at Bourdeaux?"

"Yes it was," replied I, "but how came you to know that?"

"Because I was the mate of a merchant vessel that had been captured, and I saw you three or four times as you passed the vessel I was on board of; for, being put in quarantine, we were not sent to prison till pratique was given. I thought that I knew you again."

"Well; I have no concealment to make."

"No: but I will tell you candidly, my men, if they knew all this, would not allow you to leave the vessel. Indeed, you might be captain if you pleased, for I do not suit them. Our captain—for I was his officer—was killed about six months ago; and I really am not fit for the office—I am too tender-hearted."

"Well; you don't look so," replied I, laughing.

"Can't judge of outsides," replied he, "but it's a fact. They say that they will be all condemned if taken, from my not destroying the crews of the vessels we take; that they will be so many witnesses against them; and I cannot make up my mind to cold-blooded murder. I am bad enough. I rob on the high seas; I kill on the high seas – for we must kill when we fight; but I cannot commit deliberate murder either at sea or on shore, and so I tell them. If any one else could navigate the vessel, I should be superseded immediately."

"I am glad to hear you say what you have, captain, it makes me less dissatisfied at finding myself here. Well; I have said all I can, and I must trust to you to manage with your ship's company."

"It will be a difficult job," said he, musing.

"Tell them," replied I, "that I was once a captain of a vessel like this (after all there is not so much difference between a pirate and a privateer as you may think)—and that I will not be under the command of any one."

"If they hear that, they will give you the command of this vessel."

"I will refuse to take it; and give my reasons."

"Well; I'll tell them that: I leave you to settle with them how you can; but," added he, in a low tone, "there are some desperate villains among them."

"That I take for granted," replied I; "so now I leave you to speak to them."

Toplift did so. He told them that I was a pirate captain who had lost his vessel and been thrown on shore, but I refused to join any ship except as captain of her; that I would not serve as first officer, and would obey no one. He told them that he knew me before, and he narrated the business at Bordeaux when I commanded a privateer, extolling me, as I afterwards found, beyond all measure.

The crew, having heard what he had to say, went forward, and, after consultation, came to Toplift and said that I must take the oath.

Toplift replied that he had desired me so to do, and that I had answered that I would not. "But," said he, "you had better speak to him yourselves. Call all hands aft and hear what he has to say."

This was done, and I was sent for.

"I have told them what you said, sir. I don't know your name."

"I have no name," replied I, proudly, "except 'Captain'—that's my name."

The fact is, madam, I was determined to carry it out bravely; knowing that it is the best way to deal with such people as I now had in hand.

"Well, then, Captain, I have told the men that you will not take the oath."

"Take the oath," replied I, with scorn; "no; I administer the oath to others. I make them take it. I make them swear fidelity to me. Such has been my conduct, and I shall not depart from it."

"Well, but, Captain Toplift, you don't mean to say that he is to remain on board with us and not take the oath," said a surly-looking ruffian. "In spite of you, he shall take the oath, Captain Toplift."

"Captain Toplift," said I, calmly, "do you allow one of your crew to

use such language as this. Had I been captain of this ship, I would have blown his brains out as he stood. You don't know how to deal with these rascals. I do."

Captain Toplift, who appeared much pleased at being supported in this way by me—(strange that a single individual who they might have thrown overboard, in a minute, should have gained such an ascendency, but so it was)—and who perceived that the men fell back, as if taken by surprise, then said, "Captain, you have taught me a good lesson, which I will take advantage of. Seize that fellow, and put him in irons."

"Hah!" cried the man, seeing that no one touched him; "Who is to bell the cat; hah!" and he drew his cutlass.

"I will, then," said I to Captain Toplift, "if you desire it," and, stepping forward, I went up to the man, saying, "Come, come, my good fellow, this wont do here, I'm used to deal with such chaps as you, and I can manage worse than you a good deal."

I advanced till I was within the stroke of his cutlass before he was aware of it, and, seizing him by the waist, I threw him flat on his back and put my foot on his neck.

"Now," cried I, in an authoritative voice, "put this man in irons immediately—refuse who dares. Here, you sirs, lay hold of this fellow," continued I, looking to the Portuguese; who accordingly came forward and led him away, assisted by others, who now joined them.

"Are there any more mutineers here?" inquired I; "if so, let them step forward."

No one stirred.

"My lads," said I, "it is very true that I have refused to take the oath, for the oath is not given to those who command, but to those who obey; but at the same time I am not one to betray you. You know who I am; and is it likely?"

"No, no;" replied the men.

"Sir," asked one of them who had been most forward and insolent, "will you be our captain,—say but the word,—you are the sort of man we want?"

"You have a captain already," replied I, "and in a few weeks I shall command a vessel of my own; I cannot, therefore, accept your offer; but while I am on board I will do all in my power to assist Captain Toplift in any way, and you can desire no more. And now, my men, as an old hand, I have but this advice to give you, which is—to return to your duty; for every thing in a vessel of this description depends upon obedience; and to you, Captain Toplift, I have also advice to give, which is—to shoot the first man who behaves as that scoundrel did, who is now in irons. Boatswain! pipe down."

I hardly knew whether this latter order would be obeyed by the boatswain, or, if obeyed by the boatswain, whether it would be obeyed by the men; but, to my great satisfaction, it was; and the men retired peaceably.

"Well, Captain Toplift," said I, "I have done you no harm, and myself some good."

"You have, indeed," replied he. "Come down into the cabin." When we were in the cabin he said, "You have unarmed and subdued the most mutinous rascal in the vessel, and you have strengthened my authority. They fully believe you are what you assert from your behaviour, and I feel with you at my side I shall get on better with these fellows than I have done. But now, to keep up the idea, you must, of

course, mess in the cabin with me, and I can offer you clothes, not my own, but those of the former captain, which will suit your shape and make."

I readily agreed with him; and having equipped myself in the clothes he offered me, which were handsome, I soon afterwards went on deck with him, and received the greatest respect from the men as I passed them. A cot was slung for me in the cabin, and I lived altogether with Captain Toplift, who was a good-hearted rough sort of a man, certainly wholly unfit for the command of a vessel manned by such a set of miscreants, and employed on such a service. He told me that he had been taken three years before by a pirate vessel, and finding that he could navigate, they had detained him by force, and that at last he had become accustomed to his position.

"We all must live," said he, "and I had no other means of livelihood left me; but it's sorely against my conscience, and that's the truth. However, I am used to it now, and that reconciles you to any thing except murder in cold blood, and that I never will consent to."

On my inquiring where they were about to cruise, he said on the Spanish Main.

"But," said I, "it is peace with the Spaniards just now."

"I hardly knew," said he, "it was peace. Not that peace makes any difference to us, for we take every thing. But you refer to myself, I know, and I tell you frankly that I have preferred this cruise merely that we may not fall in with English vessels, which we are not likely to do there. I wish I was out of her with all my heart and soul."

"No doubt of it, Captain Toplift; I think you are sincere. Suppose you put into one of the inlets at Jamaica, they won't know where we are; let us take a boat on shore and leave her. I will provide for you, and you shall gain your living in an honest way."

"God bless you, sir," said he, "I will try what I can do. We must talk the matter over, for they may suspect something, and then it would be all over with us."

We continued to run down till we were in the latitude of the Virgin Isles, and then we altered her course for Jamaica. The first and second mates generally received information of Captain Toplift as to his movements and intentions, which they communicated to the crew. If the crew disapproved of them they said so, and they were considered to have some voice in the matter.

Now, although no navigators, these men knew enough of a chart and a course to find that there must be some reason for its being altered as it was, instead of running down for the Spanish Main, and they inquired why the cruise was altered.

Captain Toplift replied that he had taken my advice, and that I had assured him that at the back of the island of Jamaica we should certainly fall in with some rich Spanish vessels, if we laid there quiet in some nook or another for a short time, as this was their time for coming up from the south to the Havannah, where they rendezvoused for a convoy.

This reply appeared very satisfactory to the crew, for they were all cheerful and obedient, and we ran down to Jamaica, and when we were close in shore we shortened sail and hove to. We remained three or four days in the offing that we might not cause any suspicion by our leaving too soon. Captain Toplift then told the mates that I proposed anchoring in some secret bay or inlet, as we were certain to see the Spanish ships if we

could send any one ashore on the hills to look out for them. This was agreed to, and we made sail and ran along the coast, looking out for some convenient anchorage.

As we were so doing a vessel hove in sight, and we immediately made all sail in chase. As she did not attempt to avoid us we hauled off as she came near to see what she might be. She then hoisted a yellow flag at her peak (for she was an hermaphrodite brig); this puzzled us not a little, and we edged down towards her, for she was very rakish looking, except in her sails.

As we neared, finding I suppose that we did not answer her signals, and we were not the vessel she expected us to be, she suddenly altered her course before the wind, setting all the sail that she possibly could. We immediately crowded canvass in chase, and came up with her very fast. As we ran, the mate and I looked at her through the glass, and I made her out to be the Transcendant, the captain of whom had treated us so cruelly when we were in the boat, and who had robbed us of our money and clothes. I called the Portuguese and desired them to look at the vessel through the glass, and give me their opinion. They directly said that it was the vessel I supposed.

"Let us only catch the rascal," said I, "and we will pay him in his own coin," and I immediately gave directions for the better trimming of the sails, so anxious was I to come up with him.

The men of the schooner were much pleased at the anxiety I displayed to come up with the chase, and by the alacrity with which they obeyed me, I saw how anxious they were that I should be their captain. In two hours we were within gun-shot, and sent one of our bow-chasers after him. Perceiving that it was useless to run, the fellow hove to, and as we came alongside he was all ready with his boat to come on board. He did so, and at first I kept out of sight to hear what he would say. He was followed up the side by his amiable son. Captain Toplift received him on deck, and he looked around him saying, "I believe I am right. I was afraid I had made more mistakes than one. I believe you are in the free trade?"

"Yes," replied Toplift, "we are."

"Yes, I thought so, captain, but I expected to meet another schooner who is very like to yours, and is also in the trade. I made my signal to her, as when she has any thing to get rid of, why I take it off her hands. Perhaps you may have something of the kind which is not exactly safe to show, church-plate and the like. I pay ready money—that's my plan."

As it afterwards appeared, madam, this scoundrel had been in the free trade or pirating himself for many years, but he had taken an opportunity of walking off with a large sum of money belonging to the pirate crew, and with this money he had purchased his property in Virginia and the brig which he now commanded. Although he did not follow up the free trade any more, he had made arrangements with a pirate captain whom he met at Port Royal to meet them at the back of the island and receive such articles as the pirate might want to turn into cash, by which he of course took care to secure large profits.

This he had done several times, and as he sold his cargo at Port Royal for dollars, he had always cash to pay for what the pirate wished to get rid off. But he had now run into the lion's jaws, for not only were I

and the Portuguese on board to denounce him as a robber, but, what was still more unfortunate for him, three of the pirate's crew whom he had swindled out of their property were also on board of us, and recognised him immediately.

As Captain Toplift knew how I had been treated by him, he thought it was time he should be confronted with me, and to his question as to whether there was any thing to dispose of he replied to him, "You must put that question to the captain. There he is."

The fellow turned to me; he looked at me, stared and was mute, when his cub of a boy cried out, "As sure as a gun it's he, father, and no mistake."

"Oh, you imp of Satan, you know me, do you?" replied I. "Yes, it is he. Send all the men aft."

The men came fast enough. They were only waiting till I had spoken to them to come and give information against him.

"Now, my lads," said I, "this is a scoundrel who fell in with some of us when we were in distress, after we had lost our vessel. Instead of behaving as one seaman does to another, he robbed us of all we had, and turned us adrift naked to be killed by the Indians. Of all, I and the two Portuguese you took on board about four months back are the only three left: the others perished. The one who was with me was burnt to death by the Indians, and I narrowly escaped. I leave you to decide what this scoundrel merits."

"But there is more against him, captain," said the men, and then four of them stepped out and declared that he had ran away with the money belonging to the crew of which they were a part, and that the sum he had stolen amounted to 25,000 dollars.

"What have you to say for yourself?" said I to him.

"That I've been a cursed fool to be caught as I have been."

"What will they do, father?"

"Hang us, I suppose," replied he.

"Captain Toplift," said I, "I do not command this vessel, and I shall therefore leave you to decide upon the fate of this miscreant," and having said that, I was going below to the cabin, when the captain of the Transcendant's son ran to me, and said, "I want to speak to you, sir, when you are alone"

"What are you after, Peleg?" cried his father.

"I'm going to save your life, father, if I can," replied he.

"You'll be clever if you do that, boy," replied the man, sneeringly.

I allowed the boy to follow me down into the cabin, and then asked him what he had to say.

"I have that to tell you which is of more value than the lives of a hundred boys like me."

"Boys like you? Why I thought it was to save your father's life that you came down, sir?"

"Pooh!" said he, "let him hang, he was born for a halter. I am come to save my own life. I only said that to gammon him."

"You're a hopeful youth," said I, "and pray what is that you can tell me that will save your own neck from the halter?"

"That which will save your own most likely," replied the boy, "and tit-for-tat's all fair."

"Well, let's hear it then," replied I.

"No, not unless you promise. I can swing, if need be, as well as father, but I'd rather not, 'cause I know where all his money is hidden."

"I can't make any promise," replied I.

"Then I can't tell," replied he, "so I may e'en go on deck and tell father that I cannot manage it;" and as he said the latter part of this speech, the undaunted little villain actually laughed at the idea of gammoning his father, as he termed it.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and he will not depart from it, is mostly true, but it is more certain that if you train a child up in the way that he should not go he will be a more true disciple. Could there be a more decided proof of the above than the behaviour of this young villain, but his father had made him so, and thus was he rewarded.

"Stop," said I, for I had reflected whether after all there were any grounds for hanging the boy, and come to a conclusion that a jury would have probably acquitted him. "Stop," said I, "you say that what you can tell is of the greatest consequence."

"And becomes of more consequence every minute that passes," replied he. "I will tell you every thing, and let you into father's secrets. I peach upon father altogether."

"Well, then," replied I, "if what you have to disclose proves important, I will do all I can to save your life, and I have no doubt that I shall be able so to do."

"No more have I," replied he, "or I would not have come to you. Now then, father came to the back of the island to do a little business with a pirate schooner, as he said just now, and he has very often done it before, as he said just now, but father did not tell you all. When we were in Port Royal, father went to the captain of a king's vessel who is there, having been sent to put down the pirates if possible, and he offered this captain of the king's ship, for a certain sum, to put our friends that we exchange with into his hands."

"What, betray his friend the pirate?"

"Yes, father agreed that he would come round as he has done this day, and would contrive to chaffer and bargain with him and keep him so late in the bay that the king's ship should come upon him all of a sudden and take him, and this was father's intention, only you have pinned him. The king's ship will be round that point in two hours or thereabouts, so if you are found here you will be taken and hanged as sure as I ain't hanged yet. Now, ain't this important news, and worth all I asked for it?"

"It certainly is, if it is true, boy."

"Oh, I'll prove it, for I always goes with father, and he trusts me with every thing. I saw the paper signed. The king's ship is called the Vestal, and the captain who signed the paper is Philip Musgrave."

"Indeed," said I, turning away, for I did not wish the boy to perceive my emotion at this announcement. I recovered myself as soon as I could, and said to him, "Boy, I will keep my promise. Do you stay below, and I will go on deck and plead for your life."

"Mayn't I go on deck for a bit?" said he.

"What, to wish your father good-bye? No, no, you had better spare yourself and him that painful meeting."

"No, I don't want to wish him good-bye; I'll wait till it's over, only I never did see a man hanged, and I have a curiosity to have just a peep."

"Out, you little monster," cried I, running up on deck, for the information I had received was too important not to be immediately taken advantage of.

"Well, captain, has the boy saved his father's life?"

"No," replied I, in a loud voice.

"Then up he goes," said the men, for the halter had been round his neck and run out to the yard-arm for some time, and the men had manned the rope only awaiting my return on deck. In a second, the captain of the Transcendant was swinging in the air, and certainly if ever a scoundrel merited his fate it was that man. Shortly afterwards I turned round, and there was young hopeful looking at his father's body swinging to and fro with the motion of the vessel.

I looked in vain for a tear in his eye, there was not a symptom of emotion. Seeing me look sternly at him he hastened down below again.

"My lads," said I to the men, who were all on deck, "I have received intelligence of that importance that I recommend that we should cut that vessel adrift, and make sail away without a moment's loss of time."

"What, not plunder?" cried the men, looking at the Transcendant.

"No, not think of it, if you are wise."

At this reply all the men exclaimed that "that would not do"—"that plunder they would"—that "I was not captain of the vessel," and many more expressions showing how soon a man may lose popularity on board of a pirate vessel.

"I gave my opinion, my men, and if you will hear why I said so—"

"No, no, out boats," cried they all, and simultaneously ran to lower down the boats, for it was now calm, that they might tow the schooner alongside of the Transcendant.

"You might as well talk to the wind as talk to them when there is plunder to be obtained," said Toplift to me in a low tone.

"Come down with me," said I, "and I will tell you what I have heard."

"Ain't they going to plunder the brig?" said Master Peleg, when we came down, "I know where father's dollars are," and up he ran on deck.

I made a short remark upon the depravity of the boy, and then informed Captain Toplift of what he had told me.

"If you had told them, they would not have paid attention to you. The boat's crew who came with the captain has told them that there is money on board, and all authority is now at an end."

"Well," replied I, "I believe that the boy has told the truth."

"And what do you mean to do?"

"Remain below quietly, if I am allowed," replied I.

"But I cannot," said he; "they would throw me overboard."

"Make as bad a fight of it as you can," replied I.

"That I will," said Captain Toplift, "and with so superior a force opposed we cannot stand long. But I must tell you where you must be."

"Where?" replied I.

"At the entrance of the magazine, for as sure we stand here they will blow up the vessel rather than be taken. Not all of them, but two or

three I know are determined so to do, and resolute enough to do it. My pistols are there. You have only to open this door and you are in the magazine passage. See," said he, opening the door, "there is the scuttle where they hand the powder up."

"I will be on the watch depend upon it; and, Captain Toplift, if the schooner is taken, and I am alive, you may have no fear for yourself."

"Now let us go on deck again."

"I will follow you," replied I.

"I am alone at last, thank Heaven!" said I to myself. "What a position am I in, and how much will be in suspense before twenty-four hours are over. My own brother here, not ten miles perhaps from me, commanding the vessel which will attack this on which I am on board. That they will take us I have no doubt, but what risk do I run—of death by shot, or by their blowing up the vessel in spite of me, or of no quarter being given. Well, I wish it were decided. At all events I am long supposed dead, and I shall not be recognised among the heaps of bodies."

I then went to the locker and took out my duck frock and trousers, determining that I would, if I were killed, be killed in those clothes, and be thrown overboard as a common seaman. I then went on deck, for I had heard the grating of the sides of the two vessels, and knew that they were in contact.

All was uproar and confusion on board of the Transcendant, but there was nobody on board the schooner except Toplift and myself I cannot say that I never saw such a scene, for I had seen quite as bad on board of a privateer. The common seamen, as well as the soldiers, when let loose to plunder, are like maniacs. In half an hour they had broken open every thing, cut the crew to pieces, found out the hoard of dollars which were shown them by young Peleg, who tried for his share, but for so doing received a chop with a cutlass, which cut off his right ear, and wounded him severely on the shoulder; but his right arm was not disabled, and while the man that cut him down was bending over a heap of dollars, which took both hands to lift them, the boy ran his knife deep into the man's side, who fell mortally wounded. The rush for the dollars thus at the mercy of the rest was so great that Peleg was not minded, and he crept away and came on board the schooner. We saw that he was bleeding profusely, but we asked no questions, and he went down the ladder forward.

"What has that young villain been after?" said Toplift.

"I presume he has been quarrelling for plunder, and considered that he had a greater right to his father's money than any body else."

Among other plunder the people had not forgotten to look for liquor, and an hour had not passed before three-fourths of the men were more or less intoxicated. They had found plenty of good clothes, and were strutting about with gold-laced waistcoats and embroidered coats over their dirty frocks. The uproar increased every minute, when Toplift, who had been looking out with the glass, exclaimed, "There she is, by all that's sacred."

I caught the glass out of his hand, and found it was the King's ship. She was a large flush vessel, apparently of eighteen or twenty guns, just opening from the point, and not seven miles from us. We were still becalmed, and she was bringing the wind down with her, so that to escape appeared impossible.

"Now, what shall we do?" said Captain Toplift; "shall we allow her

to come down upon us and say nothing to the men, or shall we point out the danger, and persuade them to come on board and prepare?"

"You must do as you please," replied I, "I am indifferent which. It will be dark in another hour, and she will not be down by that time. I would rather avoid fighting, and get away from the schooner quietly if I could, but that I fear is impossible now."

"Well, I must go on board of the brig and let them know, or if they find it out themselves, they will throw us overboard."

Captain Toplift then went on board of the brig, and calling to the men who were still sober, told them that there was a king's ship coming down upon them not seven miles off. This had the effect of putting an end to the confusion and noise of a great portion of the men, who hastened on board of the schooner, but others who were intoxicated were with difficulty persuaded to return.

At last they were all got on board, and the schooner, clear from the brig, was made ready for action; but Toplift was obliged to make some alteration in the stationing of the men, as those who were to hand up the powder were all of them tipsy. By the time that the schooner was ready, and the breeze had come down to her, the corvette was not more than three miles from us; but it was quite dark, for there is no twilight in those parts. We consulted what course we should take to avoid her, if possible, and agreed that we would stand in shore and pass her if we possibly could. We knew that if seen we were then certain to be obliged to fight, but if not seen, we might escape.

We then shifted the helm and bore up across her bows, but we had not steered in this direction more than a quarter of an hour, when the Transcendant was perceived to be on fire, having been fired by the drunken men before they left her, and soon afterwards she burst out into flames that threw a strong light to a great distance, discovering the corvette to us at two miles distance, and of course exposing us to the corvette, who immediately altered her course for us. We had therefore only to fight, and the crew being most of them in liquor, declared that they would fight till the schooner sunk under them. In a quarter of an hour, the corvette being close to us, and standing stem on, we opened our fire, raking her masts and yards, and then I went down below. I changed my clothes for the duck trousers and shirt which I had swam on board in, and remained quietly in the cabin. A few minutes afterwards the corvette opened her fire, and the shot did great execution. The cries of the wounded and the shouts of the tipsy men were mingled together, but the crew of the schooner fired with great rapidity, and sustained the unequal conflict most gallantly.

After a time some men darted down into the cabin. I was then at the door which led to the magazine passage, and busied myself handing up the powder, as it secured me from observation, and it was supposed that I was one of the crew sent down for that duty.

The men roared out, "Where is the captain? We want him to fight the ship. Toplift is an old fool and don't know what he is about."

I made no reply, but with my back towards them continued to hand up the powder, and having changed my dress they did not recognise me, so they rushed upon deck again.

The corvette was now alongside of the schooner, pouring in her broadsides with fatal execution, the shot passing in every direction through her,

so that there was as much danger below as on deck, and it was evident that the schooner could not oppose them much longer. Still they continued to fire with great resolution, being now sobered into more steadiness than at first. But by this time more than half the men were killed and wounded, and our guns were encumbered with the wreck and bodies. I heard them at the very time that a crashing broadside was poured in by the corvette, cry out "Avast firing for a moment and clear the decks."

They did so, and having thrown the bodies overboard and cut away the spars and rigging which had fallen, so as to enable them to work their guns, during which time three broadsides were poured in, they remanned their guns, and fought with as much spirit as before. I could not help admiring the courage of the scoundrels, for nothing could exceed it; but resistance was useless further than they preferred dying at their guns to being hanged on the gibbet.

But the shouts of the pirates and the reports of the guns gradually decreased. The men were swept away by the enemy's fire, and the guns were one by one disabled. The schooner's sides were torn about, and the water poured in below so fast that it was rising to the magazine. I heard a cry of boarders, and the striking of the two vessels together, and then there was a rush down below, when a man came aft to the magazine passage. It was the fellow who I had struck down on the quarter-deck and had put into irons.

"Come along," said he, to the others "we'll send the corvette and ourselves all to the devil together. Out of the way there."

"Stand back," said I.

"Stand back," replied he, pointing his pistol down to the magazine.

I threw up his arm, and the pistol went off striking the beams above.

"Blast you," cried he, "whoever you are; but I've another," and he attempted to draw it out of his belt, but before he could effect it I blew out his brains with the pistol which I had ready cocked in my hand.

His companions started back, and I pointed my second pistol at them saying, "The man who comes forward this way dies."

As I said this the crew of the corvette, who had cleared the decks, charged down below, and the pirates ran away and secreted themselves. Perceiving them coming forward, I said to them, "Put a guard over the magazine, they have attempted to blow up the vessel already."

"Who are you?" said an officer.

"A prisoner," replied I.

"Well then, lead him on deck, and stay here two of you; shut down the magazine scuttle and keep guard."

"Thank Heaven," thought I, "that this affair is over," as a seaman led me by the collar on deck, and handed me to others, who took me on board of the corvette.

We were all put down below that remained out of the schooner's crew, about eighteen or nineteen, not more, and I was glad to find Captain Toplift, although badly wounded with a splinter, was among the number. We remained there huddled together with a guard of ten men over us for more than an hour, when we heard from the conversation on deck that the schooner had sunk. After that the guns of the corvette were secured, and the men had an allowance of liquor served out to them, the watch was called, and all was quiet during the remainder of that night. For

some time I was in a state of excitement from the events of the last twenty-four hours crowding so rapidly, but by degrees I became calm. I asked one of the guard who was the captain of the corvette.

"What's that to you, you gallows bird?" replied he.

"A civil question might receive a civil reply," answered I.

"So it might with any one else; but if you don't want the hilt of my cutlass down your throat you will hold your tongue."

But I did not require to repeat the question, as I heard one of the officers on deck say, "It's Captain Musgrave's orders."

This satisfied me, and I laid down with the rest of the prisoners, waiting for daybreak, when I trusted my troubles would soon be over. They were all sound asleep. Strange that men who knew that they would be hanged in a few days, if not the next morning, should sleep so sound—but so it was—while I, who had every reason to believe that my sufferings were over could not sleep one wink. I was, however, fully satisfied with my own castle buildings during the night, and more satisfied when it was again broad daylight. After the men had had their breakfast, an order came down for all the prisoners to be brought on deck. We were led up under guard and made to stand all in a row. I looked round for my brother, but he was not on deck. It was the first lieutenant who was there with several other officers, and the clerk with pen and ink to take down the names of the prisoners.

"Who was the captain of this vessel?" said the first lieutenant

"I was, sir," replied Toplift, "but much against my will."

"Oh, of course; every man was on board of her against his will. What is your name? Put him down, Mr. Pearson. Any other officers alive?"

"No, sir," replied Toplift.

The name of every man was then asked and put down, and it so happened that I was the last; for, anxious to see my brother, I had walked up the foremost, and they had commenced their interrogation at the other end of the line.

"What is your name?"

"I do not belong to the schooner," replied I.

"Of course not; you dropped on board her from the clouds."

"No, sir, I did not, I swam on board of her to save my life."

"Then you went out of the frying-pan into the fire I reckon, my good fellow, for your life is forfeited now."

"I rather think not, sir," replied I. "On the contrary, I feel it is quite safe."

"Give us none of your jaw, my good fellow, but give us your name."

"Certainly, sir, if you require it. My name is Alexander Musgrave, sir," replied I, "I am the elder brother of your captain, Philip Musgrave, and I will thank you to go into his cabin and inform him that I am here."

The first lieutenant and officers started back in astonishment, and so did Captain Toplift and the pirates. The first lieutenant hardly knew whether to consider it as a pretence on my part or not, and was undecided how to act, when Captain Toplift said, "I do not know whether the gentleman is as he says, but this is certain, and all the men can prove it as well as myself, that he did swim on board as he said to escape from the

Indians, and that he has never joined the crew. They offered to make him captain in my stead, and he positively refused it."

"Yes," said all the pirates. "That's true enough."

"Well, sir," replied the first lieutenant, "I will certainly carry your message."

"To make all certain," replied I, "I will write my name on a slip of paper for you to take into the captain. He knows my signature."

I did so, and the first lieutenant took the paper and went into the cabin. In a minute he returned, and requested me to follow him. I did so, and in another minute I was in the arms of my brother. For some time we neither of us could speak. At last Philip said, "That you are alive and well, let me thank Heaven. I have considered you as dead, and so have others; and to find you on board of a pirate—on board of a vessel which I have been riddling with shot, any one of which might have caused your death. Thank God I was ignorant that you were on board, or I never could have done my duty. I will not ask how you came on board of this vessel, for that must be the end of your narrative, which I must have from the time that you first left Rio, and afterwards in detail the whole from the time that you left the Coast."

"Then they received my letters from Rio?"

"Yes, after imagining you were dead they were rejoiced by those letters; but I will not anticipate my story, nor will I now ask for yours, it is sufficient at present that you are alive, my dear Alexander, and once more in my arms."

"Let me ask one question," replied I.

"I know what it will be. She was in good health, but suffering much in mind from having no account of you. Her father and others have reasoned with her, and painted the impossibility of your being in existence, as the xebeque you sailed in had never been heard of. She still adheres to the opinion that you are alive, and will not abandon the hope of seeing you again; but hope deferred has paled her cheek even more pale than it usually is, and she evidently suffers much, for her life is wrapped in yours. Now having told you this, you must come into my state-room and allow me to enable you to appear as my brother ought to do. I do not think that there is any difference in our size now, although there was when we last parted."

"Many thanks, Philip, but before I adonise my outward man I should like to satisfy my inward cravings; and, to tell you the truth, I'm so hungry from not having broken my fast for nearly twenty-four hours, that if you could order something to eat while you are looking out the clothes, I should feel in no small degree grateful."

Philip rang the bell and ordered the steward to bring something to eat and drink, and after eating I occupied a quarter of an hour more in getting rid of the pirate smoke and dirt, and putting on one of his uniforms, for he had no other clothes on board, when I came out looking not at all like a pirate.

"Now then," said Philip, "before we have our *tête-à-tête* come out with me and let me introduce you to the officers as my brother."

I went out with him and was formally introduced. The first lieutenant apologised for his rough speech, but I told him that there was no occasion for any apology, as I had no doubt that I looked very much like a pirate at the time.

"More than you do now, sir, at all events," replied he.

"By the by, brother," said I, "there is one man among the prisoners who, although compelled to act as captain by the men, is no pirate. His conduct I will explain to you. May I request him to be kindly treated? His name is Toplift,—and also two Portuguese, my former companions."

"Certainly," replied Philip, "your word is sufficient. Let those persons be released and taken care of," said he to the first lieutenant. "We will wait for the particulars by and by."

I remained on deck about ten minutes, and then returned to the cabin with my brother.

"What is this which you have left on my dressing-table?" said Philip, surveying the leather bag which contained the diamond.

"That, Philip," said I, "is a portion of my narrative, and eventually may prove a very important one. I don't think that I can afford to make you a present of it, but I shall see."

"It does not look very valuable," replied he.

"At all events do me the favour to lock it up carefully," replied I.

"Well, if you are in earnest I will," he said, and having put it in a drawer and locked it up he said, "Now, Alexander, let me have your history."

I commenced, and told him all that the reader is now acquainted with. Dinner broke off my narrative, and as soon as it was over I resumed it. When I had finished, he expressed his astonishment, and asked many questions. Among others he said, "And that little wretch Peleg, the captain of the Transcendant's son, is he on board?"

"I have not seen him," replied I, "and therefore presume that he was not able to move, and went down in the schooner."

Which was the case.

"You have indeed told me a strange tale," said Philip, "and you have had some most extraordinary escapes. You must have a charmed life, and you appear to have been preserved to prove that Amy's persuasion of your being still alive was just and well-founded; and now it is my turn to talk, and yours to listen. When I left you as lieutenant of Captain Levee's schooner, we very shortly afterwards had an action with a Spanish vessel of very superior force, for she mounted thirty guns. Having no chance with her from her superior weight of metal, we threw ourselves on her bow and boarded. The Spaniards did not relish this kind of close fighting, and gave us immediate possession of their deck. Captain Levee, when he brought in his prize, was appointed to a frigate of thirty-six guns, and I followed him as his first lieutenant. We had another combat with a vessel of equal force, in which we were the victors, and I was sent home in the prize. Captain Levee wrote very kindly in my behalf, and I was made a captain, and given the command of a small brig. But let me first finish with Captain Levee. He captured a galleon, which gave him a large fortune, and he then gave up the command of his ship and went on shore, telling me in a letter that he had hitherto squandered away all his money, but now that he had got so much, he intended to keep it. He has done so, for he has purchased a large landed property, is married, and I believe, is very happy."

"He deserves it," replied I, "and long may he be so."

"Well, to continue. I was sent out on this station, and having information that the vessel which you are now on board of was at anchor in a

bay close to the Havannah, I ran in and reconnoitred. She hoisted Spanish colours, and I did the same. It fell calm, and I lay about four miles outside. I was mistaken for another Spanish vessel, and the captain of this vessel, or, to speak correctly, the Spanish captain of the Spanish brig, came out to see me, and did not discover his mistake till he was on board. I detained him and his boat's crew. It continued calm till the evening, when the breeze sprung up, and I put the head of the brig right for the bay, as if I were going in to anchor. The breeze being light, it was dark before I got in and alongside this vessel. They were completely surprised, for they imagined that their captain was dining with his old friend, and having no idea that we were any thing but Spanish, had not made the least preparation for resistance. We had possession of her decks before they could seize their arms, and I brought her out without any one knowing that she had been captured. On my arrival the admiral gave me the command of her, which I have held for nine months; but she is very defective, and I was ordered home, and should have sailed, had it not been that that scoundrel, the captain of the Transcendant gave me the information which induced me to come round to the back of the island. Little did I think what happiness awaited me. So much for myself. Do not think me an egotist for speaking of myself, I am only clearing away the less important information to arrive at that which most interests you. The Amy arrived safe with her valuable cargo. The captain reported that he had remained at the rendezvous until blown off by a sort of hurricane, and that finding himself a long way off, he considered when the gale had ceased, that he was not justified in remaining with so valuable a cargo, but was bound to make the best of his way to Liverpool. He was right, and his conduct was approved of by Mr. Trevannion, who looked for your arrival every hour. At last a week passed away and you did not make your appearance, and great alarm was entertained for your safety. The weeks grew into months, and it was supposed that you had been upset in the same hurricane which had driven the Amy so far from her rendezvous. The poor girl, Whyna, was, as you may suppose, kindly received by Mr. Trevannion and his daughter, and soon gained their affection; but she pined for your return, and when she was told that you were dead she never recovered it. The climate certainly did not agree with her, and she contracted a very bad cough during the winter, but I believe from my heart that it was your loss which affected her the most severely. After she had been about eighteen months in England, she fell into a consumption and died."

"Poor Whyna!" said I, with a sigh.

"Alexander," said Philip, "perhaps it was all for the best, for that poor girl loved you sincerely, and supposing that she was now still alive and living with Miss Trevannion, and on your return your marriage should (which of course unless Heaven decrees otherwise it will) take place, that poor creature would have been very unhappy, and although the idea of her being a rival to Miss Trevannion is something which may appear absurd to us, yet she had the same feelings, and must have endured the same pangs as any other woman, let her colour be what it may. I think, therefore, that her removal was a blessing and a happy dispensation. I saw Mr. Trevannion and his daughter but once previous to their receiving your letters from Rio acquainting them with your misfortunes and happy deliverance from slavery. They were both very

dejected, and Mr. Trevannion talked of retiring from business, and living upon his property near Liverpool. As I corresponded regularly with Amy, I learnt that he had done so, and had just wound up his affairs when your letters arrived from Rio with an order on the Portuguese Exchequer for a considerable sum. I hardly need say that the joy occasioned by this intelligence was great. Amy recovered her good looks, and her father bitterly lamented his having retired from business, as he had wished to have made the whole over to you. The money you remitted from Rio he considered as your own, and he also set apart your share of the business from the time that you were admitted as a partner. He was not aware that you could carry a diamond of such immense value about your person, exposed to the view of every one; among Indians, settlers and pirates. That my delight was equal to theirs you will, I am sure, give me credit to believe; and although I was obliged to sail for the West Indies every day I anticipated receiving a letter informing me of your arrival in England. Judge then my distress at first receiving letters stating that you had not been heard of for three months after your leaving Rio, and expressions of fear that some accident had happened, and then month after month many more and more desponding letters, in which Mr. Trevannion plainly stated that the xebecque must have foundered; and Amy only clinging to the hope that you were still alive. I acknowledge that I considered you dead, and you may therefore imagine my surprise and delight when your signature on the slip of paper proved that you were not only in existence, but on board of the same vessel with me."

Such was the narrative of my brother Philip in return for mine, and it was late at night when we parted. Oh! how sincerely did I pray that night, thanking Heaven for all its mercies, and entreating that the cup might not be again dashed from my lips. When I arose the next morning I found that Philip was on deck, and I followed him.

"We shall soon be in Port Royal with this wind," said he, "and I hope to find the admiral still there."

I had some conversation with the officers, and then went below to see Toplift. He was in his hammock, for he had much fever, and suffered from his wound, but the surgeon said that he would do well.

"Toplift," said I, "you must keep your mind at ease, for my brother has promised me that you shall not be tried with the others, and has no doubt that when he explains the whole to the admiral you will be thanked for your service."

"Thanked!" said Toplift, "if I am not hanged I shall be fortunate enough."

"No fear of that," replied I, "so keep your mind easy, and get well as fast as you can."

"Well then, sir, you have saved my life at all events, for had you not come on board no one would have ever spoken for me, or believed that I was not a pirate in heart like all the others, except the two Portuguese."

"If necessary, they will be evidence in your favour, but I do not think any evidence will be required except mine, and that will be sufficient with the admiral. I promised you that you should never want the means of getting your livelihood, and I repeat that promise now."

"Thank you, sir," replied he, and I then left him and went up to the cabin to breakfast.

The following day we were at anchor at Port Royal; my brother reported what had occurred, and the admiral sent for all the pirate prisoners except Toplift, whose case was so fully represented by me and my brother that he was permitted to go at large, and to take a passage home to England free of expense if he wished it. It is hardly necessary to say that Toplift accepted this offer, and remained in the vessel with me. The two Portuguese were also liberated. Three days after our arrival we sailed for England, and after a quick run of between five and six weeks, we anchored at Spithead. My brother could not leave his ship, and I therefore requested him to write to Liverpool stating that he had intelligence of me, and that I was alive; that I had been wrecked and had fallen into the hands of the Indians near the English settlements in Virginia, and that I had escaped and was, he believed, at James Town.

I considered it wise to make a communication like this at first, as too sudden an announcement might be dangerous to one in so weak a state of health as Philip stated my Amy to be from the letter he had received from her father. I remained with him at Portsmouth till the reply came. Mr. Trevannion wrote and told Philip that his communication had, as it were, raised his daughter from the grave—as she had fallen into a state of profound melancholy which nothing could remove—that he had very cautiously introduced the subject, and by degrees told her what was reported, and eventually when he found that she was more composed, that he had put Philip's letter in her hand.

He concluded, that he trusted that I would arrive, and soon, for if any accident was now to happen to me it would be the death of his daughter, who had not strength enough left to bear another reverse. At my request Philip then wrote that he had received a letter from a brother officer stating that I was well, and safe on board, and that they would be in England a few days after the receipt of the letter.

Leaving directions to Philip how to proceed, I now went off to London, and having fitted myself out with every requisite of dress and toilet, I called upon a celebrated Jew diamond merchant and showed him my diamond, requesting that he would weigh it, and then estimate its value. He was much astonished at the sight of such a stone, as well he might be, and after weighing it and examining it, he pronounced it worth 47,000*l.* provided a purchaser could be found for an article of such value.

I told him that I was not a merchant, and could not be travelling about to show the diamond to crowned heads, but if he would give me a liberal price for it I would abate a great deal that he might dispose of it to his own advantage. He requested that he might call upon me with two of his friends that they might see the diamond and consult with him; and then he would give me an answer. We fixed the time for twelve o'clock on the following day, and I took my leave.

The next day he called at the time appointed, accompanied by two gentlemen of his own persuasion. They weighed the stone again very carefully, examined it by the light of a powerful lamp to ascertain its water, and to see if there were any flaws in it, calculated the reduction of weight which would take place in cutting it, and, after a consultation,

I was offered 38,000*l*. I considered this an offer that I ought not to refuse, and I closed with them. The next day the affair was settled. I received money and bills on government to the amount, and wrote to Philip telling him what had taken place. Strange that from two slaves in the mines I should have received such valuable legacies; from poor Ingram a diamond worth so much money, and from the other Englishman a tattered Bible which made me a sincere Christian—a legacy in comparison of which the diamond was as dross.

Philip replied to my letter congratulating me on the sale of the diamond, and informing me that to his letter he had received a reply containing so satisfactory an account of Amy's restored health, that he had written to tell them that I had arrived safe in England, and would be very soon with them. He recommended my going immediately, as the anxiety and suspense would be very injurious to Amy's health. I therefore made every arrangement for my departure, purchased horses, and procured four stout serving-men, well armed, to accompany me, and wrote a letter, which I sent by an express courier, stating the exact day which I expected to arrive at Mr. Trevannion's country seat.

I waited in London two days to wind up all my affairs, and to give time for the express to arrive before me, as I intended to travel very fast. My stay in London was the occasion of an important discovery. I was at the coffee-house at St. Paul's, and was talking with one of Captain Levee's officers, with whom I had picked up an acquaintance, when on his calling me by the name of Musgrave, a pinched up sort of looking personage, in a black suit, who was standing at the bay window, turned round, and coming up to me said, "Sir, as a stranger I must apologise, but hearing your friend call you by the name of Musgrave, may I venture to ask if you are any relative to Sir Richard Musgrave, Baronet, who lived in Cumberland?"

"Lived, did you say, sir? Is he then dead?"

"Yes, sir, he has been dead these last seven months, and we are looking out for his heir, but cannot find him."

"I knew the family very well," replied I, "for I am connected with it. His eldest son, Richard, of course, must be his heir, as all the estates are entailed."

"His eldest son, Richard, sir, is dead. We have authenticated documents to prove that; and, moreover, his second son, Charles, is also dead. He came home very ill and died, not at his father's house, but at the house of one of his tenants on the estate. It is his third son, Alexander Musgrave, whom we seek, and seek in vain. He is now the heir to the baronetcy and estates, but we have lost all clue to him. We understand that a Captain Philip Musgrave is just arrived from the West Indies. He is, we presume, the fourth son. But until we can find out what has become of Alexander Musgrave, and whether he is dead or alive, we cannot act. I have written this day to Captain Musgrave, requesting any information he can give, but have received no answer. I presume, sir, it is useless to inquire of you?"

"Not exactly, sir, for I am the Alexander Musgrave you seek."

"Indeed, sir, but what proof have you of your identity to offer to us."

"The evidence of my brother, Captain Philip Musgrave, in whose ship I have just arrived from the West Indies; that his answer to your

letter will be satisfactory enough, I have no doubt. Here is a letter from him to me, in which you see he addresses me 'my dear Alexander,' and concludes with 'your affectionate brother, Philip Musgrave.'"

"This is indeed satisfactory, sir," replied the gentleman, "and I have only to receive an answer from your brother to make all right and clear. Allow me, sir, to congratulate you upon your accession to the title and property. I presume you will have no objection, as soon as the necessary proofs are obtained, to accompany me down to Cumberland, where I doubt not you will be recognised by many."

"Of that, sir, I have not the slightest doubt," replied I, "but I cannot go down with you to Cumberland at present. I leave London for Liverpool the day after to-morrow on important business, and cannot disappoint the parties."

"Well, sir, it must indeed be an important business which will prevent you from taking possession of a title and 4000*l.* per annum," replied he, "but here is my address, and I hope I shall hear from you as soon as possible, as I shall remain in town till I can bring the heir down with me."

The man now looked as if he doubted me. He could not imagine that I could neglect the taking possession of the estate for any other business, and it did appear singular, so I said to him, "Sir, I have been long out of England, and am affianced to a young lady who lives near Liverpool. She has been waiting to hear from me for some time, and I have sent an express to say that I will be with her on such a day. I cannot disappoint her, and, I tell you more, that, without I possess her, the possession of the title and estates will give me very little pleasure."

"Sir," replied he, making a bow, "I honour your sentiments, and she must be a worthy lady who can inspire such feelings. I only hope that you will not remain too long at Liverpool, as London is expensive, and I am anxious to return to Cumberland."

I then wished the gentleman farewell, and went home to my lodgings. I had given him my address in case he wanted to see me before my departure.

The next day I received a letter from Philip enclosing the one written to him by this gentleman, whose name was Campbell, and who was a lawyer. Philip told me what reply he had made to him, and congratulated me on my accession to the title and estates. Almost an hour afterwards Mr. Campbell called upon me with Philip's letter, which he declared to be highly satisfactory, and sufficient in any court of justice.

"But," said he, "I would wish to ask you a few particulars."

"And I also would wish to make a few inquiries, Mr. Campbell. I have heard your name in my youth, although I cannot recollect ever having seen you."

"I was the confidential adviser of your father at one time, sir," replied he, "but latterly all intercourse had ceased; it was not until he was on his death-bed, and fully repented the foolish step which he had taken, and the injustice he had been guilty of, that he sent for me, much to the annoyance of Lady Musgrave, who would have prevented me from coming into the house even when I arrived, had it not been for the servants, who disobeyed her."

"And my sisters, sir, Janet and Mabel?"

"Are both well, and have grown up very fine girls. Your father

destroyed the deed by which Lady Musgrave was to have had a large jointure upon the estate, and she is now entirely dependent upon you for what she may receive. When do you expect to be able to come up from Liverpool?"

"I can hardly say, but of course as soon as I can."

"Well, sir, my own affairs will require my presence in the metropolis for a month. In the meantime, although I should have preferred to have gone down with you to Faristone Hall and have at once put you in possession, yet affairs may remain as they are (for every thing is under seal, and Lady Musgrave has been compelled to remove) till it suits your convenience. I shall, however, write to let them know that you have been found, and will soon come down and take possession."

Mr Campbell then asked me a few questions, to which I replied satisfactorily, and then for the first time he saluted me with my title, saying, "Sir Alexander, I will now take my leave."

The next morning I set off on my journey, and travelling with as much speed as the horses would permit, I arrived on the fifth day at Mr. Trevannion's seat, about nine miles from Liverpool. As I rode up the avenue of chestnut trees I perceived a female form looking out from an upper window which soon afterwards made a precipitate retreat. I alighted, and was received at the door in the embrace of Mr. Trevannion, who welcomed me with tears, and taking me by the hand he led me into an apartment where I found my adored Amy, who threw herself into my arms and wept as if her heart would break; but her sobs were the sobs of joy, and when she did raise her head and look at me, it was with eyes beaming with pleasure, and with smiles upon her beautiful lips. I clasped her to my bosom, and felt that I was more than repayed for all I had suffered, and my heart was throbbing with gratitude and love.

It was some time before we could sufficiently compose ourselves to enter into lengthened conversation, and then Amy inquired what had occurred to me to occasion such a lengthened absence. We sat down on a sofa, and with Amy on one side of me and her father on the other, I entered into my narrative.

"And so you have been married since we last heard from you," said Amy, smiling, when I had finished my history.

"Yes," replied I, "I have been, but I hope I shall treat my second wife a little better than I did my first."

"I hope so too," replied Amy. "But I have great fear that your Virginian mistress may come over and claim you."

"I do not think that likely. From the Indians having followed me to the beach, they must have fallen in with her."

"And what do you think became of her?"

"Of course I cannot exactly say; but I presume she died gallantly, and fought with her axe to the last."

That evening I had a long conversation with Mr. Trevannion. He told me what he had done with the money which he considered as mine, and I put into his care the sum I had received for the diamond. I then spoke to him about our marriage, and requested that it might not be postponed.

"My dear Musgrave," said he, "my daughter's happiness so depends upon her union with you that I can only say I am willing that it should take place to-morrow. For yourself you know that I have the

highest esteem, and that you must be convinced of when I have consented to the match without even making inquiry as to your family and connexions. Now, however, is the time that I should wish to have some information about them."

"My dear sir, if you will only make inquiries you will find that the family of Musgrave is one of the most highly connected in the north, and that the head of it is a Sir Richard Musgrave, Baronet, of Faristone Hall, in Cumberland. I am a near relative of his as I can satisfactorily prove."

"That is sufficient," replied Mr. Trevannion. "I shall leave you to plead your cause with Amy to-morrow, so now, good night."

The following day I told Amy that since my arrival in England I had heard of the death of my father, and that it was necessary that I should go to the north, as family affairs required my presence.

"Are you serious?" replied she.

"Never more so in my life. My presence is absolutely necessary, and I made arrangements with the legal adviser of our family that I would be there in less than a month."

"It is a long journey," said Mr. Trevannion, "and how long do you stay?"

"That I cannot possibly say," replied I, "but not longer than I can help."

"I do not think that I shall let you go," said Amy, "you are not to be trusted out of sight. You are so born for adventure that you will not be heard of again for another two years."

"Such is my misfortune, I grant," replied I, "but, Amy, you look pale and thin; change of air would do you much service. Suppose you and your father were to come with me. Indeed, Mr. Trevannion, I am in earnest. At this delightful time of the year nothing would prove so beneficial to her health; and, Amy, then you know that I shall not be out of your sight."

"I should like the tour very much," replied she, "but—"

"I know what you would say. You do not like the idea of travelling with me as Amy Trevannion. You are right. Then let me propose that you travel with me as Amy Musgrave."

"I second that proposal," said Mr. Trevannion.

"Consent, Amy, let our marriage be quite private. I know you will prefer that it should be so, and so will your father. You will then travel with me as my wife, and we never shall part again."

Amy did not reply till her father said, "Amy, it is my wish that it should be so. Recollect it will be the last time that you have to obey your father, so do not annoy me by a refusal."

"I will not, my dear father," replied Amy, kissing him. "Your last command I obey with pleasure. And oh! if I have sometimes been a wilful girl, forgive me every thing at this moment."

"My dear child I have nothing to forgive. May God bless you; and, Mr. Musgrave," said he, putting her hand in mine. "If she prove as good a wife as she has been a daughter, you now receive a treasure," and I felt that the old man stated what was true.

It was arranged that the marriage should take place on that day week, and that it should be quite private. There was no parade of bridal clothes; in fact no one was invited, and it was quite a secret marriage, at

my request. A clergyman had been engaged to perform the ceremony, and, on the day appointed, I received the hand of my Amy in the drawing-room, and in the presence only of Humphrey and two other confidential servants.

After the ceremony was over the clergyman requested me to come with him into the adjoining room, and said, "It was necessary that he should give a certificate of the marriage, and must be inserted in the parish register. He had called me aside for that purpose that I might give him my exact name, profession, &c."

"My name is Alexander Musgrave, as you have heard when you married us."

"Yes, I know that, but I must be particular. Have you no other name? Is that the name that you have been and will be in future known by?"

"Not exactly," replied I. "I have been known by that name, but in future shall not be."

"Then what am I to say?"

"You must say Sir Alexander Musgrave, Baronet, of Faristone Hall, Cumberland."

"Good," said he, "that is what I required; and the lady, your wife, has she any other name but Amy?"

"None, I believe."

The clergyman then wrote out the marriage certificate and signed it, taking a copy for registry, and we returned into the drawing-room.

"Here is the certificate of marriage, madam," said he, "it ought to be in the care of the lady, and therefore, my lady, I hand it over to you."

"My lady is much obliged to you for your kindness," replied Amy, for she thought that the clergyman was only facetious.

She held the certificate in her hand folded as it had been given her for some time. At last curiosity, or, perhaps, having nothing else to do, induced her to open it and read it. I was at this time talking with the clergyman, and presenting him with a handsome douceur for his trouble, but perceiving her to open the certificate I watched her countenance. She read and started. I turned away as if not observing her. She then went up to her father and desired him to read it.

The old gentleman took out his glasses, and it was amusing to see the way in which he looked at his daughter, with his spectacles falling off his nose. He then came up, and pointing to the certificate said, "Pray how am I in future to address my daughter?"

"As Amy, I trust, sir, unless you wish to scold her, and then you must call her Lady Musgrave. I am, my dear sir, as the certificate states, Sir Alexander Musgrave, of Faristone, with a handsome property descended to me. I did not know it till I arrived in London, and if I concealed it from you till now, it was only that my Amy should have the satisfaction of proving to me that she wedded me in pure disinterestedness of affection."

"It was very, very kind of you, Alexander, to do as you have done, and I thank you sincerely for it."

"And now, my dear Amy, you understand why I wished you to come with me into Cumberland, that you may take possession of your future abode, and assume that position in society which you will so much grace. I trust, sir," continued I, "that you will not part from us, and that one roof will always cover us, as long as Heaven thinks fit to spare our lives."

"May God bless you both," replied Mr. Trevannion, "I cannot part with you, and must follow."

About half an hour after this I requested Amy and Mr. Trevannion to sit by me, as I had now another narrative to give them, which was an explanation why and how it was that they found me in the position that they had done; in short, what were the causes that induced me, and afterwards my brother Philip, to quit our parental roof, and to come to the resolution of fighting our own way in the world. It was as follows:

"Sir Richard Musgrave, my father, married a young lady of high connexion, a Miss Arabella Johnson, and with her lived, I have every reason to believe, a very happy life for nearly twenty-five years, when it pleased God to summon her away. I have a good recollection of my mother; for although I lived with my brother at a private tutor's, about six miles off, I was continually at home, and she did not die till I was nearly sixteen; and I can only say, that a more elegant, amiable, and truly virtuous woman, as I believe, never existed. By this marriage my father had four sons and two daughters; Richard, the eldest; Charles, the second; myself, the third; and Philip, the fourth; and my sisters, who came last, were named Janet and Mabel. At the time of my mother's death, my eldest brother was serving with the army, which he had entered from a love of the profession, although, as heir to the baronetcy and estates, which are a clear 4000*l.* per annum, he of course had no occasion for a profession. My second brother, Charles, being of an adventurous turn, had gone out to the East Indies in a high position, as servant to the Company. I was still at home, as well as Philip, who is four years my junior, and my sisters were of course at home. I pass over the regrets at my mother's death, and will now speak more of my father. He was a good-tempered, weak man, easily led, and although, during my mother's lifetime, he was so well led that it was of little consequence, the case proved very different at her death. For a year my father remained quiet in the house, content with superintending his improvements on his property, and he had lately become infirm, and had given up the hounds and rural sports in general. The dairy was one of his principal hobbies; and it so happened that a young girl, the daughter of a labourer, was one of the females employed in that part of the establishment. She was certainly remarkably good-looking; her features were very small, and she did not show that robust frame which people in her class of life generally do. She was about seventeen years old, slight in figure, and certainly a person that you would not pass without making some commendatory remark upon her good looks and modest appearance. She was not, however, what she appeared; she was beyond measure cunning and astute, and, as it proved, inordinately ambitious. My father, who was naturally of an amorous disposition, was attracted by her, and very soon was constantly in the dairy, and his attentions were so marked, that the other servants used to call her 'my lady.' A few months after my father had shown a preference for this girl, he was seized with his first attack of gout. It did not last him long, and in six weeks he was about again, and resumed his attentions to her. Philip and I, who were at our tutor's, when we came home, heard from others what was going on, and very foolishly played the girl many tricks, and annoyed her as much as we could. After we returned, my father had another fit of the gout, and when he was confined to his room, he desired this girl to

be sent for to attend upon him. I cannot say what took place, but this is certain, that my father's unfortunate passion became so great, and I presume the girl's ambition rose in proportion, that about six months afterwards, this daughter of a menial was raised to the dignity of Lady Musgrave—she being at that time about eighteen, and my father verging on seventy.

"When this ill-assorted and disgraceful connexion was known, the gentry and aristocracy of the county refused any longer to visit my father, and all communication was broken off. In a short time the ascendency which this artful girl gained over the old man was most wonderful. He lived but in her sight, and knew no will but hers. Her father and family were removed to a good house in the neighbourhood, and gave themselves all the airs of gentlepeople. The good old steward was dismissed, and her father established in his room, although the man could not read or write, and was wholly unfit for the office. The expense which she launched out into, by his permission, was excessive. New liveries, new coaches, diamonds, and dresses fit for the court—indeed, every kind of luxury that could be conceived, and much greater than my father could afford. She now showed herself in her true colours; vindictive and tyrannical to excess, she dismissed all the old servants, and oppressed all those to whom she owed a grudge; yet my poor father could see nothing but perfection in her. It was not till four months after the marriage that Philip and I came home, and our new step-mother had not forgotten our treatment of her. She treated us with great harshness, refused our taking our meals at my father's table, and ordered us the coarsest fare; and when we complained to my father, denied every thing that we said. As we found that we could not induce our father to listen to us or to believe us, we tried all we could, and retaliated and annoyed her as much, if not more, than she annoyed us, by talking of her mean origin and her former occupation; we defied her, and, in so doing, we ruined ourselves; for, after a useless struggle on my father's part, he gave way to her imperious commands, and sending for me, told me that I had become such a reprobate that I was no longer a son of his. He threw me a purse, telling me that it was all I might expect from him, and that I was instantly to leave the house, and never show my face in it any more. I replied, with more spirit than respect, that it was high time that the son of a gentleman and lady should leave the house, when such low-born creatures were installed in it as the mistress. My father, in a rage, flung his crutch at my head, and I left the room.

"As I went out I met her in the passage; she had evidently been listening to what had passed, and she was full of exultation.

"'It is your turn now, you she-devil,' said I, in my rage, 'but wait till my father dies. You shall go a milking again.'

"I do not mean to defend my conduct, but I was then not seventeen, and that must be my excuse. I little thought, when I said so, that it would be from my hands that she would have to receive bounty, but so it is, as Mr. Campbell informs me that my father destroyed, previous to his death, the papers which he had signed to secure her a large jointure on the estate. I set off with my wardrobe and the purse of twenty guineas, which my father had given me, and having a desire to see the world, I went on board of a merchant vessel. Six months afterwards, when we were at Liverpool, I went on board of a privateer. The remainder of my history you are already acquainted with.

"As soon as she had wreaked her vengeance upon me, my brother Philip was the next, but he was too young at that time to be turned adrift, so she put it off till the time should come, irritating and weaning my father from him by every means in her power. Three years afterwards she succeeded in having him dismissed also, and you know how I found him out. All these circumstances were very well known in the neighbourhood and to our own relations; and one only, my aunt, called upon my father, and, after a long conversation, my father consented that my sisters should go away, and remain under her charge. My step-mother's violent temper, her exactions, her imperious conduct, which was now shown even towards him, with what my aunt had advanced, had to a certain extent opened my father's eyes. He perceived that she had no other view but her own aggrandisement, and that she cared little for him. Her repeated attempts, however, to make him sign in her favour in case of his death were successful, and it was not till after her conduct had alienated him from her, and he deplored the loss of his children, that he committed the deed to the flames. About three years after I had quitted the house, my eldest brother, who had information of all that had passed, and who remained in the army because he declared that he never would go home till after his father's death, was killed by a cannon ball; and my second brother died of a fever about a year ago, when resident at the court of a native prince. I had heard nothing of these deaths, or of my father's, until my arrival in London; of course, I was most anxious to go down to Cumberland, if it were only to undo the wickedness which this woman had done, and to make amends to those whom she had so cruelly treated. I do not feel any spirit of revenge, but I feel that justice demands it of me."

"And I shall go with you with pleasure, to help you in your good work," said Amy, "and also because I want to see how she will now behave to one whom she has so persecuted, and who has become the arbiter of her fate."

"Well, Amy, I will not trust myself on this question. You shall be the arbitress of her fate, and what you decide shall be irrevocable."

"I fully appreciate the compliment you pay me," said she, "but I prefer that it should be decided in council, and we will call in my father to our assistance."

A fortnight after our marriage, we set off for London, in a coach with six handsome black horses, and eight armed servants in liveries on horseback. We arrived safely on the seventh day, and there we reposed for a time previous to setting out for Cumberland. My aunt was in London and attending the court, which I was not aware of, and with her were my two sisters, Janet and Mabel, whom I had not seen for years, and who warmly embraced me, promising that they would soon come down and take up their abode at the hall. They expressed their admiration of Amy, but, in so doing, they only followed the general opinion, for it was impossible to see and not admire her elegance and beauty. My aunt showed us every attention, and we were presented to his majesty, who was pleased to compliment Lady Musgrave in very flattering terms. We were joined in London by my brother Philip, who had paid off his ship, and the day after he joined us I said,

"Philip, there is only you and I left. Do you recollect when you inquired about the diamond, the day we met on board of your ship, what reply I made to you?"

"Yes; you said that you were afraid that you could not afford to make me a present of it."

"At that time I did not think so, Philip, but now I know that I can, and I have desired Mr. Trevannion to put out to good security the 38,000*l.* that the diamond was sold for, in your name, and for your use. You'll not hesitate to accept it, Philip, for you know that I can afford it."

"I do not hesitate, my dear Alexander, because I would do the same to you, and you would not refuse me. At the same time that is no reason that I should not thank you kindly for your generous behaviour."

Philip accompanied us on our journey to Cumberland. It was tedious, for the roads were any thing but good, but the beauty of the scenery compensated for the ruggedness of the way. In six days we arrived at the hall, where Mr. Campbell, who had called upon me on my arrival in London, had preceded me to make preparations for our reception, which was enthusiastic to the highest degree. We were called upon and congratulated by all the county, who were delighted to find that such a personage as Amy was to be the future mistress.

As soon as all this bustle and excitement was over, I sat down with Mr. Campbell to look over the state of affairs, and to set things to rights.

After having done justice to many claimants, engaged again the old servants who had been discharged, promised farms to the tenants who had been unfairly turned out, &c., we then proceeded to decide upon what was to be done to the Dowager Lady Musgrave. It appeared that at my father's death, when she found that the deed had been destroyed by his own hands in presence of others, she became frantic with rage, and immediately hastened to secure the family jewels, and every article of value that she could lay her hands upon, but Mr. Campbell, having due notice of what she was about, came in time to prevent her taking them away, and, putting seals upon every thing and leaving careful guards in the Hall, my lady had gone to her father's house, where she still remained. She had, on my arrival, sent me a message, imploring my mercy, and reminding me that whatever might be her errors, she was still the lawful wife of my father, and she trusted that respect to his memory would induce me to allow her sufficient to maintain her as lady Musgrave should be. We had the consultation that Amy proposed, and called in Mr. Campbell as a fourth, and it was at last decided, that on consideration that she removed with her family to a distance of fifty miles from Faristone, she should have an income of 300*l.* per annum, as long as she conducted herself with propriety and did not marry again. The last clause was the only one which she complained of. Mr. Campbell had, at the request of my father, discharged Lady Musgrave's parent from the office of steward and called in the old steward to resume his situation, and before dismissal he had to refund certain sums of money not accounted for.

I have now told my eventful tale; I have only to add, that after all that I have passed through, I have been rewarded by many years of unalloyed happiness. My two sisters are well married, and my three children are all that a father could wish. Such, my dear madam, have been the vicissitudes of a "Privateer's-man," and I now subscribe myself,

Your most obedient,

ALEXANDER MUSGRAVE.

EARL SIMON.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

I.

Carries us backward in Time—Time does not touch all things in Nature—Love is ever Young and Eternal.

MY mind strode back three hundred years ;—'twas open-eyed and clear.
I, ancient voices heard, and saw dead faces re-appear.
I saw a foregone lover woo a long-departed maid ;
Though now the very dust is gone that in their tombs was laid.

And starlight in that vanish'd age was just as dim as now;
And when the moon came up, unchang'd, she show'd no brighter brow.
So know I, by an alchemy that in me hidden lies,
Though these three hundred years are fled, no older are the skies.

The orbs know nought of Time. For them, nor sand nor scythe he bears
To measure grain by grain their lives, or reap their ripen'd years.
Their lives are repetition all :—they're neither old nor young,—
These infants at a million years, and patriarchs when they sprung.

It was a starlight night I saw, three hundred years from hence:
A deep, transparent, purple night, like darken'd glass intense.
The sky lean'd on the shoulder'd hills, as loving languidly ;
Or else the enamour'd hills strain'd up to kiss the gentle sky,—

I know not which ; so tenderly each to the other prest ;
Pure serious night her starry cheek, and honest earth her breast !
Ah me! How blest I felt, transpos'd into that antique time,
With solemn peace and silence deep, and quietness sublime!

The steady beating of the pulse of Nature's life I heard;—
That palpitation in the air, when air itself's unstirr'd.
While innocent and unabash'd, beneath the curtain'd night,
Rare beauties most remote were bared, that hide from common light.

What, in that midnight confidence of Nature's couch I learn'd
I may not tell again ; but keep within my heart inurn'd.
For to all favour'd lovers she hath now and then reveal'd
Such bliss beyond all words as they, perforce, must keep conceal'd.

But this I may rehearse again ;—how, on that tell-tale air,
I heard a youth, long dead, bespeak a vanish'd lady fair.
Though love may seem to matter not that endeth in decay,—
Yet life at spring-tide evermore will glorify its May.

Nor more shall priest or moralist the voice of love strike dumb,
Than prove—because the earth must end—the seasons need not come.
'Tis vanity itself to say that life and love are vain:
No less they both eternal are, although they die again.

The love that stirr'd in Paradise, while Eve was yet a maid,
The same dear serpent was, by which her daughters are betray'd.
Time cannot age that cherub, nor experience destroy
His simplest snare.—He still remains the same Eternal Boy.

II.

Love's world in prospect—Earl Simon opens his mouth and speaks about his Affections.

Earl Simon and bright Genevieve stood by a clouded stream:
Hand-lock'd, and heart in heart, they dream'd the same delirious dream.
Dull earth's unkind realities were all beneath them bow'd,—
They shone with Eden's glory then, and trod upon a cloud.

Their season was all summer, and their sky eternal blue;—
A peaceful deep, where hopeful eyes another heav'n shin'd through.
Sweet Fancy's sapphire mountains wore, around their summits roll'd,
Gay wreaths of sunny cloud: and lakes lay broad in liquid gold.

That region knew not sorrow, sin, nor evil thought, nor care:
The bonds of human happiness were never broken there.
Love's founts were ever playing through a life without a crime,
Since Innocence, to bless that world, walk'd step by step with Time.

And such th' ideal future is, of every soul that loves.—
Earth's tiger-passions there look tame, and all its wings are doves.
The trusting heart, incredulous, no chance of change believes,
Until the show of iron fangs and talons undeceives.

Earl Simon whisper'd Genevieve,—"O, sweetheart, blythe and true!
Though newly come to man's estate, and my dominions new;
No pleasure tarries at my gate, my empty halls are lone;
My woods look wither'd, and my tow'rs a dreary heap of stone.

"My waterfalls make music sad, because nor night nor day
Unto no other one but me they sparkle, dance, and play.
I ought to see thee everywhere, by fountain and by tree,
Yet everywhere thy form alone in memory I see.

"When suns shine out I fancy then thy shadow on my grass;
And when the breeze doth bend my flow'rs, I see this angel pass.
While to mine eyes the moonshine paints thy picture on my walls,
And when I hear the night-wind speak, 'tis Genevieve that calls.

"I start above my missal old, and list in tender pain;
Yet love so well to be deceiv'd, I'd be deceiv'd again.
But while I dwell with visions so,—though visions bright to view,—
My life as no real life appears, but grows a vision too.

"I tread, but do not feel the earth; I breathe, nor taste the air:
I meet young morning on the hills, yet ask not is she fair;
The world has dwindl'd out of sight; and in the blank I see
Thy image, Genevieve, alone, where else the world's would be.

"When shall my woods behold their Spring?—When wilt thou make them
green?
And when within my castle walls their ladie sweet be seen?
When shall the moonlight mock no more?—The wind no more deceive?
But in my soul be truly heard thy voice, my Genevieve?"

III.

Genevieve replies, and laments the interference of Friends in love matters—Says what she would do, and favours Youth—Duke John dislikes Earl Simon—Difficulties.

"Alas!" said gentle Genevieve, "this life is bitter-sweet!
My heart wears down like earth between where streams conflicting meet.
The old forget that they were young, and would the young make old;
Nor leave to Time, the alchemist, to change to lead our gold.

"Duke John, my uncle guardian, heeds not about my age,
But looks, behind my maiden face, to find a hidden sage.
I warn him worldly wisdom best becomes his ashy hair,
And tendrils like to mine grow not upon a ground of care.

"What, though the morn of life less staid and solemn is than noon?
The fruit grows ripe in autumn that was green and small in June.
Why haste to beat the blossom down that soon itself would fall?
Just wait until the year is out,—'twill vanish, fruit and all!

"If I were old I would not force my wisdom on young joy,—
My heart aches often now to hear an old man in a boy.
This very thoughtlessness of youth I do esteem its pride:
'Tis beautiful to see its faith, but cruelty to chide.

"My soul abhors such learning as would teach a lamb its life,
Hangs on a butcher's will, and one red plunging of his knife.
Let life be life, and joy be joy, and youth remain *in* youth.
Such happiness of error 's worth a world of savage truth.

"'Tis bad for simple maids to be deceiv'd in what they trust:
But worse to be deceiv'd, and told beforehand, too, they must.
Such bubbles on their surface still some pretty scenes display,
Let me enjoy them while they last, come next what sorrow may.

"I would be merciful, like God; who, when he gave us breath,
Kept back the frightful knowledge of the moment of our death.
But if I am to be deceiv'd, as hate would make believe,
'T shall be amidst a boundless faith in him who may deceive !"

"Oh, worthy of a hero's hand ! oh, noble gentleness !"
Earl Simon cried,—"Who winneth thee, himself may truly bless.
But what of *hate?* who hates ? and whom ? If any hateth thee,
By instinct shall that craven know an enemy in me!"

"Ah, no!" said she, "why said I hate? 'tis not so bad as hate ;
The man who could Earl Simon scorn deserves a felon's fate.
But fain would they persuade my mind, all men—when love grows old—
Forsake their loves, and at their hearts turn icy, hard, and cold.

"Yet marvel I how this should be, since change *I* never can;
And plain it is that I am but another sort of man.
But, woe is me ! Duke John, I fear, has other ends in view:
He might not hate to see me wed, so it were not to you."

"Now tell me all, and tell me true !" aghast, Earl Simon cried,
"I fear the dagger, now he shows the handle at his side.
It needs no old hill-shepherd, weatherwise and deep, to know
Dark winter must be coming when we see a fall of snow."

"Alas, alas!" said Genevieve, "How will this trouble end?
For, of a truth too sorrowful, Duke John is not your friend:
And of all stern and savage men, would any two, than he,
Had vow'd, for ever by their swords, your enemies to be.

"To me he's always gentle as a wolf that yet laps milk;
And, mostly, I can lead him like my brach, in bands of silk;
But on this point—O mercy !—though I pray'd with hands and eyes,
I'd better ask the thunder not to speak along the skies.

"I wish old men were wise enough to leave young folks alone.
They dream of matching heart with heart, when 'tis but stone with stone.
And ever after life remains as if a whited wall:
No sunshine ever makes it gay, no colours on it fall."

"But since such men can't wiser grow," Earl Simon thus replied,
"'Tis meet the young, who better know, should for themselves decide.
What is it but to plant dead trees, the living God to mock,
If solemnly their hearts they lay upon a breast of rock?

"Why care a straw for that consent, we do without as well?"
"Not so, *not so !*" said Genevieve, "as chronicle doth tell.
A wild old custom has obtain'd our family within,
Whereby who weds without consent weds lawlessly in sin."

IV.

The Family Custom concerning Marriage—Genevieve tells how her Ancestor avoided it —Duke John hides the Ring in a Mine, and Earl Simon vows to recover it or never return.

"Who 'twas, or which, I do not know, but 'twas some ancient king,
Made rule that all our maids, when wed, should marry with *one* ring.
It hath five diamonds on it, and it is a brilliant thing:
I would the wit had been as bright of that same ancient king.

"If parent or if guardian the match would not approve,
He'd but to keep the ring lock'd up, and thus defeat their love.
I fancy 'twas a privilege some household tyrant got,
To wed his daughters where *he* would, and they, alas! would not.

"It was the wisdom of old times, as later sorrows show,
For parents maids to give away, and not themselves bestow,
Ah, had I liv'd an age to come, when men shall wiser be!
Such sacrifice of loathing hearts is villany to me.

But once—some generations back—there was a noble maid—
Her picture yet emerges like a rose-bloom from the shade,—
Who would not wed but where she lov'd: and him she lov'd, she told
To come at drowsy morning-tide, and take the ring of gold.

"Her father, over-night, she dos'd with winning looks and wine;
I should have smil'd, methinks if that her lover had been mine.
Affecting then a girlish whim to rummage up his store,
The casket rare that held the ring she to her chamber bore.

"And surely never dew so sweet fell down at morning tide,
As by a slender silk that morn let down the gentle bride.
Nor ever, better pleas'd the sun cast off night's sable shroud:—
It is remember'd yet, that morn he rose without a cloud.

"That maiden was my ancestor,—most passing beautiful:—
It well was worth a risk of life, so fair a flow'r to cull.
But mirth disarm'd vexation much; and they, most mortified,
For smiling could not bite their lips, and so forgot to chide.

"Nay, nay,—no tricks like that again!—Earl Simon, not too fast!—
For, with the story I have told, the chance itself is past.
Or if it were not, sure I am Duke John would ne'er forgive:—
Were you to take the casket, he'd pursue you while you live.

"Besides, it's hidden in the earth;—deep down some mine profound:
This cold High Peak of Derbyshire, you know, is cavern'd ground.
Stamp on it, and it hollow sounds.—It's surface is a skin
That covers up an empty drum, with crypts and caves within.

"Afraid lest we should copy my great ancestor's design,
Duke John himself, alone, has hid the ring within a mine.—
I saw him, from my lattice, with a torch, at midnight steal:—
I had been praying late to God to shield my heart from ill!"

"And God, in mercy, shield thee from all ills thy heart may dread!"
The Earl exclaimed; "and point His rays of glory on thy head.
And prosper my poor enterprise;—for down that mine I'll dive,
And either find the wedding-ring, or come not out alive!

"For if, by chance, or destiny, I may not marry thee,
The darkness of the rocks and these blind eyes would best agree.
My soul would grope in sunshine;—I should stumble on a plain;
And though an angel bent to me, I'd ne'er look up again!"

V.

Things behind the Master's back—Earl Simon in a High Peak Mine—A Demon, or a Dream.

Earl Simon's hounds about his gate down-ear'd and wistful cry:
The servants cuff them more of late, because the Earl's not by.
In kennel coil'd at night, they dream.—Mayhap of him they dream;
And in sleep-fancy fight for him, or drag him from a stream.

When will the Earl come back again? The hounds are growing thin;
They know not half the care they knew when their good lord was in.
The knaves who carry napkins here, and dress in parrot cloth,
To feed themselves are prompt enough, but dog-wards something loth.

Four weeks—a month!—a dreary month!—Lord, how the time draws on!
Four weeks within a day or two, Earl Simon has been gone.
What journey has he taken, and which servant saw him go?
Alas!—they all are in the dark, for nobody doth know.

Well!—There's more time for feasting while the master is away;
And jolly men can't kiss the maids so deftly every day.
Nor ghostly tales so well be told to chill the whole fire-side.
While everybody every night now sees the spectre bride.

That spectre always was a sign the roof would newly ring
Ere long, when home the happy lord his lady bright should bring.
And hence the kitchen council, by the force of logic led,
Concluded that Earl Simon had but gone away to wed.

Good lack!—Before the Earl can wed, his ring must needs be found;
And, mole like, all this month has he been boring under-ground.
Where glitter to his eager lamp a thousand gems of spar,
What chance has he of finding where the gold and diamonds are?

'Tis damp and chill: and, over-head, what vaulted shadows spread!
Perpetual drops fall cold on him like touches of the dead.
And slimy, soft declivities edge down abysses black,
Where lost intestine rivers fall, nor to the sun come back.

Deep central arteries are these, that palpitate unseen,
Yet force the joyous fountains up in dells of living green.
Themselves in darkness, turbulence, and ceaseless roar abide;
The very demons of the earth abhor their vexed tide.

And hollow echoes groan around, and sleepily complain
That stealthiest feet do yet disturb sedate their quiet reign.
While Chance,—fantastic spirit!—to these solitudes retires,
In liquid stone to weave such webs as Accident inspires.

Earl Simon on a rock set down: his lamp was waning dim.
His shadow on the rock behind stood horrible and grim.
And in the yellow light, moonlike, his gloomy face was wan:—
Had he not sigh'd, I should have thought he was a buried man.

Hope clung to him till now, forlorn; but now took rapid flight,
And lessen'd—a departing bird—before his fancy's sight.
But soon,—o'er-delug'd with despair, and tost in wild unrest,—
The dove that left his heart's poor ark, flew back into his breast.

For lo!—as suddenly as sparks fly off from hissing wood,
A monster, like—and yet unlike—a man, before him stood.
Why should Earl Simon's lips grow white? Why upright start his hair?
And on a living thing so small, why draw his blade in fear?

"Put up thy sword!" the dapperling in tinkling voice protests;
"Draw points of steel on breasts that feel; not on immortal breasts.
No blood like thine in heart of mine runs warm: but in my veins,
Sad mortal! know, pure ethers flow, distill'd from drenching rains.

"These hollows deep are mine to keep: the solid earth I pierce:
This nether sky with ease wing I, and swim the torrents fierce.
A super-elemental life, unbound by mortal rules,
Is mine. And what *I* say is true, whatever say the schools.

"These rocks have ears—they've told your cares—I feel your pains indeed.
Such patient love shall always find a spirit-friend in need.
That faithless duke in blindness took the earth to have no eyes;
But faith like this, than wisdom is more infinitely wise.

"Behold! afar, a white-ray'd star its diamond eye displays:
Go, and be happy! for thou'lt find the casket in its rays."
The monster vanish'd as he came—I wist not how nor where.
"God bless that little demon!" cried the earl, with bonny cheer.

And as he cried, he rubb'd his eyes, and fancied he had slept:
Yet, sure as life, a white-ray'd star from out the darkness pe'pt.
He follow'd on the way to it, nor felt a moment's doubt:
'Tis lack of faith alone that puts Love's brightest planets out.

But perfect faith preserves their shine, and ever new creates;
For mortals most confiding dwell the nearest Eden's gates.
Good feelings grow where good are felt; bright thoughts were such we think;
All springs of life would purely run, if men would purely drink.

VI.

Village Scenery—The Church-Tower on a Wedding Morning—Duke John grows furious, and Arrests Earl Simon as a Thief.

Yon tow'r that looks like stone, is dust. It wears a tint of gray.
These sloping beards of moss will grow on cheeks of lean decay.
The villager himself looks old: his full dead eye is old.
The grave-stones in the yard are green, and sunken in the mould.

And some, whose epitaphs were plain, as if but yesterday,
Into oblivion's pit have slipp'd this morning quite away.
That new, brown grave, whereon a worm divided writhes accurs'd,
Is but the moment's froth, that shows a bubble there has burst.

What matters it to coming life, what life to-day is gone?
The river at the fountain to the falls still hurries on.
The plunge—the roar—the agony;—the misty eyes—the pit.
Yet friends along the banks who weep, but save us not from it!

Such thoughts as these spring round about from all I see like weed.
Yet few, who know this alphabet, the trouble take to read.
Or on the margin of a leaf of life to note below,
Though fortune visits like a friend, she soon departs a foe.

When spirits speak, the wisest man will, infant-like, obey.
No will nor pow'r to lead men wrong, exists in such as they;
For minds have voices of their own, and inner tongues ne'er lie.
Truth, is that sound the spirit hears when closest to the sky.

Yon tow'r of shapely dust, like stone, expects with dread, this morn
The bells will shake its nervous frame too sadly to be borne.
The ringers upwards look in fear, and half prepared to run:
They almost hear the warning crack before their work's begun.

One asks the sexton, in a joke, to ready-dig his grave.
Stay yet a little longer, man, and try your soul to save!
That grave is but a dressing-room where people change their clothes;
And when you quit the *other* door, heed were the passage goes!

All thought this was a marriage morn: it proves a morn of grief.
Duke John enrag'd the earl arrests, and charges as a thief;
And Genevieve, whose fluttering wings were ready sleek'd to fly,
Is carried to her chamber and laid down as if to die.

It is too true: the duke has charg'd with felony the earl,
For stealing from the mine his box of ebony and pearl.
Nor will he ought of rancour or of vengeance mitigate,
So mad, without insanity, so cruel is his hate.

Ah, would the earl or Genevieve had dream'd of this before!
Nor stood as if on solid ground, upon a sinking floor.
Men gallop o'er a quicksand to escape its treachery;
But he who stands sinks unperceived, and surely lost is he.

In this dim time severity too much like justice looks.
With iron pens and gory inks are written half the books.
The judge is but high priest to Death. His frowns put out his eyes.
On sodden'd altars clotted hands make endless sacrifice.

M 2

VII.

Weakness bends to Strength in vain—Duke John is resolved—The hбrrible Sentence of the Law.

My breast grows hot, my hands clench up, my heart beats hard, to see
Weak innocence upon her knees to strong ferocity.
Yet ever since the world began, until this passing hour,
The wrong has surely been the strong, the right without the pow'r.

Why bends that flowing, graceful form, to angular old age?
What means the damsel by her tears—the old man by his rage?
That corner'd, elbow'd, ugly vice, was never meant to be
The arbiter of joy or woe to round-cheek'd purity.

But man's capacity for sin, and pow'r of sinning free,
Make many sorrows here on earth, God never meant to be.
Duke John has frightful pow'r in hand, and savage will to use:
'Twere charity to wish *him* blind, who can such eyes refuse.

And Genevieve has wept for nought; knelt and implored in vain.
To make impressions, there must be the sand as well as rain.
'Tis weary work for tender hearts the harden'd to implore:
No tides their ripple-marks may leave upon a granite shore.

Why is that unrelenting man so stubborn and unmoved
To one whom. hitherto, through life he's like a daughter loved?
Alas! he has deep motives, which the maiden may not know.
He promis'd her another's bride in secret long ago.

And now is he resolv'd upon Earl Simon's deep disgrace,
In hope that she, for very shame, may scorn to see his face.
"What lady," so says he, "would wed who's met the same low fate,
As should the vilest felon-serf upon his own estate?

"In his own clever trap he's caught, and torn by his own claw:
The law is most imperative, and hideous is the law.
No pow'r on earth can save him—neither rank, nor love, nor land.
*Fast to the Bloody Table they shall nail the Earl's left hand!**

"But mercy still, and tenderness, the law has kept in view,
Or ne'er had it provided means of liberation too.
An axe it leaves the culprit—if his spirit be but brave—
Whereby he may lop off his hand, and thus his carcase save.

"With daily bread and river drink most amply he's supplied,
Until he's either freed himself, or linger'd out and died.
Here's pleasant choice! But this or that the earl must surely do:
My heart will equally rejoice at either of the two.

"Should he prefer to die!—why, good! He will not want a wife.
To live? The mangl'd felon then must pass a single life.
If my old years know ought of love, the maid is far to seek,
Who'd lay upon that bloody stump, for life, her satin cheek!"

VIII.

The Dungeon, and what Sounds were heard in it.

Look up! Dos't see a dungeon-keep upon your precipice?
Six hundred feet it gazes down into a dim abyss.
Hard by its feet the eagles build, it is so safely high;
And oft beneath it floats in storms a secondary sky.

Hark! there are men within! I hear a scuffling, heavy tread:
And up that steep, not long ago, I saw Earl Simon led.
They say the executioner—But, what is that I hear?
'Tis iron upon iron clinks. They're at it now, I fear?

* Such, I have somewhere read, was the ancient punishment for felony committed in a mine.

How sickly is this dull, dead sound! It is a hammer's blows:
First soft, like flesh—then hard—O, God, into my heart it goes!
It beats within my brain like blows: as wave on wave it rolls,
'Tis one of those drear sounds that shake the fabric of men's !

No voice! No shriek, nor groan that may to cruelty belong.
Brave suffering seems more pitiful, that scorns to find a tongue.
And cruelty more odious grows, the more deliberate
And coldly on the silent brave it wreaks its demon hate.

IX.

The Lovers' favourite Walk, and how they met there—Duke John is not too old to learn —Earl Simon's Coat of Arms.

Although the earl's condemn'd, at least they've sav'd the old church tow'r;
It's hoarse asthmatic bell ere long will cough the supper hour.
And then again the dust will fall, as years ago it fell
As constantly as came the hour when struck the wheezing bell.

Lo, in their once familiar walk, what lady spectre stands?
Deserted shade! Ah, cease to wring those visionary hands!
Nor seem from bloodless lips to breathe those voiceless pray'rs and sighs!
Nor heavenwards more, for pity, raise those pure supernal eyes!

What cruelties and crimes of man have wrought thy heart this woe,
That e'en thy grave—that house of peace—may not its peace bestow?
In Heaven's high name—back, awful shade! to thy unhappy dust,
Nor rise uncall'd, but wait in hope the summons of The Just!

Ah, false, deluding glooms! Ah, night! whose shadows so deceive.
Behold! thou know'st her not again, the grief-worn Genevieve.
But now—love's last resource—she sent a message to the king.
This morn the messenger return'd, and answer thus did bring:

"No pow'r have I to pardon grant, and set thy lover free:
Though king am I of all the land, *that* law is king of me
But this, henceforth, for ever is commanded by the king,
Abolish'd in all marriages shall be that fatal ring."

"Ah, happy you, ye maids to come! But what to such as I,"
Cried Genevieve, "When he I love, half crucified must die?
But no! He lives, he lives! He comes amid the shadows dim!
Were nights as dark as vaulted caves, my heart would still see him!"

Poor wounded, bleeding, faithful soul—how faint he staggers on!
She flies to meet him, doubly dear, now that dear hand is gone.
So true it is in human hearts—and beautiful 'tis so!
Love feeds on sorrow evermore, and faster clings to woe.

Hence, by the means to sever them, the cruel duke had tried;
He only, in his ignorance of love, had closer tied.
The ancient man, although so old, had yet to live and learn—
The more you try to dash Love's torch, the brighter will it burn.

The nuptial morn *did* come at last—the old tow'r bell *did* ring—
The wedding feast of Genevieve was grac d by England's king.
And to commemorate the tale, he quarter'd Simon's arms
With two red hands, cross-finger-knit, with hearts upon the palms.

THE PORTFOLIO.

No. I.

So much as from occasions you may glean.—*Hamlet.*

THE TWO WORLDS.

"THE imaginative love of nature," remarks the author of "Guesses at Truth," "harmonised the dim conceptions of the mysteries that lie behind the curtain of the senses with the objects surrounding it, incarnating the invisible in the visible, and impregnating the visible with the invisible." Blind men and keen-eyed gropers in the dark have indeed sometimes attempted a fusion, or rather a confusion, of the two worlds; but let it not be said that their dim conceptions have accomplished a *harmony* between them. We may, to a certain extent, elevate and spiritualise the tangible, by lifting it out of its materiality; but when we attempt to incarnate the invisible with the visible, the result invariably degrades the former without exalting the latter. Deep was the meaning of the ancient myth which represented the offspring of Cœlus and Terra as being Titans and monsters. Of the desecration thus produced, the Pagans seem to have been sensible, when they gave to their Pan, or universal god, the lower limbs of a brute; a rude but frank type, upon which later religionists have hardly improved, for in the hopelessness of raising earth to Heaven, they have brought down Heaven to earth, and sacrilegiously reversing the work of God, when he made man in his own image, have humanised and even demonised the Deity.

Even of the material world immediately surrounding us, wonderfully as our visionary scope has been recently enlarged, how incalculably large a portion must still remain undiscovered! Improvements in optical instruments, partially uplifting the curtains both above and below us, have revealed new worlds in the illimitable wilds of Heaven, and in the life-swarming globe of a water-drop; and yet the visible, compared with the unseen, may be as a single grain of sand compared with the whole of our solid globe. Lord Rosse's telescope has consolidated the nebulæ into sidereal masses, forming, perhaps, countless worlds; every improvement of the microscope reveals to us new races of animalculæ; and who shall prescribe limits to this wide-spreading and exuberant stream of life, unless he can set bounds to the infinite power and goodness of the Deity, who has called such multiform myriads of sentient creatures into existence, for the unquestionable purpose of enjoying it. We know that whole islands and continents of the coral and chalk formation have once been alive; recent microscopic investigations give reason to suppose that even granite has been partly formed from the siliceous shells of insects; organised and unorganised matters are in perpetual interchange; and as every thing that now lives must die, we should be almost justified in asserting that every thing now dead has once been living.

Not for mere curiosity, however, should we pore with microscopic eyes into the wonders of Nature, but that, as Moses saw the Deity in a bush, so may we recognise his presence in a pebble and a drop of water. Not as astronomers only should we gaze upon the sky, seeking new discoveries, but rather like mariners, that what we mark in the Heavens may serve to guide our course upon earth. Science is not always

wisdom; nay, the knowledge that is not illustrated by practice is often worse than ignorance. How happily has Bacon remarked that speculative philosophy is like the lark, which wings its way upwards, and contents itself with proclaiming its ascent by a song; while experimental philosophy may be compared to the falcon, which soars as high, but rarely descends without a prize.

MORAL ARITHMETIC.

One enemy may do us more injury than twenty friends can repair. It is politic, therefore, to overlook a score of offences before you make a single foe. Moral arithmetic is sometimes very different from Cocker's. Thus, by imparting our griefs we halve them; by communicating our joys we double them. When a married couple are one, their success is pretty sure to be won too; when they are two, the chances are two to one that their affairs will be all at sixes and sevens. The money-scraping miser, who is always thinking of number one, and looking out for safe investments, forgets that the only money we can never lose is that which we give away; and that the worst of all wants is the want of what we have. In the cyphering of the heart division is sometimes multiplication, and subtraction is addition.

PERILS OF SUPERIORITY.

Shakspeare, speaking of one whose aspirations and pursuits were superior to his station, says—

——————— His delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they lived in,

but these delights are ever dangerous. Such a man might better be compared to the flying fish, which, when it raises itself into the air in order to escape from the sharks and sword-fish below, is exposed to the attacks of gulls and vultures above. Reformers, therefore, have generally been martyrs, and many discoverers, besides Galileo, have been imprisoned for understanding the heavens better than their contemporaries. Comfort and safety are only to be found in the average standard, whether physical or moral. The giant must be always stooping if he would not knock his head against a door-top or an awning; and the high-minded man must often bow to prejudices and ignorance if he would avoid a painful collision with them. Blessings on the brave men who, defying all danger, advance beyond their age, and dare to "stand upon the forehead of the coming morn." As in the high northern latitudes the furs and feathers of beasts and birds turn white in the winter, that they may adapt themselves to the cold and snow, it seems unkind that nature should not have made some similar provision for men who have elevated themselves into the high mental latitudes. Alas! the halo around their heads only renders them a more conspicuous mark for their assailants, as the light of the glow-worm and the fire-fly only serves to attract their destroyers.

BIPED RATS.

In some of our deep coal-pits the workmen stick lighted candles to the sides of the shafts and cuttings to guide them in their operations, but no sooner do they turn their backs than large black rats issue from their

hiding-places, and run away with the candles; not for the sake of the light, but that they may feast upon the tallow. Are there not bipeds, arrayed in garments of a similar hue, who "for their belly's sake creep into the fold," and think less of enlightening our darkness than of running away with the fat things upon which they can lay their clutches? True it is that they who need a lamp ought to supply it with oil; but it is also true that we sometimes find a pluralist who attaches much more importance to the oil than to the lamp.

MENTAL FREEDOM.

After ten minutes' conversation an intelligent blind man would always be enabled to discover whether his colloquist were in his non-age, middle age, dotage, or anecdotage, for our minds, in spite of ourselves, are the most faithful of all birth-registers. Nay, they betray the century to which we belong, as well as our individual date. Could I summon up a spirit at hazard from the darkness of the past, a dozen questions and answers would suffice to fix, or to make a close approximation towards his chronological position. Every generation has some mode of thinking different from all that preceded and all that is to follow it. It may be said there is but one truth. Granted: but every era may repeat the question of Pilate—"What is truth?"

He who gives utterance to what he sincerely believes, is a true man, even though his faith may be erroneous; while he who, without inquiry, professes any particular creed, because it has been established by act of parliament, and he finds conformity pleasant and profitable, is no true believer though his doctrine be irrefutable. Thank Heaven! in all these changes of opinion, we still make sure though slow advances towards toleration. Sentiments which we may now publish with impunity would have been visited, a century ago, with anathemas and fulminations; and honest convictions which we are now obliged to suppress, if we would avoid obloquy and persecution, may doubtless be promulgated, a century hence, without exciting a single animadversion. Sincere inquirers may displease men, but they are little likely to offend Heaven, for in searching for truth we must always be approaching the Deity, who is the fountain of all truth.

LOCOMOTION.

The railroads, that almost render us ubiquitous, however favourable they may be to observation, are somewhat hostile to reflection. We see more and think less than our ancestors. When the grand tour was restricted to young noblemen and the eldest sons of rich commoners, the rest of the community, shut up in their own petty localities, were glad to read the description of places which they could not visit. In those days there were bookworms, studious recluses, stay-at-home philosophers; but now action is substituted for meditation, sight-seeing for mental scrutiny, and men perform travels instead of perusing them. Many there are who are oftener in a railroad carriage than at home, and see more of the stoker's furnace than their own fire-side. Our bodies are conveyed from place to place with an almost incredible activity; but our minds, I suspect, have been rather retarded than accelerated by the process. Pleasure excursions by railroad recur with an augmenting frequency, as if "increase of appetite did grow with what it fed on,"—but the time that we gain in

rapidity is only added to our stock of idleness. Who can sit down to study after being whisked to Brighton in ninety minutes? Every day adds to our sense of enjoyment, and diminishes our enjoyment of sense.

ENVY AND EGOTISM.

Jealousy is sometimes so much stronger than self-love, that men would rather hear themselves abused than their rivals eulogised. Egotism often wears the mask of humility, and finds more pleasure in talking of its own follies, and even vices, than in not talking of itself. May not this be the secret charm of auricular confession? They who acknowledge their sins with this vain candour, little suspect that their very candour may be a sin.

FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE.

The Greek word "Pseuche" signifies a moth, which, in seeking to approach the light of a lamp, becomes consumed in its flame; and the fabulous Psyche, lost by wishing to penetrate the mystery of her divine lover, allegorises the fate of the soul destroyed by the love of knowledge. According to the same mythology, Prometheus formed the first man and woman from clay, and animated them with fire stolen from Heaven; an act which drew down upon him the heavy vengeance of Jupiter. Curious is it, that in some of the Oriental religions, as well as in the Pagan, we find similar dim shadowings of the Tree of Knowledge, and the fall of man. Not less widely disseminated is the tradition of an impious people destroyed by fire from Heaven, and the legend of Baucis and Philemon would seem to show that the Greeks were not unacquainted with the Scriptural history of the Dead Sea.

MOTHERS.

Napoleon, after having observed to Madame Campan that the old system of children's education was bad, inquired what she considered wanting to make it good. "Mothers"—was the reply. As women are the first, and perhaps the most influential, teachers, we must have good mothers, if we would secure good teachers. With them rests the tuition of the heart, so much more important than that of the head. Sentiment precedes intelligence; and it has been well observed by the authoress of a deservedly popular work, that the earliest smile which responds to the maternal caress, is the first lesson in the affections. Mothers were meant by nature to inspire virtue, even when they do not directly seek to teach it, and they will rarely go wrong when they follow their parental impulses.

OLD AGE.

The nightingale sings the sweetest in the evening; the woods assume their gayest and most cheerful aspect in the autumn of the year; the sun is brightest when it is about to disappear beneath the horizon; it cannot, therefore, be contrary to the analogy of nature, that the sunset of life should be even more cheerful and joyous than its meridian. Every body believes senility to be an evil, because he has heard it asserted a thousand times, but how many have found that "the fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear," and that the enjoyment of life suffers no diminution from the increase of years. When Fontinelle, in extreme old age, was asked

what inconvenience he experienced, he replied:—"None, but that of existence." Confessing that he had no real subject of complaint, he must needs urge a fictitious one, by taking it for granted that great age must of itself be a great evil. What would Methuselah have said to these grumbling boy-greybeards?

STATUES.

"Every block of wood or stone," says Boccolini, "contains a fine statue: the only difficulty is to extract it." Would it not be more correct to say, that the mind of every competent sculptor contains a beautiful statue, and that nothing is wanting to its completion but materials and time? A good artist must brood upon his own conception, and hatch it into imaginary life, before he attempts to materialise it; and the higher his mental scope, the lower, generally, will be his opinion of his own handiwork. "I shall never have another great idea," said Thorwaldsen, despondingly, as he contemplated his statue of Christ in the Garden. "It is the first of my works with which I have ever been satisfied. Alas! it is not that I have brought my execution up to my idea, but that I have brought my idea down to my execution." When the *beau-ideal*, whether material or moral, no longer exists for a man, he has lost the sweetest and most elevating charm of his life.

HEROES OF ROMANCE.

Curious is it, and not uninstructive, to trace the literary taste or prevailing habits of different epochs, as illustrated in the principal character of our works of fiction. The troubadours, who may be termed the novelists of chivalry, sang the praises of some doughty knight, whose adventures and exploits, extravagant in their nature, though generally founded upon some historical legend, gave rise to the still more extravagant prose romances, the hero of which wandered about the world, defending virgins, redressing grievances, and overthrowing the most formidable armies by the assistance of enchanters. These absurd and unnatural heroics were instantly exploded by the irresistible humour and satire of Don Quixotte; the writers of works of fiction, discarding the gigantic conceptions and fantastical distortions of the old romancers, condescended to study nature; and though the inflated inventions of De Scuderi and Calprenede subsequently attained a temporary popularity, the established hero of romance disappeared until he obtained a modernised and modified revival in the character of Sir Charles Grandison. This personification of drawing-room chivalry, who may be termed a knight-errant without his armour (though quite as stiff as if he wore it), has been also exposed to so much ridicule that he has found no representative, and the family, too starch and puritanical for these free and easy days, has become utterly extinct.

Let us do justice, however, to the memory of these over-worthies. If they were pushed out of nature, it was only in the attempt to rise above it. Their aspirations were too lofty, for they flew so high that they lost sight of the earth. Sublimised out of their humanity they ceased to be men, but they became beings, at all events, of a superior creation. Turn over the pages of Calprenede's "Cassandra," "Cleopatra," and "Pharamond," or De Scuderi's "Grand Cyrus," "Celanire,"

and "Ibrahim," and you will find that the principal personage, whatever his country or his creed, is invariably a gentleman, in the highest acceptation of the term. This remark, equally applicable to the earlier Spanish romances, evinces the great judgment and discrimination of Cervantes, who has carefully preserved the characteristic in Don Quixote, even when he is rendering him the most ridiculous.

Great is the contrast, not to say the fall when, in reviewing our native novelists, we turn from Sir Charles Grandison and similar monsters of perfection, to the heroes of Fielding and Smollett. From the former of these writers, who maintained that Newgate was human nature with the mask off, and that palaces are Newgate with the mask on, we could hardly expect any very delicate or refined pictures of life, whatever class might supply his figures; and of Smollett's morals and decency the less that we say the better. Writers of this coarse and vulgar description are happily extinct. Their debasing delineations, contrasted with the elevated ones of the chivalric romance, form as striking a difference as the mean and sometimes offensive paintings of the Dutch school, when compared with the noble and sacred subjects of the Italian artists.

Some of our recent novelists have unquestionably hit the happy medium between these two extremes; and if others have chosen to descend into a lower sphere, and to draw their materials from those haunts of vice which offer them in the greatest variety and exuberance, they have by no means exposed themselves to the charge advanced by certain superficial critics, of being the founders of "the felon school." This phrase, originating probably in secret envy occasioned by the unprecedented success of Bulwer's "Eugene Aram," and Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard," must be totally inapplicable to any living authors, until we can expunge from our memory the "Beggar's Opera," "Jonathan Wild," "Ferdinand Count Fathom," and many scores of similar productions. As a matter of taste many readers, doubtless, would rather be taught what to imitate than what to avoid; but that there are many of a different fancy is attested by the unquestionable popularity of novels coming within the category thus stigmatised.

And after all why should "my pensive public" fall foul of poor scribblers for ministering to its own morbid appetite for the excitement of criminal details? 'Tis with these works of fiction as with the drama—

The novel's laws the novel's patrons give,
And they who live to please must please to live.

Supposing "the felon school," therefore, be of recent establishment, the public have been its real founders. If readers cannot or will not come up to good authors, the good authors must write down to their readers. H. S.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

IN THE LIFE OF A

GENTLEMAN ON HALF-PAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

No. XXXIV.

CONCLUSION.

IRISH REPORTING—I ATTEMPT THE SENTIMENTAL—LETTERS OF CONGRATULATION—GET INTO TROUBLE WITH ANOTHER MARY—PROPOSE AND AM REJECTED.

Fenton.—I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.
* * * * *

Anne Page. What would you with me?
Slender.—Your father and my uncle have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy be his dole! MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

AGAIN the action of the drama changed—and Mary Hamblyn became the most prominent of the *dramatis personæ.* I had been but an instrument in her hands. I had retarded the catastrophe, and given time for the arrival of the police, accidental as it afterwards proved fortunate. But without Mary's agency, Miss Harding would have been in a position which one shudders even to imagine. In such a quarrel, a craven would have resisted to the death ; I must have perished in her defence, and been consigned to the tomb of the O'Sullivan's ; and her poor father—what would his sufferings have been ! To weep for the dead may be distressing—to mourn for the dishonoured, how much more severe !

Mr. Harding, who probably waited until the outburst of stormy sorrow gave place to

The composure of settled distress,

now addressed himself to Mary and to me.

"To you, sir, and that suffering girl, I am indebted deeper than aught in my power to offer were sufficiently worthy to repay. By a merciful intervention of a directing Providence, I have been preserved from a death of violence, and my child from a more calamitous fate—a life of degradation. You, sir, are beyond the offerings of gratitude, excepting my thanks and prayers; but, God be praised, the power is mine, of proving how deeply I feel, the services this desolate female has rendered. I am blest with an abundance of this world's goods, but there stands the tie which binds me to the earth—the only object which makes life valuable. Had I lost gold and property, it would have been easily replaced ; but had I been rifled of my treasure"—and he clasped his sobbing daughter to his heart—"existence would then have been a burden, the grave my only hope; my only prayer, to have 'the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest.' From a fearful calamity I have been delivered by two strangers. Fortune has placed one beyond the reach of recompense ; but fate kindly offers an opportunity of making an offering of gratitude to the other. Mary," he continued, "in me your murdered father is restored; and in her, whom you snatched from wretchedness, behold your future protectress. The roof that shelters me shall shelter thee : and when it please Him who gave life to revoke the boon, you shall find that your future settlement in the world will not have been neglected. Will you accept an old man's offer?"

"Accept it!" she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with delight, "Oh! bring me from this vile place, and into another country, where a soil I am bound to curse shall, if possible, be forgotten, and I will be your slave."

"No, no; not my slave, but my child. Go—prepare—we start at daylight."

The night had insensibly worn away, and my watch told that sunrise was at hand; and while the fair landlady went out to make some necessary preparations for quitting the hostelrie of Red Martin for ever, I proceeded to the stable to see that the horses were being fed, and that all was in readiness to commence our journey. In passing through the kitchen to reach the yard, I was pleased to find that my orders had been obeyed The blood-stained floor had been cleansed, and freshly sanded; and although the police did not consider themselves justified in removing the dead bandits from the places where each had fallen, cloths had been thrown over them, and very offensive objects were thus shut out from sight.

When the morning had sufficiently broken, and our journey was about to be resumed, it was intimated by the officer of the constabulary that our attendance at the coroner's inquest would be indispensable. An assurance that we would not quit the country until after this proceeding of the law, was demanded and complied with; and, escorted by half-a-dozen mounted policemen, we took the road once more. As being an easier vehicle for the transport of a wounded man, Mr. Harding insisted that I should occupy his place in the carriage, while he, with the pretty hostess, who was most unceremoniously relieving herself *e vinculo matrimonii,* mounted the jaunting-car, which the driver had, in some manner, got repaired. I objected to expose the old gentleman to the extra quantity of exercise which Ulick's vehicle would administer; but as he was determined, my repugnance to be left *tête-à-tête* with his sweet daughter was speedily overcome. On this occasion, I must confess that a feebler resistance was never offered by one who had so recently "peppered" a highwayman.

I must hurry my narrative on. We reached the post town, obtained comfortable apartments at the inn, and, for a Connaught caravanserai found the Dun Cow very passable. A delay of three days took place before the proceedings of the inquest were concluded, and a verdict of "justifiable homicide" was returned.

Of course, an occurrence such as that which conferred on Red Morteeine's establishment an Irish celebrity, was duly chronicled—ran the round of the newspapers, and, for aught I know to the contrary, like the Red Barn murder, was dramatised afterwards. An Hibernian journalist never understates his casualties; and in the amount of killed on this occasion, private correspondents differed widely. In one thing, however, they did agree; the number of the slain was trebled; and every scratch, even to a scraped shin, which a policeman sustained in the onslaught by tumbling over a washing-tub, was declared, on the authority of Surgeon Tool, of Knocknavaddy, mortal. Mine, albeit, neither "deep as a draw-well, nor wide as a church-door," was returned the most lethal hurt of all; and, according to the "Carrickbyrne Reporter"—a ballad-sized periodical which undertook to give the latest news, and issued from the press once a fortnight—I was lying without a hope of recovery in the best bedroom of the Dun Cow, indefatigably attended by

Miss Harding, who had never undressed since the accident, and most ably treated by Doctor O'Dogherty, whose attentions were only surpassed by his skill. Heaven forgive the wicked editor! Excepting when in attendance on the inquest, I was rambling in an adjacent park, or sauntering along the river-bank with the young lady hanging on my better arm, and making love to the very best of my ability. Still, as these Milesian inaccuracies might cause uneasiness to my friends, I wrote a few lines to the head-quarters of the regiment, and a more detailed account to my uncle. In my letter to him I mentioned that I was travelling with Mr. Harding, named his daughter as a being whom "youthful poets fancy when they love," and desired him to direct his answer to the Bilton Hotel, where I should receive it on my arrival in Dublin.

I never attempted the sentimental that I did not suffer for the same; and now, *Diabolo suadente*, I determined to do a little in the romantic. In Miss Harding I had obtained the woman whom I had fancied, but never found before a being amply qualified to make me happy. Accidental services had already won her gratitude; and gratitude, like pity, "is close akin to love." She was an heiress—the only child of an opulent father; circumstances had predisposed the old gentleman to listen favourably to my suit. Of course he had a right to seek a wealthy alliance for his daughter; and, heir to my uncle, I had only to express a wish upon a subject, which a knowledge of his matrimonial designs against my liberty induced me to conclude would be every thing but disagreeable. Hence, I had little doubt that, in a worldly point of view, my proposals would pass muster. Would my suit succeed, were my fortune but a sword, and nothing to counterpoise a scale weighed down by "jointured lands" on the lady's part, but on mine the flinging in a defunct highwayman to restore the balance? Could I but so far make way in the lady's affections, and in her father's estimate of service rendered, as to win her love and his consent! no present assets but ten shillings and sixpence a day: no prospect in the distance but the chance of a majority at fifty, were I but lucky enough to bury a few hundred gentlemen who stood between me and the object of my ambition. Were I, a poor soldado, so fortunate as to woo and win my bride, despite the withering drawback of my poverty, would it not enhance the glory of such a conquest, and render me the proudest and the happiest gentleman on the half-pay list? Egad! I would make the attempt; accordingly, like another Norval, I gave a most unpretending description of myself, and to a casual inquiry if I were related to Sir Cæsar O Sullivan? I repudiated my loving uncle at once, and declared that I had never seen him in my life. The scheme was very sentimental and dramatic; but, in the long run, it turned out that the only one imposed on was the projector —to wit, myself.

We proceeded leisurely on our journey, passed the boundary of the kingdom of Connaught at Athlone, and once more found ourselves in modern Europe. On reaching Bilton's, divers letters were awaiting our arrival, and I retired to my own chamber, to inspect this voluminous correspondence.

About a dozen of the despatches were congratulatory on my escape; one was directed in a lady's hand, and gallantry gave it the precedency. It was indited by "the fair bedfellow" of the senior major, a gentlewoman, as advertising governesses sometimes describe themselves, of "decided piety," and who had been long labouring, and, I lament to add, in

vain, to work a regimental reformation. She declared, in her friendly missive, that Heaven had been especially merciful in conducting me to Morteeine Crassaugh's hotel. I differed in opinion altogether, and thought mercy lay in taking me out of that pleasant establishment. Now the doubt between the major's helpmate and myself, for which act I should be thankful, brought to my recollection the story of the Irishman who had been ridden over by the castle-guard.

"Ah! young man," observed an old gentlewoman to Pat, as he slowly gathered his person from the pavement, "it's yourself that ought to return thanks to the blessed Virgin every mornin that ye rise!"

"Arrah! what for!" was the innocent reply. "Am I to thank her ladyship for driving a troop of dragoons over me?"

The next letter whose seal I broke presented in its address a crabbed piece of penmanship, as Tony Lumpkin would call it, and at once announced that it was a despatch from Major Terence O'Kelly, a gentleman who, through a long and useful life, had never been known to miss a duel or execution within a thirty miles drive of him. With my first shot he expressed himself particularly satisfied, but he wanted to know why the devil I did not keep up an independent fire through the door, and blow half-a-dozen of the scoundrels into purgatory. Another correspondent remarked, that hitherto he had never placed much faith in old proverbs, but for the future he would be a true believer. In my case, the truth of the adage was instanced past disbelief, and "it was clear that a man born to be hanged would never he drowned."

He proceeded to observe that nothing could be more certain than that the gentleman in black, whose name is never mentioned in the "Court Circular," had marked me for his own; and it was the writer's opinion that I might take a farm in Tipperary—ay, and even ask a tenant for his rent, and not be shot within a fortnight. The other epistles were those of common-place congratulation, and the last and most important bore the seal and superscription of Major-general Sir Cæsar O'Sullivan.

My uncle commenced with a sweeping malediction upon the head of "the correspondent of the *Carrickbyrne Reporter*." His pleasant version of the late affair had obtained general circulation, for parliament being up, country newspapers were driven to their wits' end, and, like the *Drogheda Gazette*, to find a paragraph obliged to drown an interesting child of three years old, or make a middle-aged man jump into a kiln, with an apology for not giving name and address, as the body being converted into lime, the marks on the linen were illegible. In the stagnant state of the news market, our escape from murder and abduction was worth a Jew's eye, and the Carrickbyrne account reached the commander a post before my letter.

And then came the burden of the song. No excuse now—gazetted out—nothing to do—of course, a man must kill time—marriage the only resource—falling out one moment and falling in the next, would carry a man through the day, though it should be as long as the 21st of June. What would have become of him, Sir Cæsar, had Mr. Durneeine qualified me for the coroner? That scoundrel, the lawyer, was blacker in the general's books even than before. A prowling vagabond had been caught in a fox-trap, and his heir-presumptive had encouraged the scoundrel to bring an action against Sir Cæsar for damaging his leg by the employment of illegal implements.

After some more desultory writing about flying gout, and county politics, Sir Cæsar came regularly to the scratch. I was reminded of the promise given in London, and also of the expiration of the time allowed for its fulfilment. My uncle graciously intimated further, that he had been, in the interval, on the alert; and, from several female branches of goodly houses had at last found the lady who would suit me to a T. He had broken ground, and his own terms were favourably met by the opposite commander. It had been further agreed upon that, on neither side, the slightest restraint should be attempted; and the young lady was to remain in perfect ignorance that any thing matrimonial was designed against her. We should meet and be introduced as strangers; and if on either side the slightest indisposition to the honourable estate was evinced, the compact between the high contracting parties was declared null and void; and the existence of an intended union should remain a secret between the two functionaries with whom it had first originated.

The concluding paragraph of the epistle I shall transcribe.—"Who the devil is this Miss Palmer, for whom you pinked the highwayman? I never was a youthful poet, and can make neither head nor tail of their fancies or your description. If you had mentioned her height, colour, age, and action, I might have made a guess at what she was. Of one thing I warn you—as she's an Irishwoman she has soft solder at command. She'll throw the line, you'll swallow the bait; and, when I am in Dublin, I'll find your flank turned by another *Mary*."

Now, although two passages in this wind-up of my uncle's letter displeased me, namely, that I considered by whatever freedom of the press the editor of the *Carrickbyrne Reporter* might amplify the killed and wounded, I could see no right by which he changed the name of Harding into Palmer; nor was I gratified at the general's requiring the same "marks and tokens" of a mistress that he would have given in the *Hue and Cry*, when advertising a stolen mare; still I laughed to think how quietly the old commander had let out the secret of his stolen march; and that on his sly arrival in Ireland, as he thought, he would find that he and his brother wiseacre, my father-in-law elect, had wasted much port, and some paper, to little purpose, in framing a treaty to which I would give a *quietus* the moment the *project* was broached.

It was important, however, that my uncle's visit had inadvertently transpired. It would allow me time to try my matrimonial luck before he came, and run the fortunes of Captain O'Sullivan against Sir Cæsar's heir-apparent and estates. Of course, the young lady was to be first assailed, and accident gave me the oportunity. Some deed was waiting for Mr. Harding's signature, which required him to repair to a public office; and, left *tête-à-tête* with the old man's daughter, I commenced the story of my sufferings to "ears attentive."

Although I may say, with Marc Antony, of amorous memory, "I am no orator, as Brutus is," still I fancied that I never could be so superlatively ridiculous, as when I essayed to put the tender interrogatory to Miss Harding. It is true, that though Irish by descent, I had unhappily been brought up at Harrow, and not enjoyed the advantages of an Irish education, which enables the sons of that gem of the sea to offer their hand and fortune (?) to an heiress in the steam-train, and, on a twelve hours' acquaintance in a boarding-house, attempt to carry by assault a widow, though the third time in the market. A few confused sentences

on my part confused the lady more. I stammered, she blushed. I took her hand—she murmured something about parental duty, when the door opened; in came Mr. Harding. I stepped to the window, ostensibly to watch the luggage removed from a travelling carriage, and Miss Harding levanted in the mean time.

It is said, that when a coward is pinned to a corner, he takes courage, and becomes desperate. I presume that, to a similar cause, I may refer my succeeding audacity. Strange, that though, to the pretty girl I stammered, as a school-boy recites an imperfect lesson, to him on whom my fortunes hung, I felt a sort of fearless independence, with which no nervous feeling interfered.

After some desultory remarks I commenced the offensive.

"Pardon me, Mr. Harding; I am about to trespass equally on your time and on your kindness."

"No pardon, Captain O'Sullivan, from you could be required for either. But for your most disinterested gallantry, the ear that listens would hear mortal sounds no longer. Proceed."

"You over-estimate my poor services."

"Oh no. Change the term, captain, and say I underrate them. My life preserved—is that a mean boon? My daughter saved from outrage worse than death. Could mortal obligation surpass either of these two?"

"I am already sufficiently rewarded, Mr. Harding, in having been the humble agent in arresting the villanous designs of the felons, and holding them in check until more efficient assistance came to the rescue. The first favour I am about to ask is a patient hearing."

"Courtesy, even to a stranger, would command that—I am all attention, captain."

"Think not, Mr. Harding, that I rest the slightest claim upon your kindness on the accidental service, which even a savage would have rendered, when beauty and helplessness called upon him for protection; or that a knowledge of your position in the world has influenced my feelings to the remotest degree. You are wealthy, I am poor; and yet I have rashly dared to aspire to a hand, which difference in our respective fortunes may have placed beyond my reach. I love—"

A dead pause followed—for I remarked that the rapidity with which I hurried to the point had a striking effect on Mr. Harding; and that his countenance by turns grew pale and red. He bowed for me to proceed, and I determined to make the plunge at once.

"I have nothing to urge that could speed my suit, or extenuate the boldness with which I have ventured to address Miss Harding."

The old gentleman started.

"She has told me that her feelings are dependent upon her duty, and that without a father's sanction, she dared not dream of love."

Confused before, the fox-hunting style, "short, sharp, and decisive," with which I brought my speech to a close, left Mr. Harding no time to return any thing but a direct reply. In the pale face and trembling lips of the father of my lady-love, I read the ruin of my hopes—the downfall of my edifice of pasteboard. But, upon my soul! like the parting kick of a horse who has thrown its rider, I had no idea of the final blow that was to crush me. The soldier of fortune had made a bold advance, with the heir of Sir Cæsar O'Sullivan to fall back upon as a reserve; but, as Mrs. Malaprop pleasantly expresses it, had he been like Cerberus, three

gentlemen in one, upon his triplicate humanity Mr. Harding would have placed a regular extinguisher.

"Captain O'Sullivan," he said, and the tremulous tone of voice in which his answer was returned spoke the inward agitation of the old gentleman. "The two most painful incidents of a life, hitherto undisturbed with any painful occurrences, save those 'the flesh is heir to,' appear to have been reserved for my short and unhappy visit to this island. The first you know and can understand; with the second, you must partially remain in ignorance, and therefore cannot estimate the causes, although you may guess the pain with which I tell you that I must reject your suit."

I don't exactly know how I looked, but I felt that a shell falling into the apartment would have given a pleasant change to the current of my thoughts.

"An impassable barrier exists. My daughter's hand is destined for another."

Here was a comfortable disclosure! I had fallen desperately in love with a bride elect, and probably, when I intimated to the old gentleman that I had a favour to solicit, he took it for granted that it would be to ask an invitation to his daughter's wedding. The change of countenance, no doubt similar to that with which the criminal hears that for him all hope is over, told Mr. Harding how withering was the rejection of my suit—and that he felt bitterly the pain necessity had obliged him to inflict, the deep sympathy his face expressed, and a tear which stole down his cheek, and was hastily brushed away, most faithfully assured me.

"Good God!" he said, "how exquisitely agonising that the only boon I could have denied him who saved me, was the one he should prefer! Captain, think well—is there naught beside by which I may prove my gratitude? Name it—demand it—it is granted before the words escape your lips!"

The old man took my hand in his.

"Tax my gratitude—ay, to the uttermost, and fear no second refusal."

I shook my head.

"I thank you, Mr. Harding, I have nothing upon earth to wish for or care for now."

It was the most painful moment of a painful scene; but, fortunately, the waiter at the moment entered the apartment with a double packet of letters. The English mail had just come in, and for both Mr. Harding and myself there were several despatches. These afforded me a plea for retiring to my room; and, no doubt, Mr. Harding felt equal relief in ending an interview that it would be hard to decide which party had found the most distressing.

Two or three common-place letters I had lightlylooked over, but the last occasioned no small astonishment when I perused its contents. The letter was official, and from Cox and Greenwood, to announce that the regulated price to purchase a majority had been lodged for that purpose by a London solicitor, and that the same was duly placed to my credit. What, in the name of mystery, did this mean? I looked at the letter a second time. There was no mistake in the matter—there was no other captain so designated in the army list, and I was consequently the real Simon Pure. But whence came the money? Save mine honoured uncle, there

was no one who could or would lodge two thousand pounds for me, and Sir Cæsar was not only solicitous that I should quit the service, but knew that I was actually gazetted out, and no longer on the strength of the army. It was a riddle I could not read, and of course it had to remain so.

Really and absolutely wretched, I knew not where to fly and leave uneasy thoughts behind. Restless as another Cain, I paced my chamber for an hour, and then, purely because I did not know what else to do, I seized my hat and cane, and determined to make a sally on the world. But another and even a more painful scene awaited me.

I had descended the stairs, and on the first landing-place to which the door of her chamber opened I encountered Miss Harding. I remarked how pale her cheeks were, and I felt the flush which reddened mine. Not to accompany her to the drawing-room would have been rudeness, and we entered the apartment together. Both laboured under deep embarrassment; she seated herself on a sofa, and I placed myself beside her. For a minute a dead silence prevailed, and the lady broke it by timidly inquiring had the English post come in? Simple as the question was, it stung me to the soul. Whence Mary's anxiety for letters? No doubt a billet from her future lord was expected—from him, who had rivalled me in her affections, and robbed me of her heart.

"Yes, Miss Harding. The letters are delivered, and one which I have received calls me away to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" she half exclaimed, "and are we to lose you so soon, captain? I thought you would have remained with us during our sojourn in the capital."

"Such was my intention—but—"

"Why alter it," she inquired quickly; then, as a blush suffused her cheek, she added, "Forgive me, I have been guilty of a rudeness. It was, however, unintentional."

The eyes of love are searching. There was something in Mary's manner which spoke more than words. I looked at her steadily.

"My absence will not be felt, Mary. You will soon have another arm to rest on."

She turned her eyes in innocent astonishment on mine.

"Another arm to rest on?" she said, in an inquiring voice. "What does my friend mean?"

"That the friend will be succeeded by the lover."

I watched her countenance. It expressed curiosity and surprise.

"In plain English, Mary, your lord elect—your destined husband."

"My destined husband? Ah, captain, you jest with me. I have no destined husband."

"Heavens! Mary—dear Mary—do I hear aright? Are not your affections bestowed upon another—your hand affianced—your heart engaged?"

"Heart engaged, captain? Until to-day none ever sought it."

"Mary—beloved Mary—speak one word to him who would give worlds could he win thee. Did my mad and ambitious declaration pain you? Have I offended past forgiveness? If I have trespassed—say that you are not angry, and I, forgiven."

I had knelt at her feet, her hand was clasped in mine, and, as I covered it with kisses, in her half-averted look there was no displeasure, and the long lashes of her soft and gentle eyes were wet with tears.

"Mary!" I said, "'tis the last time I may ever be allowed to speak the words of love. Here—on my knees, and in the sight of Heaven—come weal, come woe—the heart I tender to you shall never own another passion. Will you accept it?"

The word was trembling on her lips. I read the answer in her eye. "Yes!" was feebly murmured, and next moment I had sprang upon my feet, clasped her to my heart, and the first kiss of love was given. That moment of happiness, felt once within a life, was suddenly interrupted—a hand gently parted us—Mary screamed and sank upon the sofa—and, in a voice more in sorrow than in anger, Mr. Harding asked, "After what has passed, is this conduct on your part generous, captain?"

I made no reply, caught my hat up, threw a parting glance at Mary, rushed down the stairs, and, with a brain on fire, hurried along at random, neither knowing nor caring whither I went.

No. XXXV.

I AM INDUCED BY CAPTAIN CALLAGHAN TO TAKE PLEASURE AND VISIT DONNYBROOK FAIR—AN IRISH RESTAURANT FRANCAISE—WIND-UP TO A SPOLEEINE DINNER—MATRIMONY.

> Whoe'er has the luck to see Donybrook Fair,
> An Irishman all in his glory is there,
> With his sprig of shillelagh and shamrock so green.
> *Old Ballad.*

> Married—by every thing conjugal.
> *She Stoops to Conquer.*

I NEVER felt myself before in a frame of mind so exquisitely distressing. What, under happier circumstances, would have proved a rapturous discovery—the conviction that Mary Harding returned my love—now added to the unexpected disappointment I had sustained by her father's rejection of my suit; while new-born jealousy and wounded pride lent their able assistance to complete my wretchedness. In building my house of cards I felt assured that, if the soldier of fortune wooed in vain, the heir of Sir Cæsar's title and estates would not claim the lady's hand and be refused the boon he sought—*sed dis alitur*—the Fates arrayed themselves against me; and while other men's courses of love might not exactly run smooth, mine was regularly "tempest-tost."

There are times, it is said by learned Thebans, when men are in happy mood for the gentleman in black to open an account with—I will not assert that I was precisely "ie th' vein" to have gone the whole hog with his satanic majesty; but, as it may appear, I did not turn a deaf ear to the overtures of one of his faithful disciples.

I had crossed Carlisle Bridge, when a personage, struck by my appearance, stopped suddenly, and communed with his own thoughts, sufficiently loud to enable me to overhear the concluding sentence of the soliloquy.

"Arrah! then, as sure as my name's Peter Callaghan, it's himself!"

I started and turned round—and there, large as life, my excellent friend, the gallant captain, was standing. When I presented a full front, every doubt regarding my identity vanished; and having secured my hand in a grip something between the pressure of a smith's vice and the embrace of a boa-constrictor, Peter tenderly inquired—"Whether it was myself or my ghost?" It being contrary to every rule laid down

in demonology for spectres to be seen on Carlisle Bridge by daylight, I assured Captain Callaghan that I was in the flesh still.

"Arrah! darline, if yer not in a particklar hurry, just slither in with me to the Carlingford for five minutes, 'till I sweep a cobweb out of my throat with a glass of Guinness. And how is every inch of ye? So ye have the fin in a handkerchief?"—thereby meaning my wounded arm in a scarf—"Arrah! wasn't I proud of ye, Ned, when I heard ye had drilled a hole in that spalpeen—curse o' God upon him, the thief!—through which you could read an advertisement in Saunders; says I, 'By all that's beautiful! I knew he was just the lad who would make a spoon or spoil a horn!'"

The conclusion of this pleasant speech brought us to the door of "the Carlingford," a pleasant establishment on Aston's Quay, where (*olim*) oysters were nightly demolished by the thousand, and black eyes very liberally interchanged. Captain Callaghan was received with that smiling attention, which a valued guest is certain to command; and before he had time to bless himself, a foaming tankard of treble X was placed in his hand by the obsequious pantler.

"*Garsoon!*"—Peter had been a week in Boulogne, and, consequently, spoke French like a native—"I say, *boheeil bawn!* Do ye know, *avourneeine*, if the gentlemen are bailed out yet?"

"Feaks!" returned the "fair boy," if a half-washed sweep, with one shoulder highly elevated above its fellow, and eyes evidently at cross-purposes, were entitled to that endearing epithet, "I did not hear, captain." Then approaching more closely to his respected patron, throwing a back look over his shoulder, and lowering his voice to a half-whisper, the potboy added, "There has been bloody murder about the lookin'-glass!"

"What lookin'-glass?" inquired Mr. Callaghan, with an air of innocence which insinuated that he was no *particeps criminis.*

"Arrah! The glass up-stairs, yer honour druv the gintleman through. I took my oath to the misthriss, that the North man made *smithereens* of it wid the tongs—and the creature was so drunk, that he can't deny it. They have been after him to three watch-houses—and wherever the divil he has stuck himself, sorra one of him they can make out. Yer honour's safe. Amn't I better to ye than a bad step-father?"

"Troth, Corney jewel," returned the commander, "ye'll give the sheriff trouble some beautiful morning, and die, like Larry O'Brien, 'with your face to the city.' That's for the Guinness—and there's a shilling to yourself, for plastering the looking-glass on the North man. Come along, Ned; we'll toddle down to the Cock, in Mary-street. May be, the gentlemen are there."

Then, delivering a long and lucid message to Corney aforesaid, stating that he, Captain Callaghan, if not found, if sought for at "the Cock," would be certainly forthcoming at "the Strugglers," we set out for the former *restaurant*, in which, if Peter could be credited, the best steak ever a Christian clapped a coal under, might be had at the notice of five minutes.

"I presume, Peter, you intend to patronise the Cock, and put the gridiron in requisition?"

"No, not to-day," returned the gallant captain; "I'm going with a few friends to have a *spoleeine* at Donnybrook; and in troth, Harry, my heart's sore when I think of it. The last time I was there, Charley

Ormsby was of the party—oh, murder! how pleasant we were! There was, to be sure, a bit of a ruction in the evening—for one of them divils from the College let fly a pewter pot, and, instead of hitting the landlord, he took a tooth out of poor Charley."

"Is your lamented friend long defunct?"

"It's better than a twelvemonth since they sodded him," returned Peter, with a sigh.

"And what killed him, Peter?"

"Oh, bad luck attend it! Soda-water!" responded Captain Callaghan.

"Nonsense, Peter! soda-water never killed any body."

"Oh! ye see it's if you take too much of it—that's where the mischief lies. You know that no man in his senses would poison himself with a villanous combustible of that kind, unless there was a sketch of brandy in the bottom, to take the colour of death off the water. Poor Charley would have three or four bottles to his bedside, before he could lift his head off the flea-bag; and, if the doctors could be believed, the soda-water finished him at last!"

This obituary notice, touching the false lover of Penelope Winterton, brought us to the Cock; and Peter's eyes were blessed by the appearance of three of his valued friends, to whom I was individually presented. Two of the gentlemen were playing dominoes, and the third was sitting to an artist.

If the reader fancies that Mr. Theobald O'Driscol was employed in having his lineaments transferred either to ivory or canvass, he will be sadly mistaken. The truth is, that Toby had been at the symposium held the preceding night at the Carlingford; had got into trouble first, and the watch-house afterwards, and, being booked for the dinner-party at Donnybrook, he did not wish to join "the gay fantastic throng" assembled at that fashionable and festive scene, until a dark-coloured halo which encircled his dexter optic, had been painted out by a very rising artist, who, however, did not belong to the Royal Academy.

"Arrah! Harry jewel!" whispered Captain Callaghan, in a softened tone that would have wiled a bird off her nest, "maybe ye would join the party, and, after a slice of the *spoleeine*, shake a leg in Murty Curригan's? Sorra a one of us but will have a pleasant evening. Come, say you will? There's the boys here—six or eight College chaps—and two English gentlemen, who are come over to find out, if they can, what the divil's the matter, which makes Dan bellow like a bull, about justice for Ireland. Bad luck to the much information they'll be after getting at Donnybrook, I think."

Were I to tell the truth, had Peter proposed a short excursion to the Antipodes, or indeed to any place short of Purgatory, I would have embraced himself and the offer. When, however, the operation on Mr. O'Driscol's eye had been accomplished, and the waiter was desired to "parade the twigs," I confess that, on the production of divers shillelaghs with iron ferules, I would have backed out could I have managed it. But the Rubicon was crossed—I had given a fatal consent—though still I comforted myself with the recollection that, as I was regularly *hors de combat*, I could not, consequently, be reckoned among the belligerents.

"Give me my bit of blackthorn," said the captain to the waiter, "and bring a drop of spirits and cold water to rinse our mouths for luck be-

fore we start; and Dick, jewel! be sure you get us a chap that will rowl us like gentlemen to the fair."

All these orders were obeyed: a carriage was speedily announced to be in waiting. Peter Callaghan and I mounted one side of the *shandredan;* the gentleman with the painted eye and his two companions took the other; and away we went.

To describe either an Irish jaunting-car, or the Fair of Donnybrook, would be inflicting upon the reader a tale that has been told. It will be enough to say, that the vehicular appointments were unique, and that, for one passing peep at the driver, I verily believe that George Cruikshank would consent to operate an hour upon the treadmill. Of the company "taking a rowl to the Brook," it becometh me not to speak—*pars fui*—and modesty insinuates that I should be silent. To claim any thing like an equality with a group so *distingué* as that which filled the car would, on my part, be overweening vanity—and I admit that I looked like a person wanting in "proper spirit" and who would slip round a corner to avoid a row—while, on the contrary, the very air of my friends would have been a sufficient warrantry for a police magistrate to have bound them over for the term of their natural lives to keep the peace to all his majesty's subjects. Indeed, in one short summary be it told, that four looser-looking lads never bundled to "the Brook" on the outside of an Irish jaunting-car, than my friends and loving countrymen.

On reaching the entrance to the festive scene, we dismounted from "the bone-setter," as Mick Dorlan termed his carriage. An itinerant merchant had here fixed his establishment, and "Cheap Jack" was in full swing, impressing on an admiring auditory the necessity of taking fortune at the flood, and securing the valuable property he was then about to sacrifice. The affecting circumstances under which this invaluable stock was "submitted to public competition" were feelingly detailed—the unhappy proprietor being at the very moment "confined in the back bars of Newgate, laid upon a wisp of straw, handcuffed and double-bolted, and all for the want of ready money." "Step forward, ladies and gentlemen," continued Cheap Jack, "and I'll tell ye more than the clargy will. They say that there's ten commandments, but I'll give ye the eleventh—and that's 'take care of yerselves.' But ye won't want that in daling honourably with me; for a two-year ould child would get on as well as his grandfather. I never could hould my own with the world; I was born a fool; and, before she dare trust me out of her sight, my mother had me cut for the simples. Step forward, young man; you look like a real patriarck. Here's the identicle patern of the handkerchief with which Dan O'Connell wiped his face, after delivering a speech three hours long, that confined the lady lieutenant to her bed, and threw the lord mayor into hysterics."

"If it's the same quality of the one ye sould me," observed a gentleman in the crowd, "it will become finer every day; and, after the first washing, ye may riddle bull-dogs through it if ye plase."

This bold hit at Cheap Jack elicited a hearty laugh from the crowd, but the itinerant dealer in soft wares was ever ready for hard returns.

"Arrah! how are ye, Tom? Good air, they say's, a blessin'; and what a healthy place Kilmainham must be! Troth! I'm glad to see ye! I knew yer mother well—and the same be token I remember ye made a beautiful hole in a bowl of stirabout, the night that she was married."

The laugh recoiled upon the assailant; but Jack, who had other fish

to fry, desisted from further hostilities, to employ his oratory to more profitable purposes.

"Would ye be plased to make way for the young lady with the pink parasol. It's asy to see, miss, that ye stand upon consarvative principles. Take that morsel of muslin into yer beautiful fist," and he shot over a tawdry pocket-handkerchief to the blushing girl. "It's strong enough to haltar an elephant, and the orange and blue are drove into the cloth by a steam-engine and the force of fire. That's what I call a regular 'no surrender.' The pattern was drawn by the Queen of Bohemia, in honour of the great King William; and you might trail it after a ship from the cove of Cork to the rock of Giberaltar, and the colours would stand the trial."

Mr. O'Driscol, who had already evinced some impatience at listening to Cheap Jack, now hinted that the party might be collected at Murty Currigan's—and, pushing through the crowd, we entered a street formed of booths, ranged side by side, and found Donnybrook in all its pristine glory.

Mr. Currigan's establishment was erected in the centre of the fair, and I suppose, to ensure the safety of the guests, it was placed under the direct patronage of St. Patrick. An effigy of that blessed personage was suspended from a pole; and, had the calendar been searched through, he, "surnamed the morning star," had not a more formidable antagonist. The expression of the saint's features was stern and determined, as if he were warning Satan off the premises, and intimating to the arch enemy of man, that he, Patrick, would "stand no gammon." The painter had been liberal, also, in fitting out his man for war, had the devil ventured to try conclusions. The beard would have put a rabbi's to the blush—the crosier was a load for a grenadier—and the pontifical superstructure that crowned the whole, was on a scale of magnificence which not a gentleman on the blessed bead-roll could pretend to emulate.

Beneath the saint's physlognomy and accoutrements, a board was affixed to the pole, which contained much useful information for travellers in general.

"MURTAGH CURRIGAN,
From the Cat and Bagpipes, Hell Street,
Mud Island.
Restaurateur Français to Trinity College,
and
Purveyor-general to the Army at large.
Music provided, Dinners as bespoke, Genteel Apartments at the Hotel in Town, and every Luxury to be had at the Fair."

To this general and modest announcement, Mr. Currigan had annexed a tariff of his prices, and the visiter was thus enabled to ascertain from Murty's *carte*, the precise draft that would be made upon his pocket, whether he indulged in a *spoleeine** at the *table-d hôte*, or took a passing *cropper* † at the counter.

Before the entrance of Murty's *restaurant*, which appeared to be a sort of cave of interminable length, formed by rick cloths and the bedcoverings of the Mud Island hotel, extended over wattles stuck in the

* *Anglice*—a collop of boiled mutton.
† A dram of whiskey, *nate*.

ground below, and arched together above, half-a-dozen of his customers were standing. I thought that my travelling companions were of that Milesian order termed "broths of boys," and consequently not to be surpassed; but the *roué* detachment of "loose lads" which joined and completed the dinner-party, were in every respect their fellows. Not one of these, the alumni of the Irish university, appeared to have attained his majority. All had that stamp of birth and fashion, curiously amalgamated with a devil-may-care rakishness, that would enable a sand-blind traveller to pick out a college man in a crowd. They, too, were ready for war, for each had a *boulteeine** of the most approved proportions, and a hat whose superior surface bore the imprint of a watchman's pole, or which some pleasant gentleman had sat upon for half an hour at the Carlingford. Hearty was the greeting that passed between the united belligerents; and, useless devil as I was, when it was intimated by Captain Callaghan that I had recently committed homicide, I was received with a deferential respect by "the lads" that would more than repay, at any time, an arraignment for manslaughter.

After the introductory ceremonial had been duly performed, we entered the orifice of Murty's cavern, which, on one side, was flanked by a barrel of beer, and on the other by two huge iron pots, suspended, in gipsy fashion, from strong stakes set in the ground and united at the top. The greater cauldron was surcharged with potatoes, the lesser with mutton collops, and both were under the direction of a female *cuisinière*. This Leonora of Mud Island, whose services had been placed in requisition for the fair, was a stout Amazon with bare legs and red arms. Provided with a formidable iron implement, when a *spoleeine* was required by a customer, she struck her trident in a collop, and landed it on a plate held for that purpose, by a living scarecrow, called the waiter. As she was constantly on duty, the day hot, and in front and rear exposed to a couple fires, which would have cooked a cannibal whole without requiring his being quartered and jointed, repeated visits to the adjacent beer barrel were excusable. In her, nature had no reason to complain that art had injured her proportions; and, had Tom Moore honoured the *restaurateur française* of Trinity College with his presence, he would have admitted that, unlike his "Lesbia of the beaming eye," Biddy Donovan was not overlaced.

"Step in, gentlemen, to the royal hotel," exclaimed Mr. Curriganı. "Wisp the pratty skins off the cloth, and lay clane mugs for their honours." Most ceremoniously the first collegeman, who had never been yet so fortunate as to kill a man, admitted superior desert on my part, and gave me precedency. By bending nearly double, I introduced my person beneath a torn sack, which hung over the doorway of Murty's den, and formed an unpretending drapery to the entrance; and, making my way down the wattled alley, to secure my wounded arm from accidental collisions, I took the flank-end of the board. The remainder of the company ducked and followed the example, until Murty's voice from without announced "the table's full," by exclaiming, after reckoning his customers as they passed him, "Mutton and praties for fourteen. Stir yerself, Biddy Donovan!"

The description of two of the company I have hitherto omitted; and these were the English philanthropists, who had come specially to Ireland to investigate the extent of her wrongs. Never were two itinerant

* *Boulteeine*—Anglice, a cudgel.

patriots thrown into a more ill-assorted assemblage; and if their errand was to heal national wounds, they were at present in a locality where the reception of personal ones was a much more probable event. Their external appearance differed from that of the remainder of the company; for, in sooth, they were two slight, sandy-haired, simple-looking gentlemen, as ever made a *débût* at Donnybrook. Their intentions no doubt were charitable; for neither blackthorn nor saplin ornamented their right hands—while oil-cased umbrellas plainly intimated that they were men of peace as well as political reformers.

A slight incident in entering Murty's pavilion, might have been looked upon by one of these philosophers as being ominous. In passing the Nora Creena, who presided over the culinary department of Mr. Currigan's *restaurant*, one of the college men favoured the lady with a poke of his stick. Assailed in the rear, Miss Donovan, on turning round to repel aggression, from the peculiar position in which the Saxon visiter carried his umbrella, unhappily considered him the offender, and resented the assault by a full stoccado of her flesh-fork. Engaged in admiring the portrait of St. Patrick, great was the sufferer's astonishment at finding the most unprotected portion of his person very painfully assailed. Remonstrance was not permitted; for, in a fine burst of classic eloquence, Miss Donovan consigned him to another and a warmer world, and with a flourish of the trident indicated an intention on her part to renew hostilities. The philosopher did not abide the issue, but jumped into the booth for protection; and, to judge by the uneasiness his countenance betrayed, as he took his place at the festive board, although a poke from a blackthorn may inflict a wound upon the honour, still, for leaving a lasting impression, there's nothing like a flesh-fork, after all.

The *spoleeines* were discussed: a couple of jugs of hot punch, fabricated by Murty with skill and care, succeeded the mutton; a fiddler, seated on an inverted keg, was playing a pleasant jig in the further end of the pavilion, and sundry devotees of Terpsichore were actively at work. An unusual calm hung over Donnybrook; the goddess of discord appeared to have left the fair for the evening; no clattering of cudgels announced that the boys had gone to work; no innocent observation of "who dare say paas?" gave "note of preparation." Separated only by the drapery of blanket or counterpane from the adjacent booths, we sat *dos-à-dos* to the ladies and gentlemen who favoured both with their company; and so close was the union of the rival establishments, that back supported back, and, from the indentations of skulls in the canvass, you could have easily ascertained the precise extent of the visiters on either side. Apollo presided over the left-hand pavilion, for in it an agreeable personage was warbling the "Groves of Blarney;" while on the right, it was quite evident that "love will be the lord of all"—a soft voice tenderly requesting "to be left alone," was responded to with "Arrah! Judy, my tulip, before I swallow another Johnny, I'll take the flavour of yer lips." The blanket partition was indented by a brace of skulls, and a smack, like the snap of a copper cap, told that the kiss was consummated.

One of the Bradburn *savans* having coughed to attract general attention, was pleased to remark that he had come under an impression that the Irish had been misrepresented, and that impression was confirmed—that for centuries they had been oppressed, abused, and insulted, he believed sincerely—and that the Saxon yoke was worse than the Egyptian,

and of that, too, he felt assured. Justice for Ireland was imperiously demanded; and he pledged himself that the book he should publish, on his return to England, the title of which was still undecided, should speak trumpet-tongued the wrongs of injured Erin; and, as he was vain enough to imagine, call the attention of king, lords, and commons, to devise a remedy for her wrongs. On one point he must speak, and he must add, indignantly. The very place he now had visited with such pleasure, that place had been infamously libelled. In their ignorance of Ireland, too many of his credulous countrymen had erroneously supposed that Donnybrook was insecure, and men were there assaulted and knocked down for any reason, and sometimes for no reason at all. On this point he also would enlighten his besotted fellow-citizens. What could be more delightful than their present meeting? Love and song at either side. "A happy thought, by the way—Mr. Jenkins, I'll trouble you to book it."

His companion, we now discovered, was only secretary to the philanthropist; for, producing a Chubb-locked diary, he proceeded to record Mr. Robinson's remarks. From the top of the table, Captain Callaghan winked to the college man, who divided me from the man of Bradburn, and that wink was correctly understood.

"Captain O'Sullivan," whispered the young *roué*, "you're not in fighting order, so stroll down among the dancers. Behind the fiddler, the curtain lifts: when the *rookawn* commences, pop out instantly, and within a couple of minutes, you'll see as beautiful a *shindy* as Donnybrook will show during the meeting. You see the entry in that ass's day-book, which the other fool is making? If it be not altered before he goes to bed—that is, if Mr. Robinson is able to reach it—don't believe Harry Ponsonby again."

Never was pledge given more speedily redeemed. At the moment when Mr. Jenkins was noticing Mr. Robinson's remarks, the *dos-à-dos* of the latter gentleman had reached that affecting part of the ballad, where the Lady Jeffrys had just reason to complain of Saxon cruelty, inasmuch as

Oliver Cromwell,
He did her pummel,
And made a breach in her battlement.

Fortunate was it for me that I had taken a flank position; and, rising from the bench, I stepped along the booth until I reached the keg on which the fiddler was seated, I turned my eye carelessly on Mr. Ponsonby, and observed him quietly remove a fork from the table, and, unnoticed by the remainder of the company, jerk it through the blanket which separated the man of Bradburn from the man of song in the next pavilion. I believe there is a movement in the art of melody termed a musical transition; and, never was there a more marked one, than that with which the quaver of our next door neighbour was exchanged for a yell of agony.

"Oh! blessed Antony!" he shouted, "I'm fairly murdered," and, springing from the form upon which he had been so unexpectedly assaulted, a crash of crockery announced that he had jumped upon the table. Scarcely had the prongs been inserted into the nether portion of the person of the vocalist, until Mr. Ponsonby had thrown himself flat upon the floor. The head of Mr. Robinson which was thrown back in a fine attitude of repose, did not escape the notice of the sufferer—and, consi-

dering that he was indebted to the philanthropist for the favour he had received, he returned the compliment on the skull of the suspected assailant with a good will that sent Mr. Robinson to the floor like a sack of sawdust. Dire was the uproar that succeeded, as from either pavilion the company issued out and commenced a general *mêlée.* One mischievous collegeman gripped the table-cloth as he sallied into action, and the appurtenances thereof became instantly a heap of ruin—while the gentleman with the painted eye, struck away one of the supporters of the spoleeine-pot—and in a vain attempt to preserve the equilibrium of that vessel, over which she presided with so much credit, Miss Donovan received a considerable portion of its contents. Hopping upon one foot, Biddy showed a marked antipathy to scalding water ; and all, Tyrian or Trojan, whose persons came within her reach, were favoured with a touch of her trident, and that, too, without the slightest partiality. From small causes spring great events. Every tent, when the *cri de guerre* was heard, poured out its quota of belligerents; and, through the ingenuity of Mr. Ponsonby, and the judicious application of a dinner-fork, in five minutes after, one hundred couple of its visiters were in full occupation upon the green of Donnybrook.

As for me, I watched the battle at a distance; and, as the tide of conflict rolled from the place where hostilities had broken out, I determined to retire unscathed from the seat of war. On passing Murty's establishment I perceived the unfortuate *restaurateur* lamenting over the demolition of his property, while Miss Donovan was hopping about on one foot, collecting the few fragments of the mutton, of which the greater portion had been rapidly abstracted by numerous idlers, who had not been engaged in the row.

I stepped into the pavilion. Secretary Jenkins was binding a handkerchief round his patron's head, and I innocently inquired the extent to which his cranium had been damaged, and whether he could inform me what the deuce had produced the battle, which was still raging out of doors. A melancholy shake of the head announced the ignorance of the philanthropist, as to the causes which had rendered him *hors de combat;* but Murty Curigan was more communicative.

"Arrah! captain, jewel—the divil, that knows every thing—Lord pardon us for mentionin' his name!—only can tell that. There they were, as pacable as lambs this minute, and the next nothing but bloody murder. Whativer brought the *rookawn* on, amn't I fairly ruinated? Jugs, mugs, and bottles, all in *smithereens* on the floor—Biddy hoppin' on one leg, like a magpie—and not three scraps remaining out of a side of mutton. May the widow's curse 'light upon ye, Toby Driscol! Af I don't have ye to the Court o' Concience next Monday mornin', for assault and battery on Biddy Donovan, and destruction of property, by tumblin' the spoleeine-pot. Oh, murder! here's myself clane broke and reduced to desolation, and nobody can tell how—oh, murder! murder!"

The jeremiade was interrupted by an exclamation from without.

"Oh! Father Antony, look down upon us! Arrah! Mister Currigan, jewel! will ye jist step out?" and both guest and landlord, meaning thereby Murty and myself, obeyed the summons of Miss Donovan, whose high excitement, and singular evolutions executed on a single leg, gave her the air and appearance of a mad Bacchante.

"Here, they're fightin' back—may the Lord protect us!—there goes the 'Paphian Bower!' every wattle tore away for *boulteeines* to murder

one another!" and as Biddy spoke, a goodly pavilion which bore that insinuating title, vanished as if harlequin had given it a signal to disappear, and "left not a wreck behind." "Oh, murder! down goes the 'Temple of Fortune;'" and fifty couple of well-matched combatants went, in one grand passage of arms, clean through the centre of an edifice, which five minutes before was doing an extensive and profitable business.

The maimed and wounded began now to drop out of the *mêlée*, and retire to the rear; generally the damage sustained was confined to the skull and countenance; but from the position of his hand, a stout gentleman near the tent had received lethal injury much nearer to the centre of gravity than either the head or feet. I rather suspected who the sufferer was, and ventured a tender inquiry.

"Am I hurt?" responded the wounded man, answering my question in the Irish style, by addressing an interrogatory to me in return: "Arrah! do you suppose a body can get two inches of a three-pronged fork drove into him through an ould blanket without feeling it?"

Mr. Robinson, who had managed, with the assistance of Mr. Jenkins, to approach the entrance of the ruins of Murty's *restaurant*, witnessed the downfall of "the Temple of Fortune," for a few moments, and in speechless astonishment, silently gazed upon the battle, as the cries of the combatants and the clattering of cudgels "now trebly thundering swell'd the gale." What the current of his thoughts might have been, or what philosophic inferences he drew from passing events, I am not prepared to say, as a voice at my elbow ejaculated—

"Isn't that beautiful slating, yer honours? 'The Timple's' teetotally demolished—and, holy Paul! down goes 'the Rookery!'"

As Mick Doolan—for it was the gentleman who "rowled us to the Brook" that directed our attention to the progress of the battle—ended his brief remark, as Shakspeare saith, "a cry of women," and the magical disappearance of another fashionable establishment, too faithfully confirmed the truth of Mickey's prediction; and "the Rookery" was no more. Mr. Robinson, whose intellects seemed slightly obnubilated, since the temper of a twig of crab-tree had been satisfactorily tested by a direct application to the posterior region of his knowledge-box, at last gave vent to his "impressions of Ireland and the Irish."

"I have read," he half said and half soliloquised, "of Cattabaws and Cherokees—I am acquainted with Cannibals and Anthropophagi, through books; but of all the savage nations upon earth, I give the palm to Ireland."

"Is Mr. Jenkins to book that observation?" I inquired.

Before he could reply, "the war, that for a time did fail," received a fresh and exciting impulse, by the fortunate arrival of a couple of jaunting-cars loaded with college men and citizens, who instantly, and without losing time by an inquiry, took part in the affray. To a supplication from the Bradburn reformer that I would save his life, I willingly assented. Mick Doolan piloted us to his "bone-setter;" and when the pleasure of the evening was but commencing, we stupidly abandoned the scene of love and song.

"Do you purpose taking a *spoleeine* at the Brook, to-morrow?" I cursorily inquired of Mr. Robinson.

The philosopher looked at me for a moment.

"When I commit suicide, sir," he solemnly responded, "I will jump

into the crater of Vesuvius; my death will be more classic, and my sufferings be shorter."

"But you have got merely a bird's-eye glimpse at Irish life."

"I have got as much knowledge of national character and habits as I want to have; and should I be out of the surgeon's hands to-morrow afternoon, if you inquire at the office of his Majesty's mail-packet, among the earliest berths secured for Liverpool, you will find one booked for—*Mr. Anastasius Robinson.*"

On my return to Bilton's, I had stolen up-stairs to my own chamber, and avoided the drawing-room. Indeed, the position I was placed in with Mr. Harding was one of painful embarrassment. The racket of Donnybrook had partially abstracted my thoughts; but now, like the sobriety which follows drunkenness, the revulsion was distressing. I loved "wisely and too well"—my passion was returned—my homage was accepted—when up rose a gigantic obstacle to crush my hopes at once. Hopeless, indeed, I was; for I had seen enough of Mr. Harding's character, to know that with him a pledge was sacred; and that no matter how feelings and honour might come in conflict, with the latter undoubtedly the victory would remain. What should be my course of action? Should I endeavour to alienate from him for whom it was destined, a heart over which the recollection of accidental services had given me some advantage? Were Mary Harding's sentiments towards me those of gratitude or love? and should I, at the sacrifice of filial obedience, endeavour to make her mine? Love said, "*En avant*, captain!" but honour whispered, "Halt!"

My mind was regularly tempest-tossed. I paced the room—now determining to enact "Plato the sententious," and fly from the perilous struggle which passion opposed to principle entails on him who is hardy enough to essay the trial; then by rapid transition, throwing philosophy to the dogs, I resolved that in love as well as war, to obtain success, the end justified the means. The self-denial of the Romish school was beautiful in theory; but the happy adaptation of Irish optimism was pleasant in practice; and the conclusion I came to was, to run away with Mary first, and, on our return from Gretna-green, balance the account between love and duty on the road, before we asked her father's blessing.

Heaven pardon me! to this conclusion had I come, when a gentle tap at the door startled me. My loud and rather angry "Come in!" was promptly obeyed! and Mary Hamblyn presented herself. She was the bearer of a sealed billet—I broke the cover—rapidly ran my eye over the letter—and I need scarcely add that to my intended expedition to the border it was a regular demolisher.

And yet, though my hopes were finally extinguished, the perusal of Mary's farewell epistle was calculated to create a melancholy pleasure; for, while she assured me that she never would disobey her father, or form a union without his sanction hallowed it, she ingenuously owned that she loved me, and never would wed another. Mary Hamblyn, who had watched the varying expression of my countenance, as I read the valediction of the gentle girl, was about, I presume, to offer me sympathy and counsel, when a heavy tread crossed the lobby. "This way, sir," exclaimed the waiter; and after "a loud alarum" of his knuckles on the door, it opened, and in came Captain Callaghan.

"My dear boy—" commenced Peter, when a glance at Miss Harding's pretty messenger changed the current of his thoughts. "The Lord bless your pretty face!—Maybe you would let me light a cigar at your eye? as the dragoon said to the duchess."

Mary Hamblyn having declined the experiment, and retired, the captain thus continued.

"Arrah! what a pity it was that your fin was out of order, and you couldn't take share in the *rookawn*—divil a one of me ever was present at a prettier slating match! We cleared the fair from end to end—and finished the fight by tattering down the 'Theatre Royal.' Lord! but ye would have laughed, if ye had seen Hamlet's Ghost scrambling out of the ruins, with a young woman they call Ophalia. But there will be the devil to pay next Friday, at the Court of Conscience. Seven booths teetotally destroyed; and if ye riddled Donnybrook, ye wouldn't find a whole tumbler. Faith! 'I'll cut my lucky' before the law begins; and the fortnight poor dear Mrs. Callaghan gave me to visit the family in Cork, was out last Monday. Divil a step farther than Dublin I could get for the life of me. One meets, ye know, with so many ould acquaintance."

"But, Peter, won't the family be disappointed at not seeing a member they have so much reason to be proud of?"

"I don't doubt but they will; but I wrote what they call a circular letter to my uncle Cornelius, and tould Corney to read it to the remainder of the family.—Come in, if you're fat!" continued Peter, in reply to a knock at the door. The order was obeyed, and the valet and privy counsellor of my honoured uncle duly presented himself. Sir Cæsar, "good easy man," as he fancied, had executed his stolen march—and the ex-commander had been actually located in Bilton's, and discussing a chop, while I was more agreeably engaged at Donnybrook with a *spoleeine*.

I dreaded an interview. To give my respected relative pain was most distressing; but, in my present state of mind, even to listen patiently to his matrimonial overtures would be impossible. I begged of Peter to aid, counsel, and assist; and, to do the captain justice, whether the call of love or war were made upon him by a friend, it was ever faithfully responded to.

"I wouldn't matter stayin' an hour or two with you and the ould fellow, only, upon my conscience, I'm ashamed to take off my hat in the drawing-room. I got a clip or two in the scrimmage;" and the captain, removing his *tile*, disclosed two large strips of sticking-plaster. "Egad! I was just thinking what I would tell poor dear Mrs. Callaghan, when she made inquiries. Feaks! I'll just say I was pitched off a jaunting-car, going to attend a charity sermon at the Bethesda."

"Harry, my dear fellow," and the general shook me warmly by the hand, "glad to see you look so well. How is the arm?—know the feel—got a touch myself of a riflle-ball from a d—d, yellow-faced Yankee, on the Brandywine, who took a long shot at me from behind a hiccory tree. Captain Callaghan, your obedient servant. How astonished you must be, Harry, to find old Hannibal across the herring-pond. No matter, the surprise will prove agreeable. D—n that rascally editor—fancied you booked for the 'Monthly Obituary'—and the infernal lawyer in for the property, after all. But matters look better; the balls roll right again, and what the raw recruit—that's you, Harry—has been

trying for in vain, the old soldier has secured for him,—a wife, Captain Callaghan; and such a wife!"

Here Sir Cæsar O'Sullivan chuckled, and rubbed his hands.

"Upon my sowl, general dear, and for the same thing the lad ought to go down upon his marrow-bones to ye," observed Peter. "Divil blister the wife I would have been master of, that would have been worth the thirteenth part of a *scultogue*, but for Charley Ormsby—may God be good to him!"

A gracious smile accompanied a push over of the decanter to the gallant captain, and a delicate inquiry into the causes which produced the mosaic of his scull's patchwork succeeded.

"Troth, general dear! if the truth must be tould, I was on the *ran-tan*, with a few friends this morning, and I'm a little the worse for the shindy. But about this conjugal affair—if it's likely to come off soon, I should wait for a day or two."

"Then, my dear captain, I am delighted," returned the ex-commander, "to reply to you in the affirmative. Within a week, the bonds of Hymen shall be riveted."

Egad! between my honoured uncle and Peter Callaghan, I was likely to be married, "out of the face," as they say in Connaught, and that, too, without asking my own consent; and to this proceeding I entered a demurrer.

"I tell you what, Harry," said the general, "I have taken some trouble—broke my heart reading thirty sheets of parchments—signed my name four times to the same—and as your wife's in the house, if you are not married within three days, may I, Cæsar O'Sullivan be ——"

"Stop, uncle!—'Tis well the recording angel has not registered a rash oath. I, too, swear in the face of Heaven——"

"Arrah! death an' nouns! what are ye both cursing about?" inquired the gallant captain; "if the ceiling was not pretty stout, between ye you would bring it down."

"You shall marry within the week," said the commander.

"*I shall not marry!*" returned his undutiful nephew.

"Then, by every thing matrimonial, I'll marry her myself! You smile. If I don't, may my name be struck out of the 'Army List;' and now, crook your knee, you undutiful scoundrel, and I'll introduce your honoured aunt."

Off hobbled the general.

"Peter," I whispered, "is the old man mad?"

"Oh! the divil a much doubt about that!" returned the captain. "He, the unfortunate ould sinner, dramin' about matrimony! Oh, upon my conscience! if there's not a tile off his upper works, there's rats in his garret, to a certainty."

The door flew open—in came the general. A lady was leaning on his arm. I looked up—it was *Mary Harding!*

In a moment she was clasped to my bosom.

"Why, hang it! Harry, she's your aunt, you know. Spare your uncle's feelings."

"My dear, dear uncle! what shall I say?"

"Upon my conscience!" said Peter Callaghan, "I'll tell ye what you ought to say"—and he looked for a moment at Miss Harding—"that your uncle's a regular trump, and the young lady—arrah! monasindiaul! but a Quaker might brake a convent for her!"

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

A RECENT OCCURRENCE.

A FIRM there is of civic fame,
At all events of notoriety
(Excuse my mentioning its name),
Which crams the public to satiety,
With rhyming puffs by shopmen bards,
And huge conspicuous placards,
Slung on the backs of men and boys,
And hobble-de-hoys,
Plying all day their devious courses ;
Or stuck on the tall vans that flare
Through every crowded thoroughfare,
To cozen asses and to frighten horses.
This firm's emporium or bazaar,
Near (where you will?), is known afar
By catchpenny devices manifold,
By panes of glass worth many guineas,
And all that may attract the ninnies
Who think they're buying cheap, and find they're *sold.*

Two clowns one day before the shop
In rustic frocks and spatterdashes,
Besmirch'd with stercoraceous splashes,
Came to a stop ;
Not to admire the flash habiliments,
Which a month's wear would turn to filaments ;
Not to indulge in talk domestic,
But to decide by imprecations,
And interchange of objurgations,
Some unadjusted feud agrestick.
Their flashing eyes and gestures furious
Soon show'd that words, howe'er injurious,
Would not interpret what their rage meant ;
So they began a fist engagement,
And in the very first attack
One of the rustics, reeling back,
Against the window fell slap dash.
Zooks! what a crash!
'Twas obvious that the largest pane
(If we may speak in Yankee strain),
Was sent to everlasting smash.

Away the first aggressor hurried,
And presently was lost to sight ;
Out rush'd four shopmen, red and flurried,
Who seiz'd the window-breaking wight,
Aghast and trembling with affright,
Dragg'd him into their shop or trap, and
Told their master what had happen'd.
"It cost ten pounds!" the latter roar'd ;
"Ten pounds, and you must pay them down,
Before your liberty's restored.
D'ye hear? hast got the money, clown?"

"Ten pounds!" cried Hodge, in blank dismay ;
"Lord love you, I can never pay.
I've got ten shillings and some pence ;
('Tis hard to make me such a loser)
But if they'll cover the offence,

Take 'em and let me go, now do, sir."
"Blockhead! will such a mite atone?
You must make good the whole disaster."
"I've nothing else, sir, of my own;
What more I've got belongs to master."
"So you *have* money then! how much?"
"Why sir, he sent me on a job,
To cash a check for fifty pound;
'Tis done, the note is in my fob,
Wrapp'd in a paper, safe and sound;
But that, you know, I mustn't touch;
You wouldn't bring me to disgrace,
Wi' loss o' character and place,
So don't ye ax me, sir, pray don't;
Touch it I mustn't, and I won't."
"Your master, clown, is answerable
For your misdeeds, whate'er they be;
Down with the note upon the table,
And we'll give change and set you free;
If not, prepare to go to prison."
"Dang it!" cried Hodge, with face of woe,
"What *can* I do, sir, when you know
The money isn't mine, but his'n?"
"Stuff!" quoth the magnate of the shop;
"Quick! quick! let the police be call'd,
And send him straight to gaol." "Stop! stop!"
Ejaculated Hodge, appall'd,
And like a leaf of aspen shaking,
Such was his pitiable taking,
"Master, if I am miss'd, will say
I've robb'd him, and have run away.
It can't be help'd—what must be must."
So saying he fish'd up the note,
From the deep fob in which 'twas thrust,
And twisted like a papillote,
Secured the change, and then departed,
Half frightened and half broken hearted.
Moaning and muttering, "I fegs!
How shall I ever tell my master
About this terrible disaster?
I'm ruin'd, sure as eggs is eggs."

Our cits, though chuckling with intense
Enjoyment at the clown's expense,
Had little cause for mirth, if any.
For lo! their banker's clerk appears
Next day, and whispers in their ears,
"This fifty's forged—not worth a penny!"

Such was the fact, our firm had lost,
Besides the broken window's cost,
Pounds forty at a single throw
What had they in return to show
For such subtraction from their till?
A piece of paper, value—nil!

Meanwhile the fighting clowns, whose roguery
(They were colleagues) the plot had plann'd,
By which the tradesmen were trepann'd,
Changed their smock frocks for stylish toggery,
To Margate steam'd, to take their pleasure,
And spent their forty pounds at leisure.

H.

BEAUCHAMP;

OR,

THE ERROR.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

CHAP. XXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

MORETON whistled a bit of an opera air, but the old man put his hand on his arm, saying in a low tone, "Hush! hush! what's the use of such noise?" and leading the way to the opposite corner, he chose one of the smallest of the keys on his bunch, and stooped down, kneeling on one knee by the side of a large stone in the pavement, marked with a cross and a star, and having a keyhole in it covered with a brass plate made to play in the stone. The old man put in the key and turned it, but when he attempted to lift the slab it resisted.

"There, you must get it up for yourself," he said, rising, "I can't; take hold of the key, and with your young arm you'll soon get it up, I dare say."

Moreton did as the other directed, and raised the slab without difficulty. When he had done, he quietly put the keys in his pocket, saying, "Give me the lantern!"

But Mr. Grindley did not like the keys being in Captain Moreton's pocket, and though he did not think it worth while to make a piece of work about it, yet he kept the lantern and went down first. A damp, close smell met them on the flight of narrow stone steps, which the old lords of the manor had built down into their place of long repose; and the air was so dark that it seemed as if the blackness of all the many long nights which had passed since the vault was last opened had accumulated and thickened there.

For some moments, the faint light of the lantern had no effect upon the solid gloom; but, as soon as it began to melt, the old man walked on, saying, "This way, captain. I think it used to stand hereabouts, upon the tressles to the right. That is your father's to the left, and then there's your mother's; and next there's your little sister, who died when she was a baby, all lying snug together. The Moretons, that is the old Moretons, are over here. Here's your grandfather—a jolly old dog, I recollect him well, with his large stomach and his purple face—and then his lady—I did not know her—and then two or three youngsters. You see, young and old, they all come here one time or another. This should be your great grandfather," and he held up the lantern to the top of one of the coffins. "No," he said, after a brief examination, "that is the colonel who was killed in '45. Why they put him here I don't know, for he died long before your great grandfather. But here the old gentleman is. He lived to a great age, I know."

"Let me see," said Captain Moreton; and approaching the side of the coffin he made the old man hold the lantern close to the plate upon the top. The greater part of the light was shed upon the coffin lid, though some rays stole upwards and cast a sickly glare upon the two faces that hung over the last resting-place of the old baronet. Captain Moreton

put his hand in his pocket, at the same time pointing with the other to a brass plate, gilt, which bore a short inscription upon it, somewhat obscure from dust and verdigris.

"There! it is quite plain," he said, "1766!"

The old sexton had been fumbling for a pair of spectacles, and now he mounted them on his nose and looked closer, saying, "No, captain, 1760."

"Nonsense!" said the other, sharply, "it is the dust covers the tail of the six. I'll show you in a minute;" and as quick as light he drew the other hand from his pocket, armed with a sharp steel instrument of a very peculiar shape. It was like a stamp for cutting pastry, only much smaller, with the sharp edge formed like a broken sickle. Before the old man could see what he was about to do, he pressed his hand, and the instrument it contained, tight upon the plate, gave it a slight turn and withdrew it.

"Lord 'a mercy! what have you done?" exclaimed the sexton.

"Nothing, but taken off the dust," answered Moreton with a laugh; "look at it now! Is it not 66 plain enough?"

"Ay, that it is," said Grindley. "But this won't do, captain, this won't do."

"By —— it shall do," replied the other, fiercely; "and if you say one word, you will not only lose the money but get hanged into the bargain; for the moment I hear you've 'peached I'll make a full confession, and say you put me up to the trick. So now my old boy you are in for it, and had better go through with it like a man. If we both hold our tongues nothing can happen. We slip out together and no one knows a syllable; but, if we are fools, and chatter, and don't help each other, we shall both get into an infernal scrape. You will suffer most, however, I'll take care of that. Then, on the contrary, if I get back what they have cheated me and my father out of, you shall have 100*l*. for your pains."

At first the sexton was inclined to exclaim and protest, but Captain Moreton went on so long that he had time to reflect—and, being a man of quick perceptions, to make up his mind. At first, too, he looked angrily in his companion's face through his spectacles, holding up the lantern to see him well; but gradually he dropped the light and his eyes together to the coffin-lid, examined it thoughtfully, and in the end said, in a low, quiet, significant voice, "I think, captain, the tail of that six looks somewhat bright and sharp considering how old it is."

The compact was signed and sealed by those words; and Moreton replied, "I've thought of all that, old gentleman. It shall be as green as the rest by to-morrow morning."

Thus saying, he took out a small vial of a white liquid, dropped a few drops on the plate, and rubbed them into the deep mark he had made. Then, turning gaily to his companion, he exclaimed "Now for the register."

Grindley made no reply; and they walked up into the church again, put down the slab of stone, locked it, and advanced towards the vestry. There, however, the old man paused at the door, saying, in a low, shaking voice, "I can't, captain! I can't! It is forgery, nothing else. I'll stay here, you go and do what you like, you've the keys."

"Where are the books kept?" asked the other, speaking low.

"In the great chest," said the sexton, "it must be the second book from the top."

"Can I find pen and ink?" inquired Moreton.

"On the table, on the table," answered Grindley. "Mathew Lomax

had a child christened two days ago. But it wont never look like the old ink."

"Never you fear," said the other worthy, "I am provided;" and taking the lantern, he opened the vestry-door and went in.

Captain Moreton set down the lantern on a little table covered with green cloth, and proceeded about his work quietly and deliberately. He was no new offender, though this was a new offence. He had none of the young timidity of incipient crime about him. He had done a great many unpleasant things on great inducements, pigeoned confiding friends, made friendships for the sake of pigeoning, robbed Begums, as was the custom in those days, shot two or three intimate acquaintances who did not like being wronged, and was, moreover, a man of a hardy constitution, so that his nerves were strong and unshaken. He tried two or three keys before he found the one which fitted the lock of the chest. He took out two volumes of registers, and examined the contents, soon found the passage he was looking for, and then searched for the pen and ink, which, after all, were not upon the table. Then he tried the pen upon his thumb-nail, and took out his little bottle again, for it would seem that within that vent was some fluid which had a double operation, namely, that of corroding brass and rendering ink palid. The register was laid open before him, a stool drawn to the table, his hand pressed tight upon the important page, and the pen between his fingers and thumb to keep all steady in the process of converting 1760 into 1766, when an unfortunate fact struck him, namely, that there were a great many insertions between the two periods. He paused to consider how this was to be overcome, when suddenly he heard an exclamation from without, and the sound of running steps in the church, as if some one was scampering away in great haste. He had forgotten—it was the only thing he had forgotten—to turn his face to the door, and he was in the act of attempting to remedy this piece of neglect, by twisting his head over his shoulder, when he received a blow upon the cheek which knocked him off his stool, and stretched him on the pavement of the vestry. He started up instantly, but before he could see any thing or any body, the lantern was knocked over, and the door of the vestry shut and bolted, leaving him a prisoner in the dark.

CHAP. XXVIII.

TARNINGHAM PARK was exceedingly quiet; for Sir John Slingsby was out at dinner some five miles off, and his merry activity being removed, every living thing seemed to think itself entitled to take some repose. Mrs. Clifford, who had been far from well for several days, and had not quitted her room during the whole morning, had gone to bed, Mary and Isabella were conversing quietly—perhaps sadly—in the drawing-room, the butler snored in the pantry, the ladies' maids and footmen were enjoying a temporary calm in their several spheres, and cook, scullions, and housemaids were all taxing their energies to do nothing with the most meritorious perseverance. Even the hares hopped more deliberately upon the lawns, and the cock-pheasants strutted with more tranquil grandeur. Every one seemed to know that Sir John Slingsby was absent, and that there was no need to laugh, or talk, or dance, or sing, or eat, or drink, more than was agreeable. The very air seemed to participate in the

general feeling, for, whereas it had been somewhat boisterous and keen during the day, it sunk into a calm, heavy, chilly sleep towards night, and the leaves rested motionless upon the trees, as if weary of battling with the wind.

"We will have a fire, Mary," said Isabella; "though it be summer in the calendar, it is winter in the field, and I do not see why we should regulate our comfort by the almanac. Papa will not be home till twelve, and though he will be warm enough, I dare say, that will do nothing for us."

As she spoke she rose to ring the bell; but at the same moment another bell rang, being that of the chief entrance, and both Miss Slingsby and her cousin looked aghast at the idea of a visiter. Some time elapsed before their apprehensions were either confirmed or removed; for there was a good deal of talking at the glass door; but at first the servant did not choose to come in with any explanation. At length, however, a footman appeared in very white stockings and laced knee-bands, saying, with a grin, "If you please, ma'am, there is little Billy Lamb at the door wishes to see you. He asked for Sir John first. I told him he couldn't, for you were engaged; but he said he was sure you would, and teased me just to tell you he was here."

"Billy Lamb!" said Isabella. "Who is that?—Oh, I remember: is not that the poor boy at the White Hart?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the footman, "the little humpback that you gave half-a-crown to one day when he was whistling so beautiful."

"Oh, I will see him, of course," said Isabella, much to the footman's amazement, who could not see the "of course;" "I will come out and speak with him."

"Have him brought in here, Bella," said Mary, "I know the poor boy well, and his mother, too. The poor daughter is dead; she married badly, I believe, and died two or three years ago."

"Bring him in," said Miss Slingsby to the servant, and the man retired to fulfil her commands. As Billy Lamb entered the room the two fair girls, both so beautiful yet so unlike each other, advanced towards the door to meet him; and stood before the poor deformed boy leaning slightly towards each other, with their arms linked together. The boy remained near the entrance, and the footman held the door open behind him till Miss Slingsby nodded her head as an intimation that his presence was not required.

"Well, William," said Isabella, as the man departed, "how are you, and what is it you want?"

"And your poor mother, William," said Mary Clifford, "I have not seen her a long while, how is she?"

"She is much better, thank you, ma'am," replied the boy. "She is reconciled with Stephen, now, and has gone to be with him up in the cottage, and take care of his little boy, my poor sister's orphan, and so she is much better." Then turning to Isabella, he went on—"I am quite well, thank you, miss; but somehow my heart is very down just now, for I came up to tell Sir John something very terrible and very bad."

"Is it magistrate's business, William? or can I give you any help?" asked Isabella.

"Oh dear no, Miss Slingsby," replied the boy, "it is not about myself at all, but about Sir John;" and he looked up in her face with his clear,

bright, intelligent eyes, as if beseeching her to understand him without forcing him to further explanations.

But Isabella did not understand him at all; and she inquired—"What do you mean, my good lad? I am sure my father will be glad to do any thing he can for you; and I do not think that you would yourself do any thing very terrible and very bad, such as you speak of."

"Hush, Isabella," said her cousin, whose heart was a more apprehensive one than her cousin's, and who had some glimmering of dangers or sorrows hidden under the boy's obscure words: "Let him explain himself. Tell us, William, exactly what you mean. If wrong has been done you, we will try to make it right; but you spoke of my uncle: has any thing happened to Sir John?"

"No, Miss Mary," replied Billy Lamb, "but I fear evil may happen to him if something is not done to stop it."

"But of what kind?" asked Isabella, anxiously: "tell us all about it. What is it you fear? Where did you get your information?"

"From Mr. Bacon," answered the boy, simply, "the little lawyer at Tarningham, ma'am. He's not a bad man, nor an unkind man either, like Mr. Wharton; and, though he did not just bid me come up and tell Sir John, yet he said he very much wished he knew what was going to happen. Then he said he could not write about it, for it was no business of his, as he was but acting for others, and he did not like to send a message because—"

"But what is it?" exclaimed Mary Clifford and Isabella together. "In pity's name, my good boy, do not keep us in suspense."

"Why, ma'am, he said," continued the boy, in a sad tone, and casting down his eyes, "that to-morrow there would be an execution put in here—that means that they will seize every thing. I know that, for they did so six months after my father died. Then he said that very likely Sir John would be arrested, unless he could pay five thousand pounds down at once."

Isabella sunk down in a chair overwhelmed, exclaiming, "Good Heaven!"

"This is what Captain Hayward told us of!" said Mary Clifford, putting her hand to her brow, and speaking rather to herself than to her cousin. "How unfortunate that he should be absent now. This duel, depend upon it, has prevented him from taking the means he proposed for averting this blow. I feel sure he could and would have done so as he promised."

"Oh, whatever Ned Hayward promised he was able to perform," answered Isabella, "nothing but some unfortunate circumstance, such as this duel, has prevented him. He is as true and open as the day, Mary. What would I not give for but five minutes' conversation with him now."

"Would you? Would you?" said the musical voice of the poor boy. "I think if you want them, you can have them very soon."

"Oh, you dear good boy!" cried Isabella, starting up, "send him here directly, if you know where he is. Tell him that my father's safety depends entirely upon him: tell him we are ruined if he does not come."

"I do not think I can send him," said the boy in a disappointed tone. "I don't think he can come: but if you like to go and see him, I will venture to take you where he is; for I am sure you would not do him a great injury, and say any thing of where he is hid."

"Go to him?" exclaimed Isabella; "why, it is growing quite dark, my good William. How can I go? But this is folly and weakness," she exclaimed the next moment, "when my father's liberty and character are at stake, shall I hesitate to go any where. I will go, William. Where is it? Is it far?

"Stay, dear Isabella," said her cousin, "if needful, I will go with you. This is a case which I think may justify what would be otherwise improper. But let me ask one or two questions. You say Mr. Bacon told you this, William. If he wished my uncle to know the facts, why did he not send one of his clerks?"

"Why he said, Miss Mary, that he had no right," answered the boy, "he seemed in a great flurry, and as if he did not well know what to do; but he asked if I had seen Sir John in town; for he generally comes to the White Hart, you know; and told me to let him know if I chanced to meet with him in town because he wanted to speak with him exceedingly. And then he went on that he did not know that he ought to tell him either; for he had got an execution to take to-morrow, here, and to have a writ against him the first thing to-morrow, and a great deal more that I forget. But he said he was very sorry, and would almost give one of his hands not to have it to do. At last he said I was not to tell any body in the town what he had said, but that I might tell Sir John if I saw him, so I came away here, miss, as soon as I could."

"But where is Captain Hayward to be found, then?" asked Miss Clifford. "You must tell us that before we can make up our minds, William."

"I may as well tell you as take you," replied the boy, "but I must go on before to say you are coming. He is at Ste Gimlet's, with him and my mother, and has been there ever since he shot Mr. Wittingham."

"Oh, I shall not mind going there," cried Isabella, "it will not call for observation from the servants, but if he had been at an inn, it would have been terrible."

Mary Clifford smiled; for she was one of those who valued proprieties *nearly* at their right worth, if not quite. She never violated them rashly; for no pleasure, or amusement, or mere personal gratification would she transgress rules which society had framed, even though she might think them wrong or foolish; but with a great object; a good purpose, and a clear heart, she was ready to set them at nought. "I will go very willingly with you, dear Bella," she said. "Captain Hayward went to London, I know, for the express purpose of providing the means of averting this calamity; but, from some words which he let drop, I fancy he believed that it was not likely to fall upon us so soon. There is no way that I see of aiding your father but by seeing and consulting with this old friend. You said all this would happen early to-morrow, William?" she continued, turning again to the boy.

"As soon as it was light, Miss Mary," replied poor Billy Lamb.

"Oh, Heaven, I will order the carriage directly," said Isabella, "run on, there's a good lad, and tell Captain Hayward I am coming. You can tell him why, and all about it."

The boy retired, and sped away by the shortest paths towards his brother-in-law's cottage. In the mean while the carriage was ordered; but Sir John had got the chariot with him; the barouche had not been out for some time; and the coachman thought fit to dust it. Three-

quarters of an hour passed ere the lamps were lighted and all was ready, and then a footman with gold-laced hat in hand stood by the side of the vehicle, to hand the ladies in and accompany them. Isabella, however, told him that he would not be wanted, and gave the order to drive to Stephen Gimlet's cottage.

"Ay!" said the footman, as he turned into the house again, "Billy Lamb's mother is there. Now they'll do the young ladies out of a guinea or two, I'll warrant. What fools women are, to be sure!"

While he thus moralised, the carriage rolled slowly on in the dark night, drawn by two tall pursey horses and driven by a coachman of the same qualities, neither of whom at all approved of being unexpectedly taken out at that hour of the night; for dinner parties were rare in the neighbourhood of Tarningham Park, balls were rarer still, and Sir John Slingsby was much fonder of seeing what he called a set of jolly fellows at his own house than of going out to find them, so that none of his horses were at all accustomed to trot by candle-light. Nearly half an hour more elapsed before the carriage entered the quiet lane unaccustomed to the sound of any wheels but those of a waggon, or a taxed-cart, and at length the reins were drawn in at the door of the cottage. The house looked unpromising, not a light was to be seen, for, strange to say, window-shutters had been put up to every casement of Stephen Gimlet's dwelling, though one would not have supposed him a man addicted to such luxuries. The coachman felt his dignity hurt at having to descend from the box and open the carriage-door, the respectability of the whole family seemed to suffer in his eyes; but, nevertheless, he did it, and as he did so the horses moved on two or three yards, of which Isabella was glad, for she reflected that if the coachman saw into the cottage, he might see the inmates also. Ere she went in, she told him to drive back to the style some two hundred yards down the lane, and if the boy Billy Lamb came over—it was his way from Tarningham Park—to keep him with the carriage. Then, with two hearts which it must be confessed fluttered sadly, Isabella and Mary knocked at the cottage-door, and scarcely waiting for reply opened it in haste and went in. Mary's heart fluttered at the thought of seeing Ned Hayward, as well as at the feeling of taking a somewhat unusual step; but Isabella's flutter was solely on the latter account till the door was open, and then it became worse than ever on another score.

The first object she saw straight before her was Mr. Beauchamp, who was standing in the midst of the little parlour of the cottage, talking to the poor boy, Billy Lamb, while Mrs. Lamb and Stephen Gimlet were placed near the wide cottage hearth.

The moment that Miss Slingsby's face appeared, Beauchamp turned from the boy, saying,

"Here are the ladies themselves. Now go home, my good boy; and if your master is angry at your absence, tell him I will explain all to him. My dear Miss Slingsby, I am delighted to see you and your fair cousin. The boy says you wish to speak with Captain Hayward. He is in the room above. I will tell him immediately;" and, after shaking hands with both of the ladies, he turned away and went up-stairs.

Mary whispered eagerly with Isabella; and Stephen Gimlet touched his mother-in-law's arm, as he saw that there was evidently a good deal of agitation in their fair visiters' manner, saying,

"Come, Goody, it wont give you cold, I dare say, to walk out for a bit with me. They'll want to talk together," he added, in a low voice, "and if it's cold we'll go into the little vestry of the church."

The old woman looked towards the back-room, where the child was sleeping; but Stephen answered her, ere she spoke, whispering,

"No, no, we should hear it all there."

Goody Lamb put her shawl over her head, while he took down the key of the church; and Mary's eye catching their movements, she said,

"Only for a few minutes, Mrs. Lamb. I should like to speak with you when we have said a few words to Captain Hayward."

Mrs. Lamb dropped a courtesy, and went out with her son-in-law; and the next moment, a slow step was heard coming down the stairs.

"Good Heaven, you are ill, Captain Hayward," cried Isabella, as her father's friend presented himself, followed by Beauchamp. Mary Clifford said nothing, but she felt more.

"Oh, I shall soon be well again, my dear Miss Slingsby," answered Ned Hayward; "the ball is out, and I am recovering quite fast—only a little weak."

"Hayward tells me I shall not be one too many," said Beauchamp; "but if I am, Miss Slingsby, send me away, remembering, however, that you may command me in any other way as well as that."

What a difference there is between enterprise and execution! How the difficulties grow upon us at every step of the mountain path, and how faint the heart feels at the early obstacles which we had altogether overlooked, Isabella Slingsby had thought it would be the easiest thing in the world to enter upon the state of her father's affairs with Ned Hayward. He was so old a friend; he had known her father since he was himself sixteen years of age; he had himself given the first warning, had opened the way. It had seemed to her, indeed, that there would not be the slightest difficulty, that there could not be any obstacle; but now, when she had to speak of all, her heart sank, her courage failed her; and she strove to turn the conversation to any other subject—only for a moment, till she recovered thought and breath.

"Oh, no! Do not go, Mr. Beauchamp," she said. "But how ill Captain Hayward looks. We had no idea he had been wounded. They said that Mr. Wittingham was the only sufferer."

"I can assure you, it is nothing," replied Ned Hayward; "but you must sit down, my dear young lady;" and with his left arm he put a seat for Miss Slingsby, while Beauchamp did the same good office for Mary Clifford. "I am sure that you have something important to say, and I guess what it is," the young officer continued; "Miss Clifford, you told your cousin a very painful communication I made to you ten or twelve days ago. Is it not so? and she has come to speak upon that subject?"

"I did, Captain Hayward," answered Mary Clifford; "I told her all you had said—and your generous and noble offer to assist Sir John in the most pressing emergency. Her own knowledge confirmed in a great degree the fact of great danger; but we feared that this unfortunate duel might have interfered with your plans, and knew not where to find you, or communicate with you."

"I did not forget what I had undertaken," answered Ned Hayward; "but like a thoughtless fool, as I am, I forgot I might be wounded, Miss Clifford, or that I might be forced to run for it. Well may the good

people call me thoughtless Ned Hayward; for I remembered that I might be killed, and provided against it; but I did not recollect any thing else, and ordered the money to be remitted to the bank here at Tarningham. The ball went into my shoulder, however, and I have been unable to write ever since; otherwise I would have sent the cheque long ago, to be used whenever it was needed. I hope to be able to write as well as ever in a few days; so put your mind quite at ease upon that score. As for the mortgage, which is, I suppose, in train for immediate foreclosure, we must think what can be done some other way; for I am a poor man, as you know, and have not the means of lending the amount;" and, as he spoke, he turned his eyes towards Beauchamp.

Ned Hayward calculated that there would be plenty of time to make all his arrangements; but such fancies were dissipated in a moment by Isabella's reply:—

"Did not the boy tell you," she asked, "that every thing you feared, is to take place to-morrow? He came up to warn us. That good little man, Bacon, the attorney, sent him."

"No, Isabella," said Mary Clifford, "he did not exactly send him; but he told him the facts, evidently that they might reach my uncle's ears; and the boy came up to tell us. I was sure, Captain Hayward," she added, with a glowing cheek, "that you would do what you could to aid, and that, if you could not aid, you would advise us how to act. We therefore came on here, without hesitation; for no time is to be lost, and Sir John is unfortunately out at dinner."

"Very luckily, rather," said Ned Hayward. "No time, indeed, is to be lost, if such be the state of things. I must write the cheque at once, some way or another. There is a pen and ink in my little room, I will go and get it."

"But can you write?" asked Mary, anxiously; "can you, without injury to yourself?"

"Nay, stay, Hayward, stay," said Beauchamp; "you mentioned the subject of the mortgage to me the other day. What is the amount, can you tell?"

"About fifty thousand pounds, and the devil himself knows how much interest," answered Ned Hayward; "for I do not think Sir John has any idea."

"Nay, then I fear you must write the cheque," said Beauchamp, gravely; "for I must not diminish the amount in the bank; but I will get the pen and ink. We are a sort of prisoners here, Miss Slingsby, and dare not show ourselves till Mr. Wittingham's state is better ascertained, or we should long ago have endeavoured to put your mind at rest upon these subjects. However, we hear the young man is better, and therefore I trust we shall not be obliged to play at hide and seek much longer."

Thus saying, he went up the stairs again, but was several minutes ere he returned, during which time, though occasionally falling into fits of grave thought, Ned Hayward laughed and talked gaily; from time to time stealing a quiet look at the fair face of Mary Clifford, as she leaned her arm upon the table, and gazed somewhat sadly at the embers of the gamekeeper's fire.

At length Mr. Beauchamp made his appearance once more, and sitting

down to the table with a cheque-book before him, Ned Hayward, with a laugh, took the pen in his hand, saying,

"I must dash it off in haste, or it will be pronounced a forgery. So here is for it," and with a rapid stroke or two he filled up the cheque for the sum of twelve thousand pounds, and signed his name. His cheek turned pale as he wrote; and Mary Clifford saw it, but that was the only sign of pain that he suffered to appear. Then, throwing down the pen, he took the paper with his left hand, and gave it to Miss Slingsby.

"There," he said, "I have had you on my knee twelve years ago, and called you dear little Bella; but I never thought you would give me so much pleasure as you do now."

"Well, Ned Hayward," exclaimed Isabella, with her eyes running over, "you are certainly the best and noblest creature in the world."

Mary Clifford's lips murmured something very like "He is."

Beauchamp looked on with an expression of grave pleasure; but scarcely was the check signed and given, when the door of the cottage opened suddenly, and Stephen Gimlet took a step over the threshold, saying,

"I have caught him, gentlemen, I have caught him like a rat in a trap."

"Whom have you caught?" asked Beauchamp, turning quickly towards him.

"Why, the fellow who fired the shot in at the window," answered Stephen Gimlet.

"That is glorious!" exclaimed Ned Hayward. "Where is he? What have you done with him?"

"I should not have meddled with him, perhaps," said the gamekeeper, "if I had not found him meddling with the registers in the church, which I know he has no right to do. I and Goody Lamb went out for a bit into the churchyard, and, as she found the wind cold, we opened the little door at this side of the church and went in; I had not been in a minute, when I heard some one talking plain enough, but I could not see any body for the life of me. I told Goody Lamb to stand behind the pillar by the pulpit, while I went to see; but before I could take a step, up out of the Moreton vault came two men with a lantern. One of them was this fellow; and the other was the old sexton; and they walked straight across towards the vestry; but, just a little way from the door, the old sexton stopped and said, 'I can't, captain, it is nothing better than forgery;' or something like that; and the other fellow took the lantern and went on into the vestry. So I said to Goody Lamb, in a whisper: 'Those rascals are up to no good;' and she answered: 'One of them never was all his life.' So, then I said: 'You get forward and scare the old sexton; I'll be close behind you.' The old woman did it in a minute, walking on without any noise, till she was right between him and the light, coming out of the vestry-door. However, he had heard us whisper, I fancy; for he was staring about him, as if he was looking for a ghost; and, as soon as he saw something stand there, off he set, as if the devil were behind him; and I jumped into the vestry, where the other fellow was sitting with one of the great books open before him, and a pen in his hand. I did not give him much time to think, but knocked him over, upset the lantern, and locked the door. So there he is in a cage, just like one of my ferrets."

"That's capital," cried Ned Hayward; but Beauchamp looked very grave, and, turning to Gimlet, he said,

"We'll consider what is to be done with him by and by. You can bring your good mother-in-law back now, Stephen; for our business is nearly over, and then you can see these two ladies safe to the carriage. Miss Slingsby," he continued, as soon as the gamekeeper was gone, "I wish to speak two words with you regarding this little note," and he held one up before her. "I took advantage of the pen and ink before I brought it down, and so kept you waiting, I'm afraid; but it was not without a purpose."

Isabella hesitated for a moment; but Beauchamp added, laughing,

"Nay, surely, you will trust yourself with me as far as the door."

"Oh, yes," replied Isabella, with a gay toss of her head; "I am doing all kinds of odd things to-night, and see no reason for stopping in mid course."

Thus saying, she walked towards the door, with Beauchamp following; and they went out into the little garden, where Beauchamp put the note in her hand, saying,

"This is addressed to Dr. Miles, my dear young lady. We are not very well aware of what has taken place regarding this mortgage, which Hayward has mentioned to me; but I fear there is some foul play going on. Should any sudden inconvenience arise regarding it, or the interest upon it, send that note instantly to Dr. Miles, and, at the same time, take means to let me know."

"But how, my kind friend?" asked Isabella, "how can I let you know, without discovering your place of concealment to others? You are doubtless, aware, that there are placards all over the place offering a reward for the apprehension of yourself and Captain Hayward."

"We must not mind that," answered Beauchamp; "but, at all events, it may be as well to send a note to me, enclosed to good old Widow Lamb; and I must take my measures afterwards, as I find best. In the mean time, Dr. Miles will insure that your father is put to no inconvenience; for it so luckily happens, that I have a large sum unemployed at the present moment, which could not be better applied, than by saving you from distress and annoyance."

"Oh, Mr. Beauchamp," cried Isabella, greatly moved, "what right have I to so much kindness and generosity?"

"Every right, that a fine and noble heart can give," answered Beauchamp; "and, oh, let me add, every right, that can be bestowed by the most sincere affection, that ever woman inspired in man—but I will not agitate you more to-night. This is not a moment, when I can press such a topic upon you. There is only one thing you must promise, that you will suffer no consideration whatever to prevent you from availing yourself of the means of freeing your father from his difficulties—no, not even the rash words I have just spoken."

Isabella was silent for a moment; but then she replied, in a low voice,

"Those words would have quite the contrary effect. They would give me confidence and hope;" and she put her hand in his.

Beauchamp raised it to his lips warmly, fully understanding all that her reply implied.

The devil is in a country apothecary. There is an awkward fatality about them which always brings them on the ground at the wrong moment.

"Good night, good night, Mr. Beauchamp," said Mr. Slattery of Tarningham, slowly walking his horse down the sandy lane. "I thought I would just step in to see Captain Hayward, and tell you that Harry Wittingham is much better to-night," and Mr. Slattery was dismounting from his horse, not in the slightest degree with the intention of seeing whose hand Mr. Beauchamp had been kissing, but merely in the exercise of his professional avocations. As misfortune would have it, Beauchamp had left the cottage-door open behind him, so that the surgeon had a fair view of the act by which that gentleman had sealed his tacit contract with Isabella, by the light which streamed forth from within. But that which was unfortunate on one side, was fortunate on another; for no sooner was the first monosyllable out of Mr. Slattery's mouth, than Isabella darted in and closed the door, so that the surgeon, though he thought the figure strangely like Sir John's daughter, could not swear to the fact.

Beauchamp at the same time hastened to prevent his obtaining any more precise knowledge, saying, "Thank you for your information, Mr. Slattery. Hayward is better, and cannot see you to-night, being particularly engaged at present. Good night;" and he also retired into the house and shut the door.

"Ho, ho!" said Mr. Slattery, "so they do not choose me to see! Well, let them take the consequences. When people trust me, I can be as silent as the grave; but if they show a want of confidence, I know how to match them. Did I whisper one word to any one of where the two gentlemen were? No, not a word! and now they think to blind me. Well, well, we shall see."

And Mr. Slattery did see, for while this soliloquy had been going on, he had been going on too, and when it came to a conclusion, he came upon the lamps of the large comfortable barouche of Sir John Slingsby.

"Good evening, Jenkins," said Mr. Slattery to the tall fat coachman, "is Sir John in this part, that you are out so late?"

"No, sir," replied Jenkins, "he's got the charitt over at Meadowfield. I brought over my young lady to see Widow Lamb, at Gimlet's, the new keeper's.

"Ho, ho," said Mr. Slattery again, but he had not time to make reflections, for at the very moment, he heard a pair of human feet running hard, and the next instant a figure shot across the glare of the carriage-lamps. Mr. Slattery had a quick eye, and he instantly called after the runner, "Hie! hie! captain, I want to speak with you."

But the person whom he addressed ran on; and as Mr. Slattery did not choose to be so evaded, he struck his plated spurs into his horse's side, and overtook him at the distance of a quarter of a mile; for once past the style where the carriage stood, there was no possible means of getting out of the high-banked lane.

"Hie, captain! Captain Moreton!" cried Mr. Slattery, as he came near; and Moreton not at all liking to have his name shouted all over the country, slackened his pace.

"What the devil do you want, Slattery?" he asked, "do you not see I'm in a hurry?"

"There's my little account, you know, captain," said Mr. Slattery, "four years' standing, and you'd really oblige me very much if—"

"Devil fly away with your account," said the worthy captain, "do

you think I'm going to pay for all the physic you drugged the maid-servants with at the hall?"

"Have you heard the news, captain?" exclaimed Mr. Slattery, coming abruptly to the real point, as he perceived the other was going to run again.

"No, what news?" asked Moreton, pausing.

"Why that Miss Slingsby is going to be married immediately to Mr. Beauchamp, who has been staying down here so long," answered Mr. Slattery; and then added, "as soon as young Wittingham's out of all danger, they say."

"Is she, by G—d!" exclaimed the captain. "Well, doctor, I shall take the short cut through that gate—good night; and do not say to any one you saw me here. I know you can be trusted with a secret."

"To be sure!" said Mr. Slattery; and while Captain Moreton vaulted over the gate, the surgeon pursued his way towards Tarningham.

Chap. XXIX.

Sir John Slingsby returned to Tarningham Park at about the hour of "dark midnight;" but he found both daughter and niece still up to receive him. That Sir John Slingsby had imbibed a portion of wine more abundant than most men could carry discreetly was evident from the increased depth of the rose in his complexion, and from a certain watery lustre in his eyes; but it must not thence be inferred that the baronet was even in the least degree drunk. How many he had left drunk behind him matters not to this history; but he himself, though gay as usual, was perfectly sober, quite gentlemanly and at his ease; for he had not even arrived at that pitch where a consciousness of wine makes one careful of not showing its effects.

"Well, young ladies," he said, seating himself in his arm-chair for a moment, and sticking his thumb into his white waistcoat, "you have passed a dull night, I dare say, with the old gentleman out, and the two young gentleman Lord knows where. Well, how are we to wear away to-morrow?"

"I shall wear away the morning, my dear uncle," said Mary Clifford, who had held long councils with her cousin, "in going to Tarningham; and I will ask you to lend me the carriage for an hour at eight o'clock."

"Certainly, dear Mary," said the baronet; "but Tarningham? what takes your pretty little self to Tarningham?"

"Why the truth is I want some money," answered Miss Clifford, "I think the bank opens at half-past eight."

"Money in the bank!" cried Sir John Slingsby, "was there ever such a girl? She has money in the bank! Well, take the carriage, Mary, when you like, and be back to breakfast at half-past nine, otherwise you shall have cold tea, and not a bit of pasty. Now to bed, to bed; for if people have to go to Tarningham early in the morning, they must go to bed at night."

The breakfast-table was laid, as usual, by nine o'clock in the morning; but before that hour Isabella Slingsby had been down and had wandered about in the drawing-room and in the library with a nervous sort of unsettledness in her manner, which struck even the servants, who happened

to pass. She looked out of almost every window in the house which was accessible to her ; she gazed down every road that wound through the park ; she scanned every moving figure, that was within the range of sight ; and she felt every moment a terror of what the next would bring, which she had never experienced in life before. She wished that Mary had not left her, that they had sent some one for the money ; and she conjured up difficulties and distresses, obstacles that she would not know how to meet, questions of law and form of which she was unaware, to trouble herself and agitate her mind still more. At length, with a bold resolution, she rang the bell, and ordered the servant, who appeared, to go down to Doctor Miles's, with her compliments, and say she would be glad to see him. The moment after her father entered the room as gay, as bustling, as jovial as ever ; his face resplendent with small red veins ; his eyes sparkling like the wine of the night before; his ample stomach rolling unrepressed under an easy waistcoat ; and his stout legs and neat foot carrying him about with the light step of one-and-twenty. To have looked at him one would have thought that there was not such a thing as care or sorrow in the whole world, much less in his own house.

"Ah, Bella !" he cried, kissing her, "how have you slept, my love ?—Where's Mary ?—not come back ? How's your aunt ?—pining, pining, eh ?—see what comes of a melancholy constitution, too much bile and twenty years' trial of a puritanical husband ! Well, what's o'clock ?—five-and-twenty minutes after nine—come along, we'll have breakfast. Mary shall have a fresh pot of tea when she comes," and in went Sir John Slingsby to the breakfast-room, ringing the bell as if he would have pulled it down the moment he got it.

"Breakfast," he exclaimed, when the butler appeared ; "has not the postbag come ?"

"No, Sir John," replied the man.

"Very late," said the baronet; and, marching to the window, he looked out upon the sunshiny park, with his hands behind him, for want of better occupation.

To poor Isabella Slingsby her father's lively unconsciousness was terrible ; and it was with trembling hands that she made the tea and poured out the coffee, giving a sharp look round every time the door opened, as if in expectation of some grim bailiff's face appearing. Such, indeed, would have been the case, had it not been, that good Mr. Bacon had contrived to delay what he could not prevent ; and at length, much to the joy and satisfaction of Isabella, the grating sound of carriage-wheels was heard from the park. That sound was still distant and indistinct, however, when the butler came in with a very peculiar and significant expression of countenance, saying, "Please, Sir John, there's a man wants to speak with you."

"Well, he must wait," said Sir John Slingsby. "Tell him I am at breakfast—has not the postbag come yet ?"

"Please, Sir John, the man says he must speak with you directly."

"Tell him to go to the devil," said Sir John Slingsby, "and speak with him;" but the words were scarcely out of his mouth, when the door opened behind the butler, and not one man, but two appeared.

Isabella's face had been very pale from the first announcement made by the servant ; but Sir John had remained perfectly unconscious till he saw those two strange faces. They were any thing but pleasant faces in

the abstract, for though well washed and shaved there was a ruffianly dirt of expression, which no soap could get rid of. There are certain professions which stamp themselves upon the outer man in indelible lines. The bailiff—the man who makes his bread or his fortune by inflicting the most poignant misery the law knows upon his fellow-creatures—the step in society still lower than the hangman—is never to be mistaken; and Sir John Slingsby recognised at once the errand of his intrusive visiters in their aspect. His face became very pale, the red veins turned blue; and he sat at the table without uttering a word. He well knew that these men's appearance, though bad enough in itself, was but the commencement of evils: that the long-delayed hour was come: that the thin worn line which upheld his whole fortunes had snapped, and that he was now to fall into the gulf of ruin which had so long yawned beneath him. Arrested and carried from his house, every creditor would pour in with his claims, every debt be swelled by law expenses, till nought would be left for him and for his child, but a prison and a life of labour.

His careless heart sank with the weight suddenly cast upon it; and his brain was overpowered with the multitude of thoughts it had resisted too long.

But Isabella stepped in like an angel of comfort; her heart rose as his fell. The moment of terror passed away, and as the foremost of the two men laid his hand lightly upon Sir John's shoulder, she whispered in his ear, "Do not alarm yourself, my dear father. Mary has gone to Tarningham for the money. We heard of all this last night, and are quite prepared. She will be here in a moment—I hear the carriage coming up now."

"At whose suit and for what amount?" demanded Sir John Slingsby, turning to the bailiff. He could say no more, for some moments were required to collect his thoughts.

"At Mr. Wittingham's, Sir John," replied the man, "for five thousand three hundred and forty-two pounds seven and fourpence."

"Then you may tell Mr. Wittingham for me," said Sir John Slingsby, "that he is a d—d shabby, sneaking scoundrel, to do such a thing as this without giving me some notice."

"Come, come, Sir John," rejoined the bailiff, "you know it is no use talking—you must come along, you know."

"You are somewhat too quick, sir," said Isabella, interposing, "if you mean to say the debt must be paid, that is very well. It shall be paid."

"Ay, miss; but it must be paid immediately or Sir John must march," answered the man, screwing his eye at his follower, "gammon is gammon, you know."

"I do not understand what you mean," said Isabella, haughtily, "pray, papa, do not touch him (for Sir John had risen with fury in his countenance). The debt shall be paid immediately, as you say."

"And you shall be ducked in the horse-pond for your insolence," added the baronet, continuing to the butler, "call in all the men."

"Nay, nay—do not, my dear father!" cried Isabella. "Five thousand three hundred and forty pounds, you said?" she continued, addressing the bailiff, "I will bring the money this moment."

"Forty-two, seven, and four," said the man, sullenly, "but there may be detainers, and as the caption is made, I fancy I cannot—"

"Oh, I'll soon settle that," said Sir John Slingsby, "you see, my good fellow, there are several windows to this room as well as doors—I do not resist the law—wouldn't resist the law for the world! but as soon as the money is paid, you go out of either windows or doors as you please; but speedily in either case. Get the money, Bella—call the men here," he added, speaking sharply to the butler, "I see we shall want them."

Isabella hastened out of the room; for the carriage had just drawn up, and as she entered the vestibule she saw Mary stepping lightly out of it with a calm smile. "Have you got it?" cried Isabella, in eager haste, "they are here already.

"Indeed!" said Mary, sadly, "I am sorry for that; but there was some difficulty; for at the bank, as the sum was so large, they wanted proof of Captain Hayward's signature, which they did not well know. I could not tell what to do, and therefore went to Mr. Bacon's who soon settled the matter."

"Why the writ was taken out by him," cried Isabella.

"Yes, I know," answered her cousin, "but he told me how sorry he was to be forced by Mr. Wittingham to do it; and explained that it would be much better to pay the money at once in Tarningham, when he would give me a receipt in full, and an order, or something, to these men, so as to stop any thing unpleasant at once; for he thought I should get back before they arrived. He said there would be a great object gained in paying the money at once, so that the receipt might be dated before what he called the *caption.*"

"And did you do it?" asked Isabella, eagerly; "did you do it, dearest Mary?"

"Yes," answered her cousin, half alarmed; "I really believe he is a very honest little man, and he seemed truly distressed at Mr. Wittingham's conduct. He gave me the receipt and the order too, and took great pains to date them half-past eight, though it was nearly nine. I hope I have not done wrong, Isabella?"

"Oh, dear no. I dare say it is all quite right;" cried Isabella, joyfully; "give them to me, Mary, and let me run back; for I am afraid of what my father calls 'an affair of posts,' between him and these bailiffs. I left him marvellously pugnacious."

Mary Clifford put into her hand the two papers which she had received in Tarningham; and at the same time drew forth a small bundle of bank-notes, saying, "There is the rest of the twelve thousand pounds—for Heaven's sake, take care of it, Isabella."

Her cousin gazed at the little packet with a gay smile, and then tossing her head with the joy of a light heart relieved from a heavy load, she ran back into the breakfast-room, while Mary went up-stairs to lay aside her shawl and bonnet.

At the door of the room where she had left her father, Isabella resumed a calm and composed air; and entering with a stately step, found five or six men-servants arranged across the end of the chamber, while the two bailiffs stood looking somewhat crest-fallen and apprehensive near Sir John, who, for his part, sat beating a tune on the breakfast-table with his fingers, and endeavouring to appear unconcerned. A sharp anxious glance at his daughter's face, however, told that all fear was not at an end; but her confident look re-assured him, and he exclaimed, "Well, Bella, have you brought the money?"

"Yes," replied Miss Slingsby, and approaching the table, she laid down the roll of bank-notes, spread them out and began to count—"One thousand, two thousand, three, four, five, six thousand;" she said aloud, much to the astonishment and admiration of the servants.

"That is more than enough, madam," said the bailiff, approaching with humbled air and smooth tone.

"I know it is," replied Isabella: "be so good as to keep your hands away, sir; for you are not going to have one penny of that sum. I was only counting to see that the stamp was right. That paper, I think, will be quite enough for you; and that, my dear father, is the receipt for the whole sum and costs to Mr. Wittingham."

"Well, ma'am, well, I've nothing to say," exclaimed the bailiff, "it is all in order. Howsomever, I have only done my duty; and am very glad the matter is so settled."

"Done your duty, you vagabond," cried Sir John Slingsby, "done only your duty, when you ventured to use the word gammon to my daughter—but it does not matter—it does not matter! Get out of my sight as fast as possible, and tell that fellow Wittingham to keep far off me, for, as sure as I am alive, I will horsewhip him the first time I see him—take care of them, my men, and see them safe off the grounds."

The words certainly did not seem to imply any very formidable menace; but as such the bailiff and his follower seemed to understand them, and made speed towards the door, while the men-servants answered "That we will, Sir John;" but made way for the two unwelcome visiters to effect their exit easily. Isabella remonstrated earnestly with her father; but the jovial baronet only exclaimed, "Pooh! nonsense, Bella; no harm can happen, I must see what goes on; for, with a fair start and a good run, it would be capital fun. Come into the library—come into the library, we shall have the best view there; and after that we will breakfast."

Isabella Slingsby, however, remained alone in the breakfast-room, gazing down upon the notes spread out on the table. The eagerness, the excitement of the moment was gone. The anxious fear for her father's liberty was over. Something smote her heart—even the little display of the money before the eyes of the servants and the bailiffs, she was sorry for. Considerations presented themselves which she had never thought of before; and when her cousin Mary entered the room a few minutes after, Isabella cast her arm round her neck, and bending her head upon her shoulder, said, with a blush on her cheek and tears in her eyes, "Poor Ned Hayward, Mary, I have thought too little of him, and he is not rich, I know."

"Do not be afraid, Isabella," said Mary, in a low tone.

"But I am afraid, Mary," rejoined Isabella, "I know my father is terribly embarrassed—I fear he will never be able to repay this sum."

"Then I will," said Mary Clifford.

Chap. XXX.

We must go back to Stephen Gimlet's cottage and the preceding night. Beauchamp and Captain Hayward stood together by the table, when their two fair visiters had left them, waiting for the return of the gamekeeper, and they both remained silent for several minutes. There are times, when great things just accomplished, of whatever kind, or charac-

ter, seem to oppress the spirit and keep it down, as it were, under a heavy weight. Nor is it altogether uninteresting to inquire what is the cause of this oppression—the remote, often unseen, even indistinct cause. It is not sorrow, it is not regret; for the weight of thought seems cast upon us as often by a joyful as a sorrowful event; and I speak not at all of the effect of misfortune, but simply of that which is produced upon the mind by a great deed done—great, at least, to the person who has performed it. I am inclined to think, that the sort of load which I speak of, may be traced to the consciousness of all the vast multitude of consequences of which every act is the source. Not the slightest thing we do that does not send a thrill vibrating along the endless chains of cause and effect to the utmost limit of time through the whole grand machine of future existence. Man dies, but not one of his acts ever dies, each perpetuated and prolonged for ever by interminable results, affecting some beings in every age to come. Ay, even the slightest; but that which is to follow only becomes a question with man when the deed is to his own cognizance important as affecting himself and those around him. The eye of God sees all; but it is merely when the consequences are visible to our own limited ken, that we feel the strange involution of our destiny with that of others; and, when what we have just done is in its immediate results likely to affect us and those we love profoundly, that we pause to consider all the wide extent of the future which that act implies; then we feel as if we had plunged headlong into an ocean of endless waves, and the weight of the waters oppresses the heart and spirit. We ask, what next? and then, what will follow? And in the game of chess that we are playing against Fate look for the next move of our great adversary, and all the consequences of that which we have ourselves just made.

Both Beauchamp and Hayward had done an important thing that night. The latter had stripped himself for a friend's benefit of the treasured resource of after-life. Never rich, he had left himself but a scanty pittance which was not likely to be increased by any means but his own personal exertions. From that moment, he felt that his course of life must be changed, that his views, his feelings, his habits, must undergo a severe scrutiny, and be subjected to a hard discipline; that the careless ease, the light-hearted indifference to the morrow was at an end; that the small cares he had never yet known, the looking to shillings and to pence, and all the sordid minutiæ of difficult economy were to be his companions for life, as inseparable from his footsteps as his shadow. Honest poverty may be a very fine thing in contemplation, but let its admirers understand that it is a difficult thing in practice; for honesty and poverty are like Adam and the devil in the garden, ill-suited tenants of one house, the latter of whom is always laying out snares to reduce his companion to his own level. If such be the case where the circumstances of birth have made the evils of poverty habitual, and given its temptations no factitious advantages, how much more is it so, when a knowledge of a taste for, and a long education in ease and comfort, have both engendered a habit of expense, and rendered the restraints of poverty privations. It is then that honesty has to struggle with a host of foes, and too often a murder and suicide are committed; honesty killing itself after an attempt to get rid of its comrade.

But Ned Hayward was a very honest man, and his first thought was how to bear his poverty rightly. He gave not one thought to the money

he had just given away—for so he believed it to be—he would have performed the same act over and over again a dozen times if he had had the means and the motives to do so; and would each time have done it willingly; but that did not prevent his feeling the painful situation in which he had left himself; and he contemplated with deep thought and stern resolution all that was to issue from the deed he had done.

With Beauchamp, the feelings might be different, but the sources from which they sprang were the same. He, too, had taken a step, which was to influence the whole of his future life. He had said words to Isabella Slingsby, of which he felt all the import at the moment they were spoken—which he spoke purposely, that there might be no doubt or hesitation on her mind in regard to his sensations or purposes, and yet which, as soon as they were uttered, filled him with a vague feeling of apprehension. Yet Beauchamp was a resolute man in character; and had performed acts of persisting resolution, which few men would have had the determination to carry through. He loved Isabella too dearly; and had the whole world been subject to his choice would have selected her. He was anxious, likewise, to call her his own, for he was not without the fire of passion, and was very different from those idle triflers, in whom love is a vanity lighted up by the cold *ignis fatuus* of a volatile and fugitive desire. But his previous history furnished materials for doubt and alarm; and when he paused to contemplate all the innumerable consequences of the few words he had spoken, there was a mist over one part of that sea of many waves, and he asked himself, with awe, "What is beneath?" The thought, however, that he was loved in return, was consolation and courage; and though, for his part, Ned Hayward did not venture to indulge in any such sweet dream, yet the image of Mary Clifford, like that of the Virgin in the old legend, shed a light which dispelled the darkness along one bright path, through the obscure future, for him also.

The contemplations of both gentlemen, however, were speedily broken through by the return of Ste Gimlet, who, turning to Mr. Beauchamp, inquired,

"Please, sir, what shall we do with the man locked up in the vestry?"

"Oh, have him out," cried Ned Hayward, "and hand him over to a constable."

Beauchamp did not reply so quickly; but at length he said,

"There may be difficulty, Hayward, in finding a constable at this time of night; and not only difficulty, but also danger to ourselves, if we take any part in the business. Is the place where the man is confined secure?" he continued, addressing the gamekeeper.

"Pretty well, sir, I think," answered Gimblet; "there are bars to the windows, and the door is locked tight enough. Then we can lock the church door too."

"I locked it, Stephen," said Mrs. Lamb; "there hangs the key."

"Then let him stay there the night," rejoined Beauchamp, "I will not interfere to screen him; and Gimlet can get a constable early to-morrow morning, without our taking any part in the affair."

This proposal was agreed to by Ned Hayward, though the expression which his friend used, in regard to screening the offender, struck him as somewhat strange. It is wonderful, however, how often in life we do what is vulgarly termed, reckon without our host. The two gentlemen retired to rest in the rooms above, which had been prepared and furnished

for them in haste, since the duel with young Wittingham; and Stephen Gimlet and Widow Lamb also sought repose. Early the next morning, however, the gamekeeper rose to seek a constable; but first he thought it expedient to look at the temporary prison in which he had confined Captain Moreton. The doors, both of church and vestry, were still closed and locked; but passing round, towards his own cottage again, by a little grass-grown path, that ran under the church walls Ste Gimlet was surprised and confounded to perceive that three of the bars covering the window of the vestry, had been forced out of the old mortar in which they had been socketed; and, jumping up on a tombstone to look in, he soon saw that the bird, as he expected, had taken wing from its cage.

Stephen Gimlet, notwithstanding this discovery, did not return to his cottage at once, to communicate the intelligence to those within. He paused and thought; but, to say truth, it was not of the event which he had just ascertained that he meditated. That was done and over: the man was gone, and might never be caught again; but the words which Beauchamp had spoken the night before had made a deeper impression upon his mind than they had upon Ned Hayward's, and naturally, for the young officer had never remarked or heard any thing before, which could lead his fancy to perceive any connexion between his friend and Captain Moreton. Stephen Gimlet, on the contrary, had observed much that excited his imagination, and it was one of a very active character. He remembered the interest which Beauchamp had displayed in the monuments of the Moreton family; he remembered all the inquiries he had made regarding their former property; and he did not forget either his mother-in-law's ancient connexion with one of the members of that house, or the somewhat mysterious expressions she had used in regard to Beauchamp himself. It was a tangled skein, difficult to unravel, but yet he resolved to unravel it; not exactly from curiosity, though curiosity might have some share therein, but rather because, in his wild frenzy, he dreamed that the knowledge which Goody Lamb possessed of his guest's previous history, might afford him some means of serving a man he looked upon as his benefactor. He was peculiarly susceptible of kindness or unkindness, of gratitude or its reverse, resentment, and he thought that it would be a happy day for him if he could ever return to Mr. Beauchamp, even in a small degree, the kindness he had received. He pondered upon these things for full five minutes, and then returned to his cottage, where he found the old lady in the inner room, making the little boy repeat a short prayer at his bed-side, after having washed and dressed him. It was a sweet and wholesome sight to the father. He contrasted it with former days, and he felt the balmy influence of honest peace pour over his heart. One of the first rewards of a return to virtue from any of man's many deviations, is an appreciation of its excellence. He stood and gazed, and listened, well satisfied, while the words of holy prayer rose up from the sweet tongue of his own child; and if the boy had prayed for his father's confirmation in his return to right, the petition could not have been more fully granted.

When it was done, Ste Gimlet kissed the child and sent him out to play in the little garden. Then, shaking hands with Widow Lamb, he said,

"I wanted to ask you a question or two, goody. Do you know who the man is that rushed into the vestry last night?"

"To be sure I do," answered the widow; "do you think, Stephen,

I could forget one I have seen in such times and known in such acts as that man? No, no; I shall remember him to my dying day."

"Well, then," replied her son-in-law, "I want you to tell me, goody, what there is between him and Mr. Beauchamp; for the man has got out and is off, and I have great doubts that he is Mr. Beauchamp's friend."

"I had better hold my tongue, Stephen," said the old woman; "I had better hold my tongue, at least till I see and understand more. One thing at least I may say, and say truly, that the bitterest enemy ever Mr. Beauchamp had was that Captain Moreton."

"Do you think, Widow Lamb," asked the gamekeeper, in a low, stern tone, "that he has any cause to wish Mr. Beauchamp dead?"

The old woman started, and gazed at him, demanding,

"What makes you ask that?"

"I'll tell you, widow," replied the man. "Have you not heard of a shot fired into Sir John Slingsby's dining-room? Well, that shot went within a few inches of Mr. Beauchamp's head, and that is the man who fired it."

The old woman sank down on the stool by the bedside, and clasped her hands together, exclaiming,

"Is it come to that! Ay, I thought it would, sooner or later. He could not stop—no, no, he could not stop!"

She paused for a moment, and rocked herself backwards and forwards upon the seat, with a pained and bewildered look.

"I see how it is, goody," said Gimlet; "and now I'll tell you. That fellow shan't get off. I'll never give it up till I've caught him. I'll track him, like a hare, to his form, and he shall be punished. Mr. Beauchamp has been kind to me—one of the first that ever were; and I'll not forget kindness, though I'll try to forget unkindness."

"Take care what you are about, Stephen," answered his mother-in-law, "or you may do harm instead of good. Watch him, if you will, to prevent mischief; and above all, let me know every thing that you see and hear. I will talk with Mr. Beauchamp, as you call him, this very day. I wonder if the woman is living!"

"There was one woman with him, at all events," answered Stephen Gimlet, "when he was down here last."

"Ah! what was she like?" inquired Widow Lamb, eagerly; "what was she like?"

"I only saw her for a minute," replied the gamekeeper, "but she seemed a fine handsome lady as one could wish to see—somewhat reddish in the face; but with fine, dark eyes, and mighty gaily dressed. She was tall, too, for a woman."

"Yes, her eyes were dark enough," said Widow Lamb, "and she was always fond of fine clothes—that was her ruin; but red in the face!—that is strange; she had the finest and the fairest skin I ever saw."

"Well, the redness might come from drink," said Ste Gimlet, "for she seemed to me half drunk then. He called her Charlotte, I recollect."

"Ay, that's her name," exclaimed the widow; "and so they have come together again? It is for no good, I will answer; for two bolder or worse spirits never met to plot mischief."

"You had better tell me all about it, goody," said Stephen Gimlet; "do something to that fellow I will, and it's bad to work in the dark."

"Not till I have spoken to the gentleman upstairs," said the old woman. "Watch the man, Stephen: find out where he is, what he is doing, all about him, and about her too; but do not meddle with him yet. Hark! they are coming down. You go away, and I will talk with him this very day."

"I must tell them he has got out, before I go," answered the gamekeeper, going into the other room, and bolting the outer door, to guard against intrusion while the two lodgers were below.

No one, however, appeared but Beauchamp, whose first words were,

"I wish, Stephen, you would send some one down to Tarningham, to tell Mr. Slattery to come up. Captain Hayward is not so well this morning, and says he has not slept all night."

"I will go myself, sir," said Gimlet; "but I just wanted to tell you that Captain Moreton has got out during the night. He has wrenched out three of the bars of the window, and is off."

Beauchamp mused.

"Well, it does not much matter," he said, at length; "but you had better inform Doctor Miles of what you saw in the church, and let him take whatever steps he may think necessary to insure that no fraud has been committed. I can have nothing to do with the affair. Bring up Mr. Slattery as soon as you can, for I am somewhat anxious about Captain Hayward's state this morning."

Gimlet did not reply. He uttered no expression of sorrow or of sympathy; but yet he felt as much grieved and alarmed as if Ned Hayward had been his brother; and his countenance showed it though his words did not.

As soon as he was gone, Mr. Beauchamp was turning to go up-stairs again; but Widow Lamb at the moment came out of the inner room, and stopped him, saying,

"I wish to speak a word or two to you, sir."

"Well, my good lady," answered Beauchamp, with a smile, "can I do any thing to serve you?"

"No, sir," replied the old woman, "it is not that. But I see you do not recollect me—and, indeed, how should you! It is a long time since we first met."

Beauchamp gazed at her for a moment in silence, and then said,

"I think I do remember having seen you somewhere before I met you here. Your face struck me as familiar to my recollection when first I saw you; but I cannot remember where I saw it long ago. Were you ever in India?"

"Oh! no, my lord, it was not there," answered Widow Lamb; "when first I saw you, you were quite a young gentleman; the Honourable Charles St. Leger, they called you; and you had come down with Captain Moreton, your cousin, to shoot on the grounds of his great-aunt, Miss Moreton."

Beauchamp's face turned somewhat pale, and his fine broad brow contracted; but he did not speak, and the old woman continued,

"Do you not recollect, my lord, Davie Lamb the grave, as they called him, and your coming down with a gay party to the grave's house, one day? It was the eleventh of August, twelve years ago this summer; and the lady was with you, Miss Charlotte Hay, as they called her—"

"Hush! hush!" cried Beauchamp, almost fiercely; "do not mention

her name in my hearing. You do not know—you do not know, good woman—"

"Oh yes, my lord, I do," answered Widow Lamb; "I know more than you think—more than you know, perhaps, yourself. I can tell you many things about her."

"Tell me nothing," said Beauchamp, sternly; "you can say nothing of her conduct, infamous and bad, that I do not know or do not guess. I wish never to hear her name again;" and he turned once more towards the stairs.

"Well, I beg your pardon, my lord," said Widow Lamb, with a disappointed look, "I did not mean to vex you, but if ever you should wish to hear more, I can tell you better than any one; for there is nobody now living knows so much as I do, and I think—"

The conclusion of her sentence was wanting, for some one opened the cottage door, which had not been bolted since Stephen Gimlet had gone out. The next moment, the head of Mr. Slattery appeared, and entering with an insinuating smile, the worthy surgeon saluted Beauchamp reverentially, saying,

"I met my good friend Wolf, Mr. Beauchamp, and was sorry to hear that Captain Hayward is not so well. But I have got good news for him, and you too. No more need of playing at bo-peep. I found Mr. Wittingham so much better this morning, that I have ventured publicly to pronounce him out of danger."

"Thank God for that!" said Beauchamp; "but we had better go up and see Hayward, who seems to me somewhat feverish."

"I am afraid there is a bit of the wadding, or the coat, or something still in the wound," said Mr. Slattery, following upstairs, "but there is no cause for alarm. It may produce inconvenience and some inflammation; but nature, my dear sir, by the very same process which produces pain and irritation to the patient, often expels any extraneous substance, which, if it remained, might cause more serious results."

Mr. Slattery remained at least an hour and a half; and to say the truth, during that time he put our good friend Ned Hayward to some torture, but in the end, he succeeded in extracting from the wound which that gentleman had received, a portion of his waistcoat, which had been carried in by the ball in its passage. Some hemorrhage followed, which was stopped with difficulty; but at length the good surgeon took his leave, and descended with Beauchamp to the lower room.

Widow Lamb, however, met them at the foot of the stairs, saying, in a low tone,

"There is a servant on horseback, from the Park, sir, just now before the door. He has got a note, which he will give to no one but you; and I did not know what to do."

"There is no necessity for any further concealment," said Beauchamp, advancing to the door; "you have got a note for me," he continued, speaking to the servant, who touched his hat, and delivered a small billet.

Beauchamp tore it open, and read, while good Mr. Slattery paused beside him, in the hope of hearing some news; for, as we have shown, he was not without a laudable portion of curiosity.

"I must go over directly," said Beauchamp, for that note placed before his eyes a very unpleasant state of affairs at Tarningham Park—a mort-

gage foreclosed, an execution placed in the house, and Sir John Slingsby himself arrested on a heavy bond debt, for long arrears of interest, and interest upon interest, and lawyers' costs. Isabella wrote in a tone of despair; and yet there was a something shining through all her gloomy words—a trust, a confidence in him to whom those words were written, which were very pleasing to him.

"Can I drive you over in my gig, Mr. Beauchamp?" said Mr. Slattery.

"No, I thank you," replied the other; "I dare say, my good fellow, you will not object to let me mount your horse?" he continued, addressing the servant, "I must get over to the Park as speedily as possible."

Under ordinary circumstances, perhaps, the man might have objected; but the events which had just happened at his master's house, were, by the time he set out, known from the housekeeper's room to the pigsty, and had excited amongst the servants too strong a feeling of dismay and distress, for him to hesitate when there was a chance of affording aid, or even consolation, to Sir John Slingsby and his daughter. He instantly acceded, then, and lengthened the stirrups. Beauchamp only stayed to get his hat and speak a few words to Ned Hayward, then sprang into the saddle, and the next moment was going straight across the country towards Tarningham Park.

CHAP. XXXI.

ALL was dismay and confusion in the house of Sir John Slingsby, when, after having galloped straight across the park, without heeding bridle-paths or carriage-roads, Beauchamp drew his rein at the door. No servant came to take the horse, for all were busy within, though, busy with what, would have been difficult to say. The only thing they had to be busy with was their own consternation; for there was no packing up for departure, no inventories, no arrangements in progress; and yet not an attendant appeared, except through the double glass doors, where a knot was to be seen assembled in the inner vestibule, who never turned a look towards the terrace before the house. One excuse, perhaps, might be that there were so many people arriving, that a new comer could attract no attention. It seemed as if a general call had been made upon Tarningham, to attend and witness the disgrace and discomfort of the family. A number of tradesmen were gathered before the doors, conversing together in low tones, and with gloomy faces; and there was a post-chaise, besides a gig, a saddle-horse, and a tax cart or two. Beauchamp thought the spectacle somewhat odd; for it seemed to him, notwithstanding all he knew of the gossiping propensities of small places, that the news of Sir John Slingsby's misfortunes must have spread with marvellous rapidity. But he knew not Mr. Wharton, nor could conceive the policy which should induce a man, who had chosen his moment for consummating a long prepared scheme for stripping another of all his worldly wealth, to complicate his difficulties by every means, so as to render the bonds he had cast round him indissoluble.

"Here, take my horse," he said, addressing the sullen-looking postillion who stood behind the chaise; and when the man obeyed, civilly enough, Beauchamp approached a hale-looking man, like a grazier, and inquired, "What is all this?"

"Why, sir," replied the man, who had often seen his interrogator in Tarningham, "Mr. Wharton's clerk told me that there was an execution going to be put in, so I came up to see if I could get my bill. But the lawyer was beforehand with us; and the matter is not so much, only forty pound or so, and I did not think it worth while, when I found how matters are going, to trouble the hearty old gentleman, who has spent a deal o' money with us all in his day."

"You seem a very respectable man," said Beauchamp, calmly, but still somewhat moved, "and you shall not lose by your conduct. You, sir," and he turned to another, "I think you are the stationer at Tarningham—is yours the same errand, and on the same information?"

"Yes, sir," answered the person he addressed, "one of Mr. Wharton's young men came down and told me; but I think, with my neighbour Groves, that we should behave handsome."

"I see the whole matter," said Beauchamp, speaking rather to himself than those around. "You can wait a little, gentlemen? I think Sir John can pay you all without inconvenience, though he is a careless man, and his affairs may not be quite in order."

"They say Mr. Wharton has arrested him, sir," said a little man, with a thin, small voice.

"I will go in and see," replied Beauchamp, with a smile. "If any of you could contrive to go or send down to Tarningham, and say to Mr. Bacon, the attorney, that Lord Lenham would be glad to see him here immediately, you would oblige me. Tell him to lose not a moment."

"I'll go, in a jiffey," cried the stout man, jumping into a tax-cart. "Who did you say, my lord?"

"Lord Lenham," answered Beauchamp; "he will know who you mean;" and turning round, he walked into the house.

The servants grouped themselves differently at his appearance, and bowed low, the butler venturing to say,

"I am glad you have come, sir."

"Where is your master?" asked Beauchamp.

"In the library, sir," replied the man, "with a number of them. It is a sad time, sir, 'specially for my poor young lady."

The man walked on before, and opened the library door; Beauchamp followed quickly; and certainly the sight which that room presented was a painful one. Mrs. Clifford sat near one of the windows, the picture of despair; Isabella was seated near the table, with her eyes buried in her hands, and the rich curls of her beautiful hair falling over her face. Mary was bending down to speak to her; grief in her lovely face, but yet as calm and composed as usual. Old Sir John was a little in advance, with two bailiffs standing near—not the same who had been there earlier in the morning—and his valet behind him, helping him to put on his great coat, while Mr. Wharton stood at the other side of the large library-table, with a smile upon his lip, a frown upon his brow, a sparkling black eye, and a double degree of red in one of the cheeks, though the other looked somewhat pale. Two or three men, whose business there and ordinary functions were not apparent at the moment, made up the rest of the company.

Sir John Slingsby had one arm in the sleeve of his great coat, and was thrusting angrily and ineffectually at the garment, to get the other

in also, speaking all the time in a furious tone, with his face turned to Mr. Wharton.

"I tell you, Wharton, you are a d—d scoundrel," he said, "an ungentlemanlike blackguard. You have swindled me out of thousands, and you know it; and now, without giving me a hint, you come upon me in this way."

"You are angry, Sir John, you are angry," said Mr. Wharton, in a sweet tone. "It is as unpleasant to me as to you, I can assure you; but when I heard that Mr. Wittingham had issued process, I was compelled, however unwillingly, to take care of myself and my clients. You know I told you a month ago it could not go on any longer; so you cannot say you had not notice."

The old baronet was about to pour upon him a new volley of objurgations, thrusting manfully at the sleeve of his coat all the time, when suddenly his eye rested upon Beauchamp and he stopped, turning a little pale, for the presence of that gentleman at such a moment both surprised and pained him. Mary whispered a word to her cousin, however, and Isabella starting up with the tears in her eyes, and a glow upon her cheeks, held out her hand to him exclaiming, "Oh, thank you, thank you! Dr. Miles was not to be found," she added, in a whisper, "or I would not have sent."

Beauchamp smiled and shook his head half reproachfully, and Sir John recovering himself took his hand saying, "Ah, Beauchamp, you have come at an awkward time. Can't ask you to dinner to-day, my dear sir, for the house is in the hands of the myrmidons of the law, and I must away, they tell me. It's a bad job, I am afraid."

"Nevertheless I intend to dine with you here, Sir John," answered Beauchamp, laughing and shaking the baronet's hand warmly, "so you had better take off your great coat."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Wharton, taking a step forward, "but I am afraid Sir John Slingsby cannot remain with you at present. Business has been too long delayed already by the folly of the officer who thought fit—"

"To act like a man of some consideration and feeling I suppose, sir," said Beauchamp, eyeing him from head to foot with a calm, cold, withering look. "You are Mr. Wharton the attorney I imagine, of whom I have heard so much in regard to several transactions soon to be inquired into."

"My name is Wharton, sir; yes, my name is Wharton," answered the solicitor in a sharp, fierce tone, "and I insist that you do not interrupt the operation of the law."

"The operation of the law I shall not interrupt," replied Beauchamp, "but the operations of the lawyer I certainly shall."

"He's a nabob," said Sir John Slingsby to his niece in a low, laughing voice, "yes, you are quite right, Beauchamp, this is Mr. Wharton, the attorney, calling himself esquire, and a greater scoundrel does not live between the four seas. He has cheated me through thick and thin, and now wants by coming upon me all in a moment to get possession of my property as he has done with others before now."

BUSHIRE.

(EUPHRATES EXPEDITION.)

By W. Francis Ainsworth, Esq.

Navigation of the Head of the Persian Gulf to Bushire—Our Reception there —Description of the Town—The Mesembrian Peninsula—The Portuguese Bushire—Navigation of Nearchus—Start for the Interior of Farsistan—The Gurmisir, or Hot District.

The absence of all facilities for completing the equipment of the steamer at Bassora, and for making such repairs as had become necessary after the long and trying descent of the river just accomplished, led the commander to wish to prolong the journey to Bushire. This plan met with some opposition on the part of the naval officers, who considered that the Euphrates steamer was neither seaworthy nor adapted by her construction for navigating open waters, but as the weather was very favourable for so short a navigation, the passage across the head of the gulf was ultimately resolved upon. We did not, however, quit Bassora without an accident; a black cook having fallen out of a boat while coming on board, and being in a state of inebriety, he went so suddenly down that notwithstanding many endeavours on our part to save him they were quite ineffectual, and no traces even of his body were ever discovered.

The descent of the lower part of the Euphrates river, presenting every possible facility of combined width, depth, and smoothness, was an easy affair; but it was getting dusk when we entered into the Persian gulf, which is at its head full of dangerous shallows, extensive sandbanks, and muddy deposits. Under such circumstances very few quitted the deck during the night; the carpenter reported the dead-lights made fast with an unusual air of importance; and some of the natives on board were in a state of visible perturbation. Suddenly, in the midst of the night, the peremptory order to back hard astern roused every one to a sense of the dangers of our situation; one heave of the lead had made the difference of from three fathoms to three feet of water, we were going right upon a bank, but a quiet sea and the reversion of the engines, carried us off before the keel had touched the ground, a circumstance which most probably would have entailed the loss of the vessel. Midsummer nights are luckily very short, and daylight soon came to relieve the naval officers from their anxious navigation of a little known sea amidst darkness and crowded shoals, and we afterwards got on cheerfully and confidently.

Our unexpected approach to the city of Bushire, was the cause of no small amount of wonder and surprise. It was about four o'clock in the evening of the 23rd of June, a light breeze from the west had relieved the air of its oppressive sultriness, and as the tall Badgirs or wind-towers threw their lengthened shadows across the streets of the sandy city, the robed Persians had begun to peer forth from their cool recesses and to venture into a more bracing atmosphere. At first it was reported that a ship was on fire in the offing, and the greater portion of the population had hurried to the beach, or were grouped on the spacious balconies and the roofs of the houses. An equal degree of uncertainty existed at the house of the Honourable East India Company's Resident. There were several ships in the roads, among them the sloop-of-war

Amherst, and a fine frigate belonging to the Imam of Muscat. The steamer had now approached these so closely as no longer to be mistaken. At first it was supposed that it might be the Hugh Lyndsay, but her course from the northwards, her difference of build and slight proportions, soon undeceived them on that point; at length the truth flashed upon the minds of those who were looking out from the sloop, the tardy British ensign was hoisted, and, as we came paddling in alongside, the yards were manned by our countrymen, who welcomed us with three hearty cheers. Those cheers more than recompensed us for upwards of a year's toils and fatigues. How different to our reception in England, where not a voice was heard in our favour, and not a hand was held out in token of approbation!

The steamer, drawing but little water, was enabled to bring-to immediately off the quays, and, as a variety of repairs were indispensable previous to the re-ascent of the Euphrates, a native bungalow was hired to dispose of stray objects for the time being, and a small house, with its accompanying wind-tower and a terrace to sleep upon, was engaged for the officers. I never observed a thermometrical difference of two degrees between the temperature in the apartment below the wind-tower and that of the shade, but the relief derived from the draught of air was very great, infinitely more so than would have been anticipated from the slight difference of temperature. The Badgir appeared, indeed, a decided improvement upon the subterranean Sirdaubs of Baghdad and Mosul; but, then again, there are no breezes to catch inland, and the wind-tower would be useless in the city of the Khalifs.

Bushire, whose proper name is Abu Shahir, "the father of cities," corrupted into Abushire and Bushire, being the principal seaport of Persia, presents an aspect of bustle and trade to which the Anglo-Indian residency and the almost constant presence of one or more sloops of war, contribute in no small degree. The flat-roofed houses are grouped almost indifferently upon the beach, and among them are a few public buildings, more especially the caravanserai, a sort of exchange or commercial mart which leads into the bazaar, the governor's house, and the residency, the last a fortified mansion with a guard of sepoys occupying the best and most exposed situation in the city. The wind-towers rising above the flat-terraces give a peculiar appearance to the town. Many of the mosques have the usual cleanly appearance, and peeping through the brick-latticed walls it was not uninteresting to observe the sacred ablutions going on in their various compartments, groups of boys chanting the evening hymns, and occasional female forms flitting along the dark corridors to prayer. Frazer and Morier have both spoken disparagingly of Bushire, but every thing is only comparable to that which is analogous to it, and Bushire, with its well-provided market, and its gigantic flasks of Shiraz wine sometimes covering half a quay, appeared to us to be a city redolent with comforts and luxuries infinitely superior to any that we had hitherto fell in with during our travels. The cargoes of asafœtida piled up by the side of the array of flasks were certainly objectionable, and after a hot day they perfumed the atmosphere to a sickening degree. The water at Bushire is also execrable. It is obtained from wells sunk without the city, from ten to sixteen feet deep, in a sandy soil with an argillaceous substratum, and the water is always brackish to a greater or less degree, and is charged for in the port accordingly. A very saline

draught being cheaper than a less bitter and purgative beverage. Wherever these wells are met with, there is a cottage or two with a few palms, and the tree tamarix. I observed the roots of the latter penetrating to the bottom of several of the wells. The water is drawn up by oxen in leather vessels with long spouts, which are held upwards as the rope is drawn over the roller, but which fall down and discharge their contents on arriving at their destination.

It is needless to enter into details upon the commerce of Bushire, since such are to be found in the popular compendiums of M'Culloch and Macgregor. I will confine my observations to the physical aspect of things, upon which my personal explorations may furnish more that is new. Bushire is built upon a rocky bed, that is peninsulated from the mainland by a low and often submerged tract. This peninsula corresponding to the ancient Mesambria, is above eleven miles in length, from three to four in width, and nowhere rises more than forty feet above the level of the sea.

The rock upon which the town itself is built, is a calcareous sandstone, containing an abundance of sea-shells, similar to what occur in the present day in the Persian gulf. This rock forms cliffs of about twelve feet in height to the south-west, and is not above a mile and a half in width, by a mile and a quarter in length, and the approach to the town is cut off by high tides. To the south the same marine formation is succeeded by higher lands, where the remains of the Portuguese settlement of Rushire (Ru al Shahir, or "the City at the Cape") are still visible; the cottages in the neighbourhood being built of the ruins of the olden town, and where there also exists the ruins of a large edifice, designated as the residence of Shah Selim. Cinerary urns are also found in the same vicinity. Beyond Rushire the sea-cliffs become more lofty, and are intersected by wide and deep ravines, till at Hallilah they begin to lower. The eastern side of the peninsula, which fronts a sea of sand, rises in cliffs of nearly a hundred feet in height. The best water on the peninsula is obtained at Shaikh Abu and Hallilah. At Rushire the water is very bitter, and I found one spring impregnated with hydro-sulphurous acid, probably produced by the decomposition of marine organic products. The greater part of the peninsula is under cultivation, chiefly of cotton. The central elevated platform is, however, completely barren. A fringe of date-trees occupies the line of junction of the rock with the marine sands to the east and south-east. The neighbourhood of Shaikh Abu and the coast, from a mile and a half south-west of Bushire to Hallilah, is for the most part occupied by cotton plantations. There are also occasional date groves. Near Bushire the roots of the vines are protected by circular stone walls, but they do not thrive vigorously.

The fleet of Nearchus when sailing along this coast, not being able to double the cape in the evening, anchored in the bay to the eastward. The place was called Hieratis, and near it was a canal called Heratemis. D'Anville identifies the site with the Kirazin of Idrisi, and Dr. Vincent with Hallilah. The description, however, appears to refer to the island at the mouth of the Khor Kayir, or Quoir. The next day the fleet sailed to Mesambria, and anchored at the mouth of the torrent called Padargus. Mesambria means a peninsula, and by a torrent is meant a dry summer bed, such as nearly crosses the peninsula at Ru al Shahir where the fleet may have next rested. From that station on the peninsula the fleet sailed

twelve miles and a half to Taoke, which Vincent, by an inadmissible duplication of numbers carries to Bund i Raik, for the bay of Bushire is fifteen miles wide. But to have sailed round the peninsula to Bushire would be quite sufficient to meet the statement of the Macedonian navigator. Arrian further tells us that Taoke was thirty-six miles from Gennaba, on the river of that name, and the position of which (Gunnava) is known from Kinneir's researches, to correspond to that distance from Bushire. Strabo also notices a palace of the kings of Persia, as being on the sea coast of Persis proper (Farsistan), and he calls it Oke.

The great natural feature of the coast consists in a low littoral district abruptly succeeded at a certain distance inland by a hilly and rocky territory, the boundaries between the two being at times almost marked off as if by a wall. The low territory is distinguished as the Gurmisir, or hot climate, the hilly as the Sirhur, or cold climate. The former is, however, more generally known as the Dashistan. Niebuhr, Sir Harford Jones, Dr. Vincent, Rousseau, and Dupré, are all at variance with regard to the boundaries of these districts, the precise demarkation of which is not, however, of the slightest importance, as the fact of a high and a low territory and of a hot and comparatively cool district remains the same, and the two are as different in their vegetation and forms of animal life, including even the human race, as they are in climate and geographical configuration. The Dashistan also corresponds to the Syrtibole of classical geographers, and in the parallel of Bushire it attains a breadth of about twenty miles, extending that distance, or more, from the sea to the hills.

We had not been many days at Bushire, where we had been well *fêted* by the acting resident, Captain Hennell, when I prepared to take advantage of a general permission given by Colonel Chesney to the officers to visit the interior of Farsistan. For this purpose by the advice of Captain Hennell, I engaged an interpreter, a muleteer, and three mules, for there was no need, during the fine weather, of encumbering myself with baggage ; two pairs of saddle-bags carried a change of garments, and what other little things were absolutely necessary.

Thus equipped, and personally well armed, we started from Bushire in the cool of the evening, and advanced across the neck of the peninsula, an uniform and almost desert level of about seven miles in extent, without a trace of vegetation, but at times covered with a snow-white effervescence of sea-salt. When we had crossed this uninteresting tract, the soil became a little more diversified, the lower saline lands were partly covered with articulated membraneous evergreen plants, belonging to the genera salsola, salicornia, and mesembryanthemum ; the drier and more elevated soil was equally partially clothed with woolly labiate and prickly leguminous plants, enlivened by some bright flowering species of the composite order, that were capable, by their stubborn and hardy structure, of resisting the most burning sun. Arborescent mimosa, with elegant foliage and bright yellow blossoms, also covered occasional tracts where the soil was light and the ground broken up and uneven. The country was also now further diversified by cultivated lands, groves of date-trees, gardens, and villages. We passed a few hours of the night on the outskirts of one of the latter, and started again before daybreak in the morning ; for the midsummer sun would not allow us to travel after about eight o'clock on the torrid Gurmisir. The cottages of the peasants,

on this remarkable tract of land, low and cylindrical, and were constructed of date-tree leaves, three or four being generally enclosed in a common fence, rather gracefully made up of the fronds of the same tree, placed erect, and in close contact. These huts were also, for the most part, grouped around mud forts, generally quadrangular, with round towers at the angles. The latter serve as places of refuge during the predatory conflicts, that are ever recurring in this ill-governed country.

The men of the plain are a fine, handsome race, accustomed to the use of arms, and habituated to look each individual to himself in case of aggression. This habit developes an amount of personal independence that is quite unknown in more civilised societies, where the distinction of classes, and the mutual dependence of one upon another, swamps the individual in the mass. They are mainly Arabs of the Shíah persuasion, and hold in abhorrence vessels used by Christians. Every man carried a long gun with a very thick barrel, encircled by bright tin bands, and each had a sword hung by a strap, and not fastened to the waist. Their dress was a long flowing robe, not fitting tight as with the townsmen, but leaving half their tawny masculine chests exposed. The fair sex wore blue tunics and light blue trousers, which fitted closely to the ankles. The feet were naked, and the toes adorned with rings.

The sun soon put an end to our progress, and we were obliged to seek refuge under some scattered date-trees, where I deposited my carpet, and lit a kalliyun. I had brought with me from Bushire two large water-melons, and the tremendous heat of the mid-day sun made me appeal to one of them for refreshment, for as yet the milk that we had obtained from the villagers was almost as bitter as the water. Having made a grateful repast of a fruit that can only be properly appreciated under similar circumstances, I converted the other into a pillow, and resigned myself to a nap, in anticipation of a night's march. As the shade of the date-tree keeps revolving in a circle, this arrangement requires to be frequently interrupted, for to continue to sleep after the sun falls upon the traveller, would be attended with a certain attack of fever. The heat, however, of the first beams generally awakens the slumberer; and what was my annoyance when, upon being roused by the usual summons, my eyes met the steady but wondering gaze of a huge black-whiskered buffalo, who had been busy devouring my pillow from under me, whilst my head had buried itself amidst the luscious fragments.

SHAKSPEARE.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

Of all, foregone, the Master Spirit, thou:
  Poet—Philosopher—sweet Child of Song;
Age's instructor, beacon light of youth ;
  Imperial crown'd all other Bards among.
A never-dying laurel wreathes thy brow,
  That brow, whose lofty, magic dome became
The palace of the Passions. There inshrined
  Nature took up her lasting dwelling-place.
Till Time shall cease, SHAKSPEARE, thy hallow'd name
Will live immortal. With thy country's fame
Shall thine, heart-searcher, ever be entwined.
  What human feeling can Man's wisdom trace
But on thy crystal page of truth is found:
Great Brother of our race, all hearts to thee are bound!

THE TRAVELS AND OPINIONS OF MR. JOLLY GREEN.

CHAP. IX.

MY tall guide preceded me at such a brisk pace that it was with difficulty I could keep up with him, but as I was anxious to rejoin my party, I made no objection to the rapidity of our movements.* The path at first was narrow, and we were compelled to walk, like Indian warriors, in single file, but in about twenty minutes we issued from the wood upon a broad sandy road, which intersected another part of the forest. We now walked abreast, the tall man on my right hand, the shorter one on my left.

For Frenchmen they were unusually taciturn, their answers to my inquiries being made in monosyllables, uttered, moreover, in a thick, gruff voice, arising, as I supposed, either from a severe cold, or the impediment caused by the thick red-worsted comforters which concealed the lower part of their features.

I had now an opportunity of more closely scanning their personal appearance. Their costume was not of the newest, nor was it exactly of that picturesque kind which I had always imagined peculiar to the forester. They did *not* wear short-tailed green jackets covered with silver buttons, nor tight green pantaloons with a black stripe down the seam, nor buff-boots with red tops, nor patent-leather belts round their waists, nor broad-brimmed sombreros adorned with the flowing plumes of the eagle and the ostrich, such as I had been accustomed to behold in those places where the mirror is shown to nature; I allude to the National Drama. Neither had they boar-spears in their hands, pistols in their girdles, nor bugles suspended from their necks. In lieu of these they each wore the garment called, from its colour, a *blouse;* cotton trousers of the same hue, and the red comforters I have already described: the taller of the two had on a dark cloth *casquette;* and the other, a white *bonnet de nuit.* Thick-knobbed sticks, partaking of the nature of clubs, completed their costume, which had little of the outlaw in it, save its rudeness. There was something in the air of these men, particularly a startling obliquity of vision in the short one, which awoke in my memory certain undefined notions of having seen them before; but when I reflected upon the extraordinary likenesses which have deceived the world, from the time of Saint Sebastian del Piombo to those of the numerous sons of Louis XVIII., I set it down to a mere casual resemblance, like the fata morgana of the desert, or the mirage of the coast of Sicily.

We continued to move on at the same quick pace, until, what with the distance, the *pas accélére* (as the French troops say), and the stiff leather breeches which I wore, I began to feel rather knocked up, and in a state of profuse perspiration. It struck me also that we were a long time reaching the *rendezvous de la chasse,* which I had been given to understand was only a short distance from Montmorency. I therefore came to a halt, partly to recover my breath, and partly to ascertain in what direction we actually were going.

"Mon brave," said I, addressing my two guides, "comment distant la rendezvous?"

"Plait-il?" was the evasive answer they both made me.

I repeated my question, varying the manner of it, as I saw they were rather ignorant men:

"Quelle distance est la rendezvous de la chasse?"

"Oh!" replied one of the men, at last appearing to comprehend me; "une petite demie-lieue."

I am still uninformed of the precise length of this "little half league," for so I understand the phrase which is in every body's mouth in France; but I suppose it is a conventional expression for a long English mile, as it took us a good half hour's quick walking before we reached the verge of the forest. When we did so, I looked round me in every direction, but no signs of the party were visible. A vague suspicion of the fidelity of my conductors began now to arise in my mind, and the dark thought suggested itself that, like the children in the wood, I might have been lured to this remote spot with a sinister intention. I recalled the dreadful scenes which I had seen enacted (at the Surrey Theatre) in the forest of Bondy, and devoutly wished that the dog of Montargis, so celebrated for rescuing benighted travellers, might come to my rescue. My companions, for aught I knew, were armed to the teeth, for it was impossible to say what was concealed beneath their dresses, and the heavy bludgeons which they carried in their hands were sufficient, as Burke says, "to crush the timid and oppress the weak." Not that I classed myself in either of these categories, but still I was but a man. It is true that, under ordinary circumstances, one Englishman can beat nine Frenchmen, but it did not strike me that this was a case in point. I think I have satisfied the reader that I am not deficient in courage; but there are situations in which the bravest may be overpowered by odds. I had nothing but a solitary hunting-whip to defend myself with, and the closeness with which the two men stuck to me would have prevented me from using the lash of it to advantage. I resolved, however, to sell my life as dearly as possible, and I was encouraged to this determination by perceiving that we were not beyond the pale of civilisation, for at a short distance, on one hand, arose the walls of a human habitation.

It was a roadside *cabaret*, such as I had often noted in travelling through France, with the withered emblem of hospitality waving brownly in the breeze above the porch of entrance. My conductors indicated that we were to take the path which led to it, and as I drew nearer I was able, though with some difficulty, to make out the following inscription in long, perpendicular characters, stretching right across the front of the house, and, indeed, turning round the corner:—"AURENEDZVOUSDUB-ONCHASSEURPIQUETTIENTAMANGERETABOIREAUSSILO-GEAPIEDETACHEVAL."

"Voilà, monsieur," said the tall man, pointing to the inscription.

It was true, it *was* the Rendezvous, and *I had wronged* these innocent countrymen by harbouring foul thoughts against their integrity.

Still, my friends were not to be seen, which, considering the pace at which they left me was somewhat unaccountable. They might, however, have been delayed by the circuit which it was necessary to make, for, though it had taken us an hour to accomplish, ours had been a short cut through the forest.

As the language which the country-people speak is a rude, unintelligible *patois*, I declined interrogating the innkeeper myself, but as I saw that my companions were familiar with him, I desired one of them to do so.

"Demandez si mon parti a arrivé," I said, as I threw myself into a chair which stood by a small table outside the *cabaret*, for I was fatigued with the walk.

A colloquy hereupon ensued, from which I gathered that no strangers but ourselves had visited the *cabaret* during the day. It was therefore probable that, if I waited here, my friends would shortly arrive, and, being tired, I thought it the best plan to do so. I was, moreover, extremely hungry, and while my thoughts reverted to the "combustibles" (as cold provisions are called in France) which had been packed up in the gondole, I could not shut my senses to the gratifying smell of the cookery which was in progress for the rustic dinner of the lonely *cabaretier*.

To judge by his appearance, Monsieur Piquet throve upon his solitary meals, for he was not only a man of large stature but of a certain amplitude of stomach which indicated that, if he were a Cenobite, he must, at least, be of the Epicurean order. He seemed a merry, good-natured person, for he laughed loudly every now and then, as he turned his eyes in the direction in which I sat, I suppose in admiration of my costume, which, I flatter myself, is not seen every day in the backwoods of *la belle France*.

When his conversation with the two countrymen was over, the latter entered the *cabaret*, and the host coming up and saluting me with great civility, inquired in very tolerable French whether I would like to have any dinner.

The savoury odour and hissing sound of the "Fricot à la Console" which, as I understood him, was just then being got ready for his own meal, quite vanquished any idea I might have had of holding out till the arrival of my friends, and I signified to the worthy man my intention of honouring his rural repast.

"Oui," said I, "je suis très faim, procurez diner toute suite."

Mine host laughed, like a good-humoured fellow as he was, and, to let him see that I was familiar with the customs of his country, I desired him to let me have a bottle of his best "vin du pays,"—a wine which we rarely meet with in England, but which is held in high esteem in Paris. Prince Metternich is said to have some of it, and I believe a few bottles were sold at the late Duke of York's sale, but except in France it is extremely difficult to meet with it. *This is the real secret why so many Englishmen go abroad.*

The *cabaretier* replied that he had some excellent wine of the kind I had named which, hermit-like, he kept in a cave near his house, and immediately disappeared to fetch it. He presently returned with a flacon in his hand, and beckoning me to follow him inside, he led the way down a narrow passage and showed me into a good-sized room where a table was being spread for dinner by a sturdy-looking servant-maid who answered to the name of Petronille. She was a simple *paysan*, and during the time she remained in the room did nothing but stare at me. I was, however, too much accustomed to this sort of thing, and my affections, moreover, were too irrevocably bestowed on Angelique, for the fact to produce more than a momentary impression. Under other circumstances I might, perhaps, have manifested some signs of the gallant troubadour, but on this occasion my thoughts were with the absent—and dinner was included in that category.

I sat down, therefore, and poured out a tumbler of the wine, which my

host assured me was real Suresnes, and, being thirsty, drank it off at a draught. It was of a peculiar flavour, rough and highly acidulated, with a very powerful bouquet and strong body, and if I may judge by the experience I have in other acquired tastes, would be a delicious wine when once one got accustomed to it. I had, however, swallowed it so hastily that the coldness imparted to it by the cavern from which it had been brought, struck me with a sudden chill, and I requested M. Piquet to let me have some *eau de vie*. He disappeared for the purpose, and when he came back with it he announced to me that my two guides, who had been waiting in the kitchen, were desirous of saying "bon jour" before they went away. Would I see them before dinner or after?

I was, of course, anxious to do so immediately, as I wished to recompense them for the service they had rendered me, and I requested that they might at once be shown in.

In a short time I heard a tap at the door, and on my desiring them in French to enter, the countrymen came in.

As it is not irrelevant to the events which subsequently occurred, perhaps I may as well describe the apartment in which I was seated.

It was of oblong shape, having two windows which looked into a yard at the back of the cabaret; the floor was tiled; a large walnut-tree press, or cupboard, occupied one end of the room, and on the side opposite the door was a stove, with a long tube, which rose to the ceiling, and was then conducted outside. A few coloured prints hung on the walls, the subjects of which were: a declaration of love, by a gentleman in a blue stock and tight yellow pantaloons, to a lady in a white bonnet and feathers, a crimson spencer, and a green parasol; the separation of a bride (the same lady) from her parents, respectable personages, in agonies of grief, with large tears coursing down highly-excited countenances; the fruits of this Hymen, a chubby boy, in the costume of the National Guard, sitting on his father's knee, while the mother dandles an infant in lace and feathers; an interior, in which the husband is discovered playing at dice with another gentleman in a highly-curled wig and Hessian boots; another interior, representing a gentleman, in a pink coat, on his knees before the abandoned wife, whose two children are innocently playing at battledoor and shuttlecock in one corner, while the husband, with fierce gestures, is entering the room at the other; and lastly, the final tableau of this tragical history, where the lover lies dead on the floor, a small sword sticking in his breast, and blood issuing from his shirt-frill; the lady in the act of swallowing poison; the husband blowing out his brains; and the innocent offspring of the unhappy pair standing in attitudes of inexpressible horror; while in the distance is seen the demon in Hessian boots, brandishing the accursed dice-box.

I have been minute in the description of these pictures, not only because they forcibly struck me, but from the fact of their depicting one of those scenes of domestic life which so commonly occur in France, and which the French romance writers of the present day so faithfully describe.

But let me turn from the Ideal to the Actual—from the Imaginative to the Tangible.

The strangers entered the apartment, and after glancing hastily towards the window, the taller countryman approached me. He still wore the red comforter round the lower part of his face, and his cap was slouched over his forehead.

"Mon ami," said I, rising with a dignified air, tempered with urbanity —for when I am about to do a distinguished thing, I always put on as much of the George the Fourth (painted by Sir Joshua Lawrence) as I can recall. "Mon ami, je suis très obligé à vous pour montrant moi le moyen ici, et je suis allant à recompenser vous."

With these words I took out my purse, with the intention of bestowing a franc a-piece, as a *petit verre*, such being the custom in France; when, advancing a step or two nearer, the man rapidly jerked it out of my hand, balanced it for a moment, tossed it up in the air, as if to enjoy the chinking sound—there were seven or eight Napoleons in it, besides silver—and then quickly transferred it to a breast-pocket under his blouse.

I was thunderstruck at the cool effrontery of the fellow, and was on the point of remonstrating, when, before I had time to open my lips, the short, squinting man, who had been lying in a degree of ambush unnoticed by me, crept stealthily round, like a tiger in a wigwam, and struck me a severe blow on the side of the head, at the same instant my heels were tripped up, and, like Pompey's statue, I fell with a heavy crash on the floor—by no means the cleanest in France, which is saying a good deal.

The myrmidons now rushed both upon me, and the tall robber kept me down with the gripe of an Apollo struggling with the Numidian lion—for I did struggle and kick, like Dalilah in the toils of Samson— while the sinister-eyed bandit whipped off the blue bird's-eye handkerchief which I wore round my neck, and with marvellous celerity converted it into a gag, instantaneously stifling the shouts which I had begun to utter.

But though silenced I was not vanquished, and for a few moments I made play right and left, contriving to administer one or two sharp facers in the countenance of the nightmare that bestrode me—energetical remonstrances, which knocked off his casquette, displaced his muffler, and drew from him a series of imprecations, some of which, to my astonishment, were expressed in broken English! That astonishment did not, however, last long, for it suddenly flashed upon me into whose hands I had fallen. These disguised countrymen were no other than the smuggler Paradis, and his associate Ventrebleu, the infamous landlord of the Boule d'Or! This discovery was unfortunately of no use to me, for while I was employing my fists, Ventrebleu had dragged off my top-boots, and tied my feet together with a piece of cord. My coat and waistcoat were speedily torn from my person, and, in spite of the fierce resistance which I opposed, my arms were pinioned behind my back, and I lay at the ruffians' mercy.

But they did not seek my life, though there was a savage expression in the bitter grin with which Paradis surveyed me, heightened, no doubt, by the black eye which I had given him, that made me imagine such a fate might not be remote. I thought it better, therefore, to struggle no more, and was still. Having secured my person, the scoundrels now hastily rifled me of all I possessed. My watch and rings were transferred to their pockets, my coat, waistcoat, and top-boots were quickly made up into a bundle and thrust under the blouse of Paradis, while Ventrebleu snatched my hat from the floor and forced it on his own head. Paradis caught up my hunting-whip, and pausing only to bestow one parting

cut upon my prostrate form, rushed to the open window through which he quickly disappeared, followed by the villanous Ventrebleu.

There I lay on the sanded floor of the cabaret, like a second Niobe, my garments torn, my limbs confined, and deprived alike of speech and motion. How long I remained in this state I know not; to those who suffer as I did, there is no such thing as definite space. The Seven Years' War might have been waged during the period of my *duresse*, or my confinement have lasted only the poaching of an egg, an image suggested to me by the dinner I had vainly looked for.

At length I heard a noise at the door of the chamber, as of some one striving for admission. There was a rattling of plates and dishes, a loud knocking, and presently the shrill voice of a woman: "Mossiou! l' dîner va être servi; faut ouvrir l'porte!"

Alas! I was powerless to do what what was required of me; I could only writhe like a serpent in manacles, or a waterlogged camel in the desert.

Again I heard the voice.

"Est il bête donc c't'Anglais! Mossiou, j'ai apporté le dîner; laissez moi entrer!"

I understood this, for hunger and sorrow had sharpened my faculties, but I could only reply like the ghost of Lord Burleigh at Macbeth's supper, by a convulsive shake of the head which there were none to witness.

After kicking two or three times at the door, the grisette—for it was Petronille—set down the dishes and went away, her voice still echoing through the vaulted passage. But it was not long, this time, before she returned, and, it would seem, accompanied by all the household. There was another demand for admission,—a pause of intense anxiety on my part, and impatience on that of those who were outside, and then came a heavy dull vibration, as if some massive body were acting like a battering-ram against the portal. The door shook but did not yield to the impulse, for besides being locked, a bolt had also been drawn. I remained in an agony of suspense awaiting my deliverers, when suddenly a bright coruscation flashed across the room, which was followed almost immediately by a sharp, rattling peal of thunder, and the sky, which had become of Cerberean darkness, opened its bosom and discharged a heavy torrent of rain, which a furious wind swept through the open casement and deluged me with, as I lay, like Eugene Aram, "with gyves upon my wrists."

The sudden storm caused a momentary cessation of the efforts of Monsieur Piquet's party to burst open the door, and during the interval, and rising high above the war of the elements, a stentorian voice was heard shouting vehemently for admission to the *cabaret;* the clattering of hoofs was also distinctly discernible.

Here was another prolongation of my torture, for the baseness of self-interest prevailed over the dictates of humanity, and one and all of the establishment rushed back to greet the new comers. The storm raged fearfully; it was just such weather as the anchorite John James would have enjoyed, but I could not share in his predilections; my sense of hearing was sharpened to a painful degree of acuteness, and every sound that disturbed the empyrean vibrated on my tympanun. But as the sweetest honey is ofttimes drawn from the bitterest herbs, and, as philoso-

phers say, light is extracted from smoke, so from the cause which prolonged the endurance of my misery came unexpected comfort. It reached me in the accents of a voice familiar to my ears, though but of recent acquaintance, and those accents shaped themselves into an emphatic demand for brandy.

"Apportez donc de l'eau de vie! Nous sommes tout à fait mouillés."

I could not be mistaken; a couple of hours had barely passed since I heard the same requisition on quitting the Hermitage of Montmorency. It was the voice of Sir Henry Jones!

Like a desperate mortgagee I struggled once again with my bonds, and fortune at last came to my aid; the gag slipped from my mouth, and I was free to shout like the sparrow on the house-top, or the pelican in the wilderness.

I did not neglect to profit by the opportunity, but cried out to the full extent of my lungs:

"Help! help! Jones! Jones! This way! this way!"

I bethought me of what other prisoners had done to attract attention under similar circumstances. I shouted the well-known blazon of my house:

"En avant deux—Green to the rescue!"

Then gathering fresh breath for the occasion, I pealed forth another volley:

"Murder! Fire! Police! Stop thief! Jones! Jones!"

Still no one came; I writhed like a torpedo, and again I awoke the echoes with my gallant cognisance. I was successful. The undoubted voice of Jones was heard in reply:

"Dammee if that isn't Jolly Green!" and then came a wild burst of tongues and a tornado of footsteps down the corridor. The baronet rushed at the door, and the framework shook beneath his weight. I became almost delirious with excitement.

"Ha! ha!" I cried, "well thrust, gallant knight—brave lance—good falchion—well plied lever and beam—the splinters fly—tête d'armée—tête du pont—tête de veau! Ha! ha! ha! Jolly Green! Jolly Green! Jolly Jones!"

Down came the door, and in rushed my deliverer!

There has not, I will venture to say, been any thing so exciting as this in France since Napoleon's return from St. Helena, or the escape of Front de Bœuf from the castle of Ivanhoe. This last event indeed had been strongly fixed in my mind during the whole period of my confinement.

But the baronet stood not alone in the doorway. To my astonished but raptured vision appeared the faithful form of Angelique. Her despair at my absence had of course brought her to seek me, and she had made the stalwart Sir Henry her Paladin. The first words uttered by the latter confirmed my conjecture.

"Hey! how the devil, my dear fellow—who expected to find you in such a plight. How the deuce did you get here? We missed you in the forest, and have been scouring the country round to find you! Mademoiselle de Vaudet and I took this direction *quite by chance.* I suppose you mistook the house for the Rendezvous de la Chasse?"

"Oh, mon dieu! est il lié donc!" cried Angelique; and to suppress her

emotion, she was compelled to avert her head, though by the swelling veins of her fair neck I could see how much she was suffering.

Monsieur Piquet the stout landlord, Petronille, and one or two others now came forward. Sir Henry seized a knife from the table and cut the handkerchief and cord which confined my limbs, and once more I stood erect, a free-born Briton.

The first use I made of my liberty was to grasp the hand of my liberator, and pour forth my thanks to the bewitching Angelique for the heavenly inspiration that had sent her to the *cabaret.* My next step was to rush to the glass to see if captivity had blanched my flowing hair, a thing that really happened to Lord Byron in the dungeon of the castle of Chillon; but no, the golden gleam was still there, though my tresses were somewhat dishevelled.

Sir Henry and Angelique then renewed their inquiries, desiring to know how I happened to be in this coatless, bootless, torn, and ransacked condition.

I narrated the adventure as it had befallen me, and further demonstrated the fact by turning out the lining of my pockets, at which I could observe Monsieur Piquet, who had all along shown the greatest signs of sympathy with my misfortune, though he did not understand English, raise his hands and eyes to Heaven in deep astonishment.

"Je donnerais cent mille fancs," said he, "que cette affaire n'eut pas lieu dans ma maison. Sacré Gredins! Voler le monde comme ça."

"What does he say, Jones?" I asked, for I was exhausted and faint.

"He is very indignant at the treatment you have received. It's enough to make any one swear. Come, we'll see about those fellows afterwards; hadn't you better take something—a glass of *brandyoarrrrr!*" This was the way the baronet always pronounced the comforting potation.

I acceded to the proposition, and Monsieur Piquet and Petronille both bustled about to procure it for me. Some hot water was brought in a white tea-pot, and the mixture was soon prepared; under its influence I recovered my spirits, and welcomed the smile that stole over the features of Angelique as she marked my altered aspect. Jones laughed heartily—indeed, if I had not felt myself under great obligations to him I should have thought unfeelingly—at my appearance; but the question of remedying my wants in this respect now suggested itself.

With that inventive tenderness which nature has implanted in the bosoms of those who love, Angelique insisted on my having one of her shawls, which the baronet had carried on his arm for her. With her own hands she wrapped it round my shoulders like the shirt of Nessus bestowed by the goddess of beauty on the Olympic shepherd, and as she pinned it under my chin I felt that the age of chivalry had not entirely passed away. In lieu of a hat I tied the handkerchief round my head which had previously served to fetter me, and for boots I was fain to put up with a pair of sabots brought by the ostler. The man produced these with the more alacrity in consequence of an observation which I made to the effect that I wondered he had not heard the scuffle in the room as it was so near the stable.

"Je suis surprisé," I observed, "que vous ne pas ecouter les voleurs."

"Sacré, mille bottes de foin," replied the man, "j'n'étions pas dans l'écurie à c'tt' 'eure là. Je pansais mes chevaux d' l'autr' côté."

Monsieur Piquet also was energetic in his desire to explain.

"Voyez vous, milord," said he, respectfully, "j'étais en train de préparer votre diner, parceque j'ai reflechi, ce monsieur là aura faim, je ferai la cuisine moi-même, et le diable de friture à fait tant de bruit que je n'entendais rien du tout, du tout. Rien de plus naturel, n'est ce pas, milord, quand on est tellemement affairé? Mais les Gredins, que je les rosserais si on me les attraperoit."

More he said which I do not remember, but all evincing his solicitude in my welfare. Sir Henry, who afterwards repeated his observations that I might insert them in my journal, at my request paid for what I had ordered ; I shook the honest fellow by the hand, and as the storm was over, prepared to set out again for the real Rendezvous de la Chasse.

But I experienced a difficulty, for I was unaccustomed to walk in wooden shoes, and after inflicting two or three heavy kicks on my own ancles I was obliged to relinquish the experiment. Angelique then insisted upon my taking her donkey, and to satisfy her I got into the little basket in which she had been seated, and in this guise we set out, Sir Henry having offered his arm to the dismounted fair one, whose acts spoke plainer to my heart than the most elaborate declaration.

I refrain from describing the reception I met with when we rejoined the party from which I had been so cruelly severed. The conduct of Madame de Vaudet was more than motherly, and the viscount pressed me to his heart with a welcome such as the prodigal son bestowed on his repentant parent. Let it suffice that I made amends for abstinence and suffering by a capital dinner and abundance of champagne ; the effect of the latter, added to the exuberance of my spirits, being such as to induce me to dance on the grass with the rest without my boots, and to sleep like a top in the gondole all the way back to Paris.

THE FAIRY-GIFT OF DREAMS.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

I.

It is said there is a power,
  To fairies only known,
That can give, in slumber's hour,
  Bright visions like their own;
That can call to the land of dreams
  The soul of man awhile ;
To some star that, distant, beams,
  Some far-off pleasant isle;
Where the sunshine never fades,
  The air is never cold;
In those perfumed, flowery glades,
  The fairy-realms of old.
    Full many a magic spell
      In slumber o'er us beams,
    But there's none I love so well
      As the fairy-gift of dreams.

II.

Oh ! I would that gift were mine,
  The world in slumber light;
Should feel the warm sunshine,
  Should never know 'twas night;
Man should dream of a faithful heart
  That ne'er gave others pain;
But if guile in his own held part
  He ne'er should wake again.
My dreams should with bliss be fraught,
  But, most, the whole night long,
Would I give bright gems of thought
  To the minstrel-child of song,
    And of every magic spell
      That o'er him brightly beams,
    He none should love so well
      As the fairy-gift of dreams.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE'S ORIENTAL CAREER.*

WHILE it is evident that ambition entered largely into the character of Lady Hester Stanhope, and that credulity detracted to a manifest degree from the more pleasing features of her disposition, it is impossible, now that all the circumstances of her career in the East are laid before the public, to deny her great originality of mind, a very remarkable talent, and indomitable courage. Disappointed in the treatment which she experienced from her own countrymen, she wished to show what she could do among a more generous and chivalrous people, and it was well that death terminated the scene before she could become fully sensible of the vanity of her oriental greatness, although she did not breathe her last before she had become painfully intimate with the ingratitude of her own country. Full of noble impulses, and princely in her notions of money matters, her charitable and generous disposition, and her indifference to her own immediate interests, ultimately involved her in irrecoverable pecuniary difficulties; yet her charities were almost always well directed, and her very generosity was tempered by occasional great severities, and by inflexible justice. It pleased Providence to place her for awhile, and indeed till death closed her career, in that position which was most genial to her, and which was apparently best suited for the exercise of her peculiar faculties; nor can it be denied both that she was the means of doing much good, of exalting the national character in the East, and by her example, more especially as a female, of humanising and civilising those who came in contact with her to a very remarkable degree.

It is needless in the present day to revert to the narrative of Lady Hester's early travels when she first quitted this country. Malta, Zante, Corinth, and Athens, were in due course visited. The late Lord Sligo joined in his yacht, and Lord Byron was first met with characteristically jumping into the sea from the mole-head of the Piræus. Next followed Constantinople, from whence her ladyship soon removed to Brusa. She was delighted with the city of the Asiatic Olympus.

"How," she writes, "I wish you were here to enjoy this delicious climate, and the finest country I ever beheld. Italy is nothing to it in point of magnificence."

This was, however, but a momentary enthusiasm, it soon gave way to the wish to quit these temperate latitudes and go and winter in Egypt. Misfortune attended her on this journey. The vessel she sailed in was wrecked off the Isle of Rhodes, her ladyship was exposed for many hours on a naked rock, and was subjected to severe illness in consequence. The doctor and narrator of these events was obliged to find his way across the peninsula to Smyrna, where, in tattered garments, and with a disconsolate countenance, his reception by the hydrographer-royal and the British consul, accidentally seated at breakfast together, appears to have been of a somewhat distrustful character. At length Alexandria was reached in safety, and Lady Hester was by no means taken with the remnant of the Ptolemean city.

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* Travels of Lady Hester Stanhope; forming the completion of her Memoirs; narrated by her Physician. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

"This place," she writes, "I think quite hideous, and if all Egypt is like it I shall wish to quit it as soon as possible."

She accordingly hurried away by Rosetta to Cairo; there were no steamers in those days plying from Aftah to Misr al Kahira, as the natives designate the Egyptian capital. Here, in a sumptuous dress, beautifully embroidered, of purple velvet and gold, Lady Hester paid a visit of ceremony to the pasha. The dress cost her 195*l.* sterling. On a return from the Pyramids the boat would have been swamped on the Nile but for the presence of mind of her page, Giorgio, who plugged the hole with his turban. Nothing could show more distinctly how perfectly Lady Hester's character was understood in Egypt than to find that during her short sojourn in that country, the pacha reviewed his troops before her, and presented her with a charger magnificently caparisoned. What must the inmates of fifty thousand harems have thought of such attentions to a female?

At length, reinforced by two French renegade Mamelukes, each with his groom, and numerous other domestics and attendants, making up altogether a party of thirteen persons, her ladyship sailed from Damietta for Jaffa on the coast of Syria. Lady Hester, on this her first entrance upon the scene of her future destination, affected the Mameluke dress, which, her physician says, became her much.

"She was," he says, "generally mistaken for some young bey, with his moustaches not yet grown, and this assumption of the male dress was a subject of severe criticism among the English."

What is there so harmless that shall be beyond the pale of criticism? Accordingly, afterwards, the Mameluke costume was laid aside, and long robes were substituted. Abu Gosh, whose customary civilities to wayfarers from Jaffa to Jerusalem, especially when ladies are in the question, so discomfited and frightened Sir James Emerson Tennent's party, was as attentive and hospitable to Lady Hester as he was himself well managed by her. She accepted his courteous offerings, partook of the repast prepared by his four wives, and delighted the old shaikh, who may truly be said to hold the keys of the Holy City, with her conversation and dignified manners, but when night came, and the Mamelukes proposed to mount guard, her ladyship would rely for her security on the shaikh only, and delighted with the confidence thus placed in him Abu Gosh himself kept watch during the whole of the night. There was an intuitive wisdom in such an act that is the more admirable, as her experience of the East was as yet very limited. Abu Gosh ever after entertained the highest respect for her ladyship.

Nothing worthy of remark occurred at Jerusalem except that Lady Hester administered to the wants of the Bey of the Mamelukes, whose extraordinary escape from the massacre at Cairo has been frequently narrated. The party returned to Ramlah, where the governor made an unsuccessful attempt to obtain possession of Lady Hester's firmans under pretence of forwarding them to Mohammed Aga of Jaffa, and they proceeded thence by Cæsarea to Acre, where the approach of her ladyship excited much curiosity. Arrived at this renowned seaport, her ladyship's establishment underwent a complete reform, and was more assimilated to the country she was now travelling in. The Cypriots were sent about their business at once, but the Mamelukes were not dismissed till the party arrived at Sayda, on the frontier of the

Wouse territory, where their apostacy from the Christian faith would not have been a serviceable introduction. Lady Hester's first visit at Acre was to a rich Jew banker, called Haym, who was then one of the most influential men in all Syria, and with whom her ladyship always afterwards kept up a correspondence till the time of his death. During a short visit made to Nazareth and its environs, the party were visited by Shaikh Ibrahim (Burckhardt). The author describes him as a robust and rather athletic man, of about five feet nine, with blue eyes, a broad German face, and a pleasing look. Lady Hester's opinion, he says, was not a favourable one, and she never altered it. An accident occurred on the way back to Acre, Lady Hester's horse having fallen upon and hurt her so much as to detain her for a week in a monastery.

On quitting Acre for Sayda, Hadj Ali, a janissary, and another Mussulman guard were added to the escort, and two grooms walked on each side of Lady Hester's horse's head. Passing the Plain of Tyre, the party met "five blind men led by a sixth," a strange procession equally strangely conducted. Further on a horseman in scarlet with a cocked hat, a certain Signor Damiani, came to offer his services. The doctor introduced him as a deserving person to Lady Hester, who, with her characteristic shrewdness, dismissed him at once with a refusal. As the long file of camels and horses approached Sayda, it was found there, as elsewhere, that the arrival of the "English Princess" had been noised through the city. A visit to and from the governor were, however, the first occurrences in which Lady Hester took a part in the city. These were followed by the arrival of a courier from the Emir of the Druses, with a letter requesting Lady Hester to honour him with a visit at his residence. The invitation was accepted, and the emir sent down camels, mules, and soldiers for an escort. Two dragomans and a cook were also added to the retinue. While in the country of the Druses Lady Hester visited the Emir Bashyr, at Dair al Kamar, and at his palace at Bladyn, and the Shaikh Bashyr at Makhtara. She also satisfied herself by occular demonstration that the Druses eat raw flesh. At her departure, the hospitality of the emir was found to be of a solely mercenary character. According to the author, a strange mode of remunerating him was adopted, 100*l.* having been sent to him, of which he kept one half, and returned the other!

Lady Hester proceeded from the mountain to Damascus. She had previously written to the pasha to announce her intention of paying him a visit, and a page had been sent to act as conductor. "A woman," says our author, "unveiled, and in man's attire, she entered one of the most fanatic towns in Turkey." Her ladyship had now began to feel her way in earnest towards dominion in the East. She refused even to reside among Christians, and insisted, in opposition to all previous custom, being admitted to dwell in the Turkish quarter. When the superiors of the Christian monasteries waited upon her ladyship she refused to receive them. She rode out attended only by her janissary and page, thus throwing herself entirely on the discretion of the inhabitants, by whom she was, however, uniformly well treated from the open predilection she had shown towards the Muhammadans, and the belief generally current, that there was Muhammadan blood in her veins. Her first visit was to the Haym family, the Rothschilds of Syria—a sufficiently politic proceeding—her second to the Pasha, into whose presence she was ushered, through long antechambers, by the light of flaring torches, which threw their gleam on the

arms of numerous soldiers and attendants. Yet she was not in the least disconcerted, while, as is too frequently the case, her dragoman's tongue so faltered, that he was some time before he could repeat with precision what was said to him. "On her return from this visit," her physician relates, "her janisssary, Hadj Mohammed el Ludkang, whilst standing before her to receive his orders for the morrow, said, 'Your ladyship's reception was very grand;' and upon her replying, 'Yes; but this is all vanity,' he remarked 'Oh! khanum (or my lady), you carry the splendour of royalty on your forehead, with the humility of a dervise at your heart.'"

The pilgrim (Hadj), Mohammed, certainly deserved a hundred piastres. After this, Lady Hester visited the wives and harems of all the pashas, sheriffs, beys, and other Muhammedan dignitaries in the city. Her mind, was, however, solely busied in the endeavour to bring about an intended visit to the ruins of Palmyra. It is evident that she cared nothing for the relics of by-gone times, the difficulties of the thing were alone food for her energies. She, in consequence, conferred with every person whom she thought capable of giving information on the subject. The Syrian Rothschilds naturally endeavoured to dissuade her from it altogether, but the pasha who found that he could convert the journey to his own interest, wished her to take a formidable escort of eight hundred or one thousand men, while a certain individual called Hanah Fakhah, who had accompanied Dr. Lee, of Hartwell, to Palmyra, offered alone and unassisted to insure her safety. Lady Hester, with her usual tact, felt that Palmyra was in the hands of the Anizas, the vassal Arabs of the Syrian desert, and she determined to apply to the fountain head, and caused letters to be written to their emir, Mahannah el Fadhel, desiring an interview with him. The emir did not venture into Damascus, but he sent thither his son, Nasar, who in order that the benefits of the excursion might be with the Arabs, and not with the pasha, warned her ladyship against trusting herself with an Osmanli escort, for if such presumed to cross the desert without their permission they would be treated as enemies, but if she would place herself under their protection, and rely upon their honour, they would pledge themselves for conducting her in safety thither and back. In a letter dated Damascus, October 12th Lady Hester describes herself as having met the emir of the Arabs himself at Damascus, but this appears to be contradicted by the whole circumstances of the case.

The physician had at this time gone to meet Mr. Barker, and a Mr. B., the first of whom had been taken ill on the way from Aleppo to Damascus. Her ladyship was any thing but pleased with the anxiety shown by her countrymen on her account. In a letter dated November 14th, 1812, she says, "It seems very cross to be angry at people who are anxious about you; but had B. and Mr. B. made less fuss about my safety, and let me have had perfectly my own way, I should have been returned by this time from Palmyra." It was during the doctor's absence that her ladyship was induced by the young emir, Nasar, to decline the pasha's offer of troops, to dismiss all those whom she had partly engaged for the journey, and availing herself of the excuse of joining Mr. Barker in his illness, she took the road to Hamah, but only proceeded as far as Nebk, where she induced the celebrated Lascans and his wife to dispose of their goods and accompany her in the capacity of interpreters. She then, in the words of her historian,—

Turned off from the high-road, at Tel Bysy, a hamlet near Hems, plunged into the desert, under the guidance of a single Bedouin sent for that purpose, and trusted herself, a solitary and unprotected woman, to hordes of robbers, whose livelihood is the plunder they make, and whose exploits are numbered by the travellers they have despoiled. Arrived at Mahannah's tent, her courage and demeanour struck that prince with astonishment. "I know you are a robber," she said, in their first interview, "and that I am now in your power; but I fear you not; and I have left all those behind who were offered to me as a safeguard, and all my countrymen who could be considered as my protectors, to show you that it is you and your people whom I have chosen as such." Mutually pleased with each other, after a short interview, Mahannah escorted her ladyship to within a few miles of Hamah, and, commissioning his son to conduct her safe to the residence prepared for her in that city, they then parted.

The Arabs now began to flatter Lady Hester by designating her as a Maliki, or Christian queen. "Maliki (the queen)" she says in one of her letters written after her interview with the emir, "is in the mouth of every Arab both in Damascus and the desert." And in another; "I am queen with them all."

From Hamah the doctor was soon after this despatched on a medical and friendly mission to the emir, on which occasion he was accompanied by M. Lascans, to whose courage and intrepidity he scarcely does justice, for the Frenchman's excursions among the Arabs extended on the one hand to the central districts of Mesopotamia, and on the other to the country of the Wahabees, in the Arabian peninsula, both districts far more difficult of access than Palmyra. On the author's return from Tadmor, Lady Hester being satisfied as to the practicability of her journey to that city of the desert, she busied herself seriously in preparations for her departure. Whatever may have been Lady Hester's real motives in visiting Palmyra, the notions of her companion, who is spoken of as Mr. B., are curious enough. In a letter dated Hamah, March 13, 1813, that gentleman is made to say—

If Lady Hester succeeds in this undertaking, she will at least have the merit of being the first European female who has ever visited this once celebrated city. Who knows but she may prove another Zenobia, and be destined to restore it to its ancient splendour?—perhaps she may form a matrimonial connexion with Ebu Seood, the great chief of the Wahabees. He is not represented as a very loveable object; but making love subservient to ambition, they may unite their arms together, bring about a great revolution both in religion and politics, and shake the throne of the Sultan to its very centre. I wish you (the letter is addressed to General Oakes) would come and assist them with your military counsel. How proud I should feel to learn the art of war under so accomplished a general!

Mr. B. appears to have been a gentleman ready and willing to keep a smouldering ambition alive by the strangest surmises and the most preposterous anticipations. But, to be brief, Mahannah came himself to Hamah with seventy Arabs to escort her ladyship. £150 was the sum agreed upon for the convoy, and the party started on the 20th of March. Her ladyship was received at Palmyra with every sign of welcome. Drums were beating and colours flying; a mock fight was gone through, and beautiful girls were placed on antique pedestals, who, as she passed, jumped down and joined in a dance. There is, however, no mention of her coronation as Queen of Palmyra. The wily Arabs, however, got tired at the end of a week, and adopted their usual expedient of express-

ing dread that the Faydal Arabs should come from the banks of the Euphrates, tempted by the reputed riches of the Malika, and fight for a share of the booty. This having no effect, they pretended to have caught four Faydan Arab spies in advance of the tribe. "I *shrewdly* suspected the whole to be a trick invented by Nasar for the purpose of getting her away!" says her historian, and he adds, "She saw deeper into it, perhaps, than I could do, but did not tell her thoughts." So ended this much-talked-of expedition to the city of Zenobia and the new empire of the desert, not to mention the matrimonial alliance with Ibu Siyud, Shaikh of the Wahabees! Lady Hester had not been long returned to Hamah, when she started along the valley of the Orontes to cross the Jibal Kraad to Latakiyah. On the road the author saw little *fish* (larvæ) turning into butterflies! and fancied, like Captain Newbold and others in modern times, from Burckhardt not having noticed them, that he discovered the ruins of Apanea. Arrived at Latakiyah, a suitable house was found, and Lady Hester took up her residence in it for a lengthened period of time. While in this pleasant and retired seaport town she avoided, as much as possible, all European and Levantine society, with the exception of Mr. Barker, visiting only the natives till the month of June, when, unfortunately, the plague made its appearance.

It was not till the month of January, 1814, that after suffering severely from the fever of the country, and most of her horses dying of the glanders, that her ladyship quitted Latakiyah to go and reside in a small and secluded monastery called Mar Elias, situate in the country not far from Sayda. Her ladyship had now ceased to be a traveller, and had become a sojourner in the land of her adoption, and abandoning Europe and its customs altogether, she conformed herself entirely to the modes of life of the orientals. The great object with which she now busied herself was the discovery of treasure. A curious document, once in the possession of the church, had fallen into her hands. It contained indications of the existence of treasures at Ascalon and other places, buried by the celebrated Pasha of Acre, Al Gezzar, and she had applied to the Turkish government, through Sir Robert Liston, our ambassador at Constantinople, for permission to dig for them. The doctor took up his residence at Abra, a neighbouring village, and shortly after his arrival was happy enough to discover a curious Greek sepulchre, and which he subsequently made known to Mr. Bankes. At the latter end of March the plague declared itself in Abra, and proved, for a time, both virulent and fatal. The doctor's situation was, during this time, any thing but enviable; as to Lady Hester, she shut herself up in her convent. In July, the plague having subsided, she removed, on account of the heat, to Meshmushy, a village five hours' distance, and situated in a high part of the mountain. Ten more weeks were passed in this retirement. At the expiration of that time and early in October, the weather having got somewhat cooler, an excursion was made to Baalbec. This journey was performed on asses, out of feelings of indignation at the neglected state in which she began now to feel herself left by her friends and relatives. Notwithstanding this assumption of the style of the poorest class of pilgrims, Lady Hester's arrival at the city of the sun attracted the same curiosity as elsewhere. Her ladyship's hatred of flattery was attested at this place by her requesting her physician to obliterate a complimentary effusion with which he had decorated the walls of the inner temple. A

fall of snow drove the party away, and they returned by Ainnete and the cedars of Lebanon to Tripoli. Ainnete, as Burckhardt spells it, is a spring close to the sources of the Orontes. The author says it ought to be called Ayn Aty, but Mr. Barker spells it Ainate, M. Renouard queries Ain ata, "gift spring," and Dr. Lee Aïn-net-e, "the forthcoming spring?"

Having nothing particular to detain her at Tripoli, Lady Hester quitted that place early in 1815 for her old residence at Mar Elias, near Sayda. She was at this time amusing herself with a plan for forming an association of literary men and artists, whom she proposed inviting from Europe, for the purpose of prosecuting discoveries in every branch of knowledge in the Ottoman empire. She proposed to accomplish this by means of subscriptions; and experiments on the effect of bezoar and serpent stones on the plague and bites of venemous animals was so great a hobby with her, that she particularly charged her physician to write about them to certain persons only, lest some one should get hints enough to anticipate her discoveries, and thus rob her of a part of her renown! But her ladyship was diverted from this chimerical project by the arrival of a capuji bashi, literally head door-keeper, but in reality a confidential messenger from Constantinople. The Osmanli, as usual, felt his way by sending a message to Lady Hester, expressing his wish to see her at the governor's, at Sayda, but her ladyship, with her usual clear-sightedness, sent such an answer that the official mounted horse at once to wait upon her. Great was the terror felt at the sudden appearance of an emissary seldom employed but on affairs of strangling, beheading, confiscation, or imprisonment; but this quickly subsided when the real cause of his advent came to light, which was neither more nor less than the immediate commencement of the search for treasures. Laying aside the mysterious monkish record which Lady Hester had become possessed of, the possibility of the existence of buried treasures in oriental countries, as in Spain in the time of the Moors, was far greater than might appear at first sight. The frequency of war and tumult, the constant government persecutions and extortions, the non-existence of banks and places wherein money may be deposited in security, all contribute to such results, the probability of which were in this case added to by the peculiar circumstances of its being currently reported that Al Gezzar had secreted his ill-gotten gains from the Sublime Porte. In February, 1815, Lady Hester journeyed from Mar Elias to Acre, from whence she proceeded to Ascalon. It was at this time that she received certain strange letters from Sir Sidney Smith, urging the emir of the Druses to supply 1500 soldiers to assist in attacking Algeria. Lady Hester disapproved of the whole plan, besides that, as the author points out, it was infeasible in itself, and she acted accordingly.

The explorations were commenced at Ascalon early in April, on the south side of a ruinous mosque. One hundred men were employed at a time, and relieved by another hundred next day. Foundations were soon discovered with fragments of Corinthian columns. On the fourth day a mutilated statue was found, which Lady Hester ordered to be destroyed, so that it should not be said that under the pretence of searching for treasure for the osmanlis, she was in reality seeking for antiquities. On the eighth day two stone troughs of considerable length were discovered,

having four gray granite columns closely and methodically packed crosswise upon them. On the ninth the granite pillars were removed—a work of no trifling magnitude—and the troughs were found empty. On the fourteenth the closing hand was put to their labours. In a letter to the Earl of Bathurst, descriptive of these operations, Lady Hester says, "We came to the under-ground fabric we were looking for; but, alas! it had been rifled. It was as nearly as one could calculate capable of containing three millions of pieces of gold—the sum mentioned in the document."

Lady Hester rested herself awhile after this disappointment, in a cottage situate half a league from Jaffa. The experiment, although unsuccessful, had had the effect of increasing her popularity and notoriety throughout Syria. None of the indications mentioned in the MSS. could be found in the Awgy, so that her ladyship was induced to give up the idea of researches in that direction as fruitless. But some further explorations were carried on near Sayda, with no better success than at Ascalon. It was the expense of these researches, which ought to have been defrayed by the Osmanli government, that first involved her ladyship in debt, but she endeavoured to repair her losses by the strictest economy, and with this view she retired for the summer to her favourite site of Meshmushy.

It was in the interval of this residence in the mountain that Colonel Boutin, a Frenchman, whom Lady Hester had previously laughingly denounced as a spy, was murdered in the Ansairi mountains, which he had attempted to cross, in order to abbreviate the journey between Hamah and the sea-coast. Lady Hester employed an Italian of the name of Volpi, a hardy and resolute Druse, and a native Christian, to make those investigations, which she found the Osmanli officials unwilling to undertake. In the autumn of the same year, her ladyship also renewed her endeavours, on the occasion of a visit she made to Antioch, to rouse the Osmanlis to punish the assassins; but it was not till the summer of the ensuing year, that, backed by the representations of the French ambassador at the Porte, a field-officer was sent with a detachment of troops, to take signal vengeance of the unfortunate Ansairis, and to carry fire, slaughter, and rapine, into their secluded villages. It is remarkable that the author, in one part of his work, says that Colonel Boutin was assassinated by his own Turkish domestics, which is hardly to be reconciled with these proceedings, ostensibly done by the order of the Syt, as Lady Hester was generally denominated. Certain it is, that her ladyship visited the Ansairis after this disastrous event, and even harangued them upon their conduct, at a time when nothing but the terror excited by her late severe vengeance, and admiration of her fearless and magnanimous conduct, could have saved her life.

It was this summer, also, that Lady Hester was visited by Mr. Bankes and by Mr. Buckingham, and some misunderstanding took place with the former, with regard to the efficiency of certain letters of introduction, given by her ladyship to the Emir of the Palmyrean Arabs. Miss Williams, the companion of her latter days, also arrived from England; as did further the medical man, who took the author's place as professional attendant upon her ladyship, during the brief visit of the latter to this country.

Among the visiters, at this period, was also Dr. Wolff, who forwarded

a letter to Miss Williams from her sister. A note, which the enterprising traveller received in return, is one of the most extraordinary epistles penned by her ladyship. It was as follows:

" 'TO DR. WOLFF.

" 'I am astonished that an apostate should dare to thrust himself into notice in my family. Had you been a learned Jew, you never would have abandoned a religion, rich in itself, although defective, to embrace the shadow of one. Light travels faster than sound; therefore the Supreme Being could never have allowed his creatures to be left in utter darkness, until paid and speculating wanderers deem it proper to raise their venal voices to enlighten them.

" 'HESTER LUCY STANHOPE.' "

With this suggestive, but hasty and somewhat reprehensible letter, we terminate our notice of this remarkable record. Her ladyship's final retirement to Jun, and her melancholy death at that place, have been narrated in the previously published memoirs, and in Mr. Eliot Warburton's travels, extracts concerning which have also appeared in our pages. There is, however, every thing that is desirable in this interesting narrative, and we hope, even in the succinct analysis of it which we have here given, to do away with a hundred fictions and a thousand misrepresentations that have been made upon Lady Hester's career in the East, and upon her oft-debated greatness. Apart from the detractions of some, and the exaggerations of others, the bitterness of Mr. Bankes, or the poetic imaginings of De Lamartine, it will be seen, that with all her failings and eccentricities, infinite tact, great ability, and wondrous perseverance and resolution, were ever brought to bear upon her enterprises however dreamy in their nature, and upon the objects she had in view, however fallacious might be their purport.

The history of these enterprises and objects does not the less attach to their heroine an imperishable reputation for acts and deeds which often approximate more closely to the marvellousness of Arabian Nights' Entertainments, than to realities of travel and adventure, that have occurred within our own time.

THE OPERA.

VERDI'S "LOMBARDI."

A FEW foreboding bars—something dismal, something ecclesiastical, attune the mind of the auditory for the tale of devotion and death which is to be set before them.

Up goes the curtain, and straight before our eyes stands the church of St. Ambrose, Milan, beautifully lighted. Citizens, masculine and feminine, assemble to celebrate the return of Pagano, who, having been banished for attempting the life of his brother Avino, is now generously pardoned by that brother, and has come back again. The brother, good easy man, thinks all is right, but not so the citizens, who exchange communication in masses of unison, and think that the screw which has been loose, will continue loose still. That abominable Pagano, though he may

look respectable enough, utters marvellous villany in his "asides," as you will see if you consult your *libretto*, during the concerted piece, in which all the family of Avino join,—just like the Hutchinsons, when they tell you of the "old granite state." But a diversion is given to the domestic course of thought by the entrance of the prior of the city, who not only brings violently upon the *tapis* the subject of the crusades, but tells Avino that the Lombard crusaders have chosen him for their leader. All private feelings are apparently merged into the general hatred against the infidels, and a waving of swords, with a good lusty chorus ensues.

Mind, we said, "apparently," for Viclinda the wife, and Giselda, the daughter of Avino, when the hurricane of delight at his promotion has a little subsided, still indulge in melancholy forebodings touching the disposition of Pagano. Thou, oh Giselda, appealest to the Madonna—but what avails thy *preghiera*, even though thou art personated by Grisi, against such a resolute piece of wickedness as thine uncle, who in a few minutes——

But here let us stop a moment, and declare, that if ever the times grow so very corrupt, as to revive the now-forgotten practice of employing assassins, and we find ourselves unhappily in the fashion, we will not take Pagano into our pay; for, wicked though he be, his wickedness is as nought compared to his clumsiness. He goes into a chamber to kill his brother, and kills his father instead. Here is matter for a finale! Here comes a torrent of reproach from all the *dramatis personæ!* Aye, and self-reproach into the bargain, for this Pagano has a conscience, though a peculiar one. He would kill brothers and sisters all round, with every collateral, and go to his lunch with a good appetite, but he shrinks from the thought of slaying his father. Fratricide is a practical joke—parricide, a crime. One sympathises with poor Pagano, when one exactly knows the state of his ethics, and when Avino roars at him (as much as Corelli can roar), "*Parricida!*" one feels he might have extricated himself by a little explanation, and said, "*Mio caro fratello*, it is true, I have been unlucky enough to kill my father, but 'pon my soul, I never meant any thing of the kind—I only meant to kill YOU." Could apology be more satisfactory?

Eastward ho! We leave Milan in the far-west, and in the palace of Acciano, tyrant of Antioch, we listen to a chorus of noisy Turks, who, accompanied by a military band (on the stage) express their determination to extirpate the Christians. Do you think this clamorous mob represents, without exception, the general Turkish feeling? No—there is one young Islamite, Oronte, dressed in the most *recherché* style of Orientalism, whose heart is smitten by the charms of Giselda, now a prisoner in the "tyrant's" palace, and who therefore feels his faith in the Koran considerably weakened, strongly suspecting that the word "Mufti" is only Arabic for "humbug." For he argues thus:

> Come poteva un angelo,
> Crear sì puro il cielo,
> E agli occhi suoi non schiudere
> Di veritade il velo?

That is to say: Grisi is the most charming creature in the world, therefore her theological views are necessarily sound, a point which the early

doctors of Islam had probably not considered. The song that contains these views is the "gem" of the opera, and is charmingly sung by Mario, to whom, rather than to Verdi, the honours of its success belong.

But is military music alone made for the infidels? Are these Mussulman dogs to monopolise the brass band? The very thought is enough to bring the ghost of Pelayo all the way from the Asturias to the Haymarket, and to make the Cid jump up from his mortal repose, as he did when the Jew tried to pluck his august beard. No—keep quiet, good Pelayo and Rodrigo; the Christians have their military band too, and it would delight your ears to hear the cymbals as this band descends the mountains near Antioch. The hermit of that desolate place, who is no other than our old friend Pagano, now repenting of his sins, feels his spirit roused—resolves to do service as an atonement for old sins—contrives a plan for getting possession of Antioch, and claps a goodly helmet on his head.

In truth, Antioch is in sad peril. What avails that chorus of Oriental women, who call Giselda, "*La bella stranièra*," characteristic though it be, and accompanied with a real Turkish jingle? It is but the calm preceding the storm, for the crusaders enter the palace, and make the shortest work possible with the Mussulmans. And here comes the *finale*—Giselda, indignant at the death of her lover, attacks the Christians in good round terms, and takes the same view of the crusades, that was taken by Voltaire and Gibbon in the eighteenth century. Strange! The cause that makes Oronte inclined to Catholicism, is an incentive to Giselda to become a modern *philosophe*. *Omnia vincit amor*. The singing of the finale is one of those dashing pieces of energy, in which Grisi is unapproached—unapproachable.

But when we find ourselves in the valley of Jehoshaphat in the third act—who is that very well dressed crusader, who steps into the foreground?—That long dark-blue surtout, that armour, that very appropriate "make-up," could belong to none but Mario, And Mario it is, for Oronte is not killed after all, but has managed to escape in this costume. Joy unutterable! Can Giselda, who now appears, do less than combine with him in a very effective duet, and elope with him from her father's camp at the end of it? Certainly not. But, alas! "These violent delights have violent ends." Poor Oronte gets killed—*bonâ fide* killed—at last, and dies a convert to Christianity in the arms of Giselda and Pagano, who join in a very beautiful trio. How soft the dying tones of Mario—how wild the despair of Grisi!

Do not imagine that because Oronte is dead, we have done with him. In the fourth (!) act, his ghost appears to Giselda, and sings to her, accompanied by a chorus of "Celestials." Grisi's air after this apparition being one of the most effective pieces in the opera.

Here ends the dramatic interest. The crusaders sing a beautiful chorus in unison, very like one in *Nino*. Jerusalem is taken, and Pagano, who is wounded in the enterprise, dies, having first obtained his brother's forgiveness.

Descend curtain — thou wicked, designing, stupid, blundering, repentant, pious, virtuous, valiant Pagano—fare thee well! Farewell also, new scenery and costumes—far more splendid than any thing that has been seen at this theatre, and most indicative of the enterprise of Mr. Lumley.

A FLIT THROUGH THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

PICTURES many—pages few—much to be set down, and little to contain it, we must be brief and comprehensive — wide-seeing, short-speaking.

We love not those who walk up and down the rooms of the Royal Academy, dismal as the traditional white lady who haunts the royal family of Prussia, and utter Banshee-like wailings about the want of self-elevating power in British art. This is a splendid exhibition—such a one as we have not seen for years—but our malcontents nevertheless roam mournfully about, and scatter "*ambiguas voces*" about "high art,' and fifty things that are wearisome to hear and needless—thank Heaven—to recapitulate.

Truly to us it seemeth as though British art had become a thing of mighty luxuriance, rising high and spreading far, crowding its productions one upon another as though its vigour were inexhaustible, and finally scattering them with the most gracious profusion into the eyes of all who can pay a shilling. Look, reader, at those walls, how wide and how covered—note the quantity of good there is in that covering; and then if the love of truth is in thee—truth divested of humbug—truth unveiled as the delicious nudes of Etty (mark the curves and pulpiness of his "Sea-bather," mark how the flesh of his three goddesses in the "Judgment of Paris" is set off by that gorgeous peacock and gold) then, we say, do honour to the art of thy country. To look and not to admire would be a sin that even the presumptuous Actæon did not venture upon—the curious wight who has given occasion to that very clever study of flesh by Mr. Frost.

But ere thou beginnest to look be careful that thine eyes do not fall on that little picture opposite the door in the great room. Reserve that for the last, or thy mortal sight will have been so dazzled that it will little avail thee to go further. What a lighting up of warm, glowing hues, amber, mahogany, crimson, one after another, there is in this same little picture of Mulready's "Choosing the Wedding-gown!" Verily it presses with such force upon the eye—that minute piece of concentrated vigour—that we not only see it but feel it,—undergo a sort of "ordeal by touch" like that murdered man in Maclise's very fine picture, round whom are gathered so many forms animated with such various expression,—*e. g.* the murderer with averted face,—the searching churchman—the woe-stricken indignant wife—the grim soldier—that one marvels at the fertile genius which has flung them into existence in such manifold condition, and has knitted them together with such dramatic unity. Maclise's invention is boundless,—one thinks one has exhausted him, yet anon one peeps into some corner, discovers something new, and perceives that one has not touched bottom yet. But ere we quit Mulready let us draw a little moral. Mark the amber dress of that attractive lady, and remember our clients, the amber curtains at the Opera. One authority more for the suitability of amber to the complexion feminine, Mulready's "Bride" shall be added to our "Aurora" and "Bacchus" of last month.

Having warned thee, then, reader, not to endanger too soon thine optical organs, not to poke thine head into the cannon's mouth, like the lamb in

Landseer's "Time of peace," we may let thee roam at will. But we know thy sympathies will first call thee to the large mourning "Stag at Bay," in the other picture of Landseer's, which, with upraised complaining mouth, exhorteth thee to join in his woes, while the rain that so visibly falleth in the dark background is in sad accompaniment to thy generous sorrow. What a brush is Landseer's! Truly, the whole animated nature rushes from it spontaneously, as the butterfly breaks through the husk that we call a chrysalis. A few dashes on the canvass, and lo! it is peopled with living brutes, if the word "brute" will apply to creatures so intelligent. For Landseer is not the mere connoisseur of hide and texture,—those wondrous coatings, sleek, shaggy, curly, wiry, which he produces so readily, do not comprise the whole of his art. He understands the *mind* of the animal world—the joy and sorrow of the stag—the dog—the horse—the placid contentment of the sheep. In the old fabulous days there were men who eat certain herbs, and understood the language of birds and beasts. Were they fabulous? we do not know. Edwin Landseer rather inclines us to be credulous, and to believe that he is one of the gifted.

But amid these creations, we confess, as the day advances, that we are getting weary of the increasing crowd of spectators. Not that our mind does not rejoice—our heart bound with delight—at the evident interest for native art which is proved by those multiplying throngs—but we are physical as well as mental beings, and we are susceptible to the inconveniences of a hot atmosphere, however noble may be the cause of the warmth. And the vehicle, oil, though along its soft stream riches of fancy are conveyed in the greatest profusion, is at times oppressive to the olfactories. Nay, reader, we tell thee in strict confidence, and we hope our printer will find a fount of minion for our secret, that we are already (*already!*) getting a little tired of the season. We long to plunge into one of those charming avenues of Lee's, where the hot sun falls with such vigour on the summits of the trees, but does not reach the pleasant pathway by which we would sit, or at any rate only reveals its existence by those streaks of light upon the ground, whereat we could gaze pleasantly. Or perchance we should prefer one of the more hazy retirements of Creswick, reclining by some sequestered stream, and watching the background as it melted in the distance, or those fantastic patches of sun-light. There we might fancy o me Sabrina listening beneath the stream to any stray sound that might e ach her from the earth, just as she is represented in Marshall's model, all watchfulness, all attention. Or we might fix our eyes upon the clouds till we lost the sense of earthiness, and were absorbed into a region of bright hues and flitting tints like those that sparkle so magically from one of Turner's whaling pieces, at last dropping asleep till we were awakened by some vision of fearful glory, like that golden-fiery angel of the same Turner, who spreads his radiance on all around him. Such scenes as the "Fisherman's Hut at Sunrise," by Danby, where the massive rocks are so powerfully contrasted with the blood-red luminary, we might perchance not gaze upon, for we are not addicted to early rising. But by that scene represented in his other picture (so soberly toned) we might pleasantly stand and count the small islets as they receded from us beneath the quiet sky, until our hearts leaped within us, as the white waves that ride so proudly in the sea-pieces of excellent Stanfield, whipping the sides of a Dutch dogger or so.

No one tells a story better than Leslie; no one can with greater spirit

tear a leaf from an old novel, and bid the characters stand before him in all their laughing reality—witness the faces in the picture from "Roderick Random." True all the folks are in black for the death of the little-lamented grandsire, and this gives somewhat of a dull aspect to the work. But yet thou must see the living, working, joyous spirit of the artist forcing its way through the dusky surface, till it laughs forth in the face of the delighted young squire, or settles down into calm dislike of the ceremony in the person of sturdy, non-black Lieutenant Bowling. In the "Mother and Child," observe how the artist's mind has identified itself with that of the parent; how the warm, overflowing, gushing feeling of love mounts and increases in the young mother's heart till she would fain extinguish it by burying her face in the neck of the infant. In the lowering of the head, in the raising of the knees, what life, what devotion! The picture is a visible sentiment. And let not Webster's pictorial songs of the affections be overlooked. His "Good-night," with the peasant's young family crowding around him, and the old, quiet grandfather at the table, and the old grandmother in the background, and the peering, neck-straining boy, and the indicative soap and flannel, and the—and the details (comprehensive word) of English country life is a capital creation of true British material. If thou dost not sympathise with it, may'st thou be buried in some cloister like that so richly painted by Goodall, with no light of heaven but only that of a lantern (he manages these effects very well) falling on thee, or in some gloomy crypt like that of "Old St. Paul's," by Harvey, where the old man hears with such admirably depicted devotion the reading of the Scriptures, and may thy kith and kin show no more respect for thee than those commissioners of Henry VIII. evince for the treasures of the monks in that remarkable work of Poole's, where the artist has shown such skill in his grouping, and has produced such varied character, darting from the austere to the jolly, from the stern-prudish to the complying-demure, with talent most amazing. Verily we say that one of those cows of Cooper's, that are so admirably finished, and are relieved against the sky with such Cuyp-like feeling, is more respectable than a human being who cannot sympathise with Leslie's "Mother and Child," or Webster's "Good-night." Hart rejoices in the sparkling opal tints—loves the hues that flit into each other over a surface that mercers call "water'd." Notice his clever composition of "David," painted in a lunette, in which there is a cloak with this peculiarity, and if you can find time survey his gran Dante, and his pretty Hebrew "Jessica" in her rich crimson dress. If you have a taste for costume, for varied folds of drapery, and the conventionalities of past centuries, there is Frank Stone's picture for you, and *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, and Elmore's "Hero," from the splendours whereof you may relieve your eye by glancing at the simple Scottish tales, so prettily told by Charles Landseer.

Conscience—what a little have we recorded among a vast quantity of pictures. How will Grant's excellent portraits of her Majesty and Prince Albert, Pickersgill's admirable likeness of the Duke of Wellington, and the Wellington of Count D'Orsay (prince of amateurs), scowl upon us in our dreams! How will the heap of little miniatures peer forth reproachfully, just as a daisy looks on a threatening clouted shoe, from beneath the bladed grass! We must bear it, ye eyes of glaring oil-colour, ye soft water-colour lips, ye coldly reproving busts, we must tear ourselves away, though ye should pursue us in our thoughts,

resolute as that well-executed muscular deer-stalker, who watches for his prey in the sculpture-room. We can bear your reproaches for we know we have done our best.

But on those who say there is nothing in British art, when the works of the academicians newly started into being, climb like tendrils up the Trafalgar walls, when the British Institution is not niggardly of beauties, when gentle Copley Fielding, bold David Cox, vigorous De Wint scatter their manifold productions over the gallery of the old Water Colour —on those—those, we say, let the vials of your wrath be poured without mercy.

LITERATURE.

MARSTON; OR, THE SOLDIER AND THE STATESMAN.*

THE name of Dr. Croly is sufficient to indicate the intellectual treat which the reader cannot fail to derive from this new and valuable contribution to his literary resources and amusement. Quitting the world of theoretical fiction, for a field of more practical and earnest interests, the vigorous and energetic descriptive powers of Dr. Croly are here engaged in a nobler purpose and assume additional point and brilliancy. The theme of Marston is a painful one, but its purpose is great and good. It concerns itself with the earlier periods of the French revolution, but it deduces a lesson from them, and how constantly does it happen, that it is only through individual suffering, or the example of such, that the great truths of experience can be attained?

"It was not in the field (says Dr Croly), though the generations of France were swept from the earth by millions; nor in the heroic martyrdom of the scaffold, though it streamed with royal and noble gore; that the keenest agonies were inflicted on the nation. Their place was the fireside. It was in the merciless insults, the protracted imprisonments, the returnless exiles, the cruel plunders, and the desperate massacres of the middle and lower orders of France, that the heaviest suffering was inflicted in the land. It was not in the fall of the statesman, the noble, or even of the monarch, that the true malignity of the rebellion was shown; it was in its penetration to every recess of human feeling; in its wounding every shape of society; in its universal oppression; in its remorseless withering of every natural pursuit and faculty of man; in bankruptcy, famine, and despair; that the iron of the revolution 'entered into the soul.'

"The general tendency of Europe, at this hour, is to political change. But the true peril is not to be looked for on the Continent. The frivolities of foreign life waste all national energy for either good or ill; the flame exhausts itself through the mere feebleness of the fuel. The ball-room patriotism and the coffee-house conspiracy are equally contemptible. Even the French revolution was only the madness of a mob justly terminating in the chain.

"The real danger would be in an English revolution. If the popular mind, with its proverbial strength, steadiness, and courage, should once be thoroughly inflamed, the conflagration would spread to every throne of Europe. A republic in England would republicanise the world; turn all the old institutions of society into dust and ashes, and leave nothing to posterity but the task of deploring our rashness, or hopelessly struggling to restore our ruins.

* Marston; or, The Soldier and the Statesman. By the Rev. George Croly, LL.D., &c. 3 vols. H. Colburn.

"Without desiring to say, that these volumes have been written solely for the purpose of giving a public lesson; their writer will consider himself fortunate, if they should assist in impressing the conviction, that in all violent political change, the humblest ranks are sure to suffer most; that their bodies are used merely to fill up the trench over which their leaders pass to power; that their severest sacrifices only turn a demagogue into a tyrant; and that the only alternatives of a democracy are national decay, or military despotism."

This is indeed the universal lesson of past history, and it cannot be too frequently or too urgently insisted upon. It is as noble and as patriotic a theme for the poet and the novelist as it is for the historian, the philosopher, or the moralist. The most important social truths can sometimes be more readily brought home by those delineations of crime and suffering, which the one branch of literature can use more freely and more effectively for a given purpose, than the other. Hence, many who still doubt the universality of this principle, may be led by a perusal of the terrible incidents depicted in Marston to doubt, and from doubting, may gradually become more firmly attached to that peaceful yet powerful constitutional monarchy, under which this country has enjoyed such distinguished blessings, and has attained—albeit an unequal—still an unparalleled wealth and dominion.

AMEDEE PICHOT'S HISTORY OF CHARLES STUART.*

M. Amedée Pichot's history of the last of the Stuarts is a work of the most comprehensive and interesting kind. As the last episode in the rivalry of England and Scotland, the learned author goes back to the times of Macbeth and Malcolm Canmore; gives a brief but graphic *aperçu* of the brilliant achievements of Baliol, Wallace, and Bruce; learnedly discusses the religious and political embarrassments of the Jameses, and of Mary Stuart; and enters at length upon those events connected with the times of the Commonwealth, and the ascension of James VII. to the throne of England, which preceded the fall of the Stuarts.

The adventurous career of the young Chevalier is afterwards related, with a minuteness of detail not to be met with in any other historical work. To this is superadded a dramatic and picturesque style, which attests that the author of the "Historical and Literary Journey in England and Scotland," was as much charmed by the realities of the scenery of the rebellion, as he was interested by the Lockhart and Culloden papers, or the descriptive pages of Scott and Chambers. A foreigner might be suspected of a spice of Jacobinism, as well as a Scotchman, for Robert Chambers was so impartial, as to deem it necessary to protest his devotion to the House of Brunswick at the conclusion of his work. M. Pichot fairly acknowledges that he became a Jacobite when he first put foot in Scotland. But he so qualifies his adhesion to the Stuarts, as to render it rather an historieal tribute than a political conviction. "I have believed," he says, "in the sincerity of the Pretender in the chivalrous generosity and political probity which could justify youthful ambition; but I could not dissemble to myself, that if the principle of a restoration could become with

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* Histoire de Charles Edouard, &c.—History of Charles Edward, last Prince of the House of Stuart. By Amedée Pichot, D.M. Fourth Edition. 2 vols. London: Barthés and Lowell.

him a principle of progress, this principle was, every thing well considered, rather a monarchical interest than a popular one." M. Pichot afterwards makes a remark which may be remotely founded on fact, but which appears to us to partake far more of accident and progress, than of any antecedent like the one in question. It is that the abandonment of the principle of legitimacy in Europe, in this case, influenced more than is generally supposed, the result of those revolutions which shook or upset so many thrones since the death of Charles Stuart. "In 1745, there was only one Pretender in Europe. We see no fewer than three in 1845, one for France, one for Spain, one for Portugal, who all pretend equally to represent the past and the future, their own hereditary right, and the national right." We cannot too strongly recommend this truly elaborate and admirable historical work to the British public.

LETTERS OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.*

It does not appear quite evident, from the title-page, whether Mr. Halliwell made this collection of letters, or only edited them; although the latter appears to be the conclusion most readily arrived at, with the addition of an historical introduction and notes. The principle of such sub-editing is bad, because it renders the nominee answerable for statements which he cannot always verify, more especially when sources of information are in question. But objectionable as is this second-hand responsibility, it is not so much so as the principle of personal criticism, which is invading literature in every direction. It was bad enough when the unfortunate author had to run the ordeal of professed critics, of whom there already existed two classes, one actuated by sentiments of leniency and literary encouragement, the other by a spirit of unyielding and inflexible severity, in many cases carried to the excess of detraction and oppression; but to these are now added the criticisms of fellow-labourers—a most dangerous precedent to be established, both as open to the bias of jealousy, and as totally opposed to the real spirit and candour of a high and honourable critical literature. A pamphlet upon the tsar might as well be reviewed by a member of the secret police, a journey to Timbuctoo by a converted negro, an excursion in the United States by a real Sam Slick, or a scientific discussion by a master of Trinity; as that every archæological essay must be a bone of contention between two councils, and every contribution to history, philosophy, or fiction, be handed over to the tender courtesies of an avowed rivalry. If such proceedings were not objected to at the onset, fair criticism would soon be at an end. A candid and impartial system of inquiry would be superseded by detraction and crow-quill combats. The public—always in the right in matters of common-sense—would never tolerate such a system. The public would say at once, we will suffer a professed criticism, whether anonymous or otherwise, but your pages cannot be kept open to the aspersions of a manifest rivalry, without doing an injury to the cause of justice and fair dealing.

Having made these remarks, occasioned by the personalities with which the cause of literature and science appears to be so seriously threatened,

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* Letters of the Kings of England, now first collected from the originals in Royal Archives, and from other Authentic Sources, Private as well as Public. Edited, with an Historical Introduction and Notes, by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S., &c., &c. 2 vols. H. Colburn.

we gladly call attention to a work of a most important and decidedly national character. We know not, nor do we wish to know, whether it were the collector, Mr. Shoberl, or the editor, Mr. Halliwell, who consulted the originals. Both are able men, and both fully competent to the task. We believe the letters to be genuine, and feel grateful, that instead of having to travel to the Advocates' Library in North Britain, or to rummage the Tower Records, we can sit in our own arm-chair, and peruse some of the most amusing correspondence of British monarchs, and concerning whose real characters, pages of history could not convey half as much information as one line of these letters affords. We do not feel the slightest doubt, but that in a question like this, the public will side with us, and look to deeds and not to names, to acts and not to reputations. Nor will they be disappointed. Notwithstanding an error of commission in attributing a letter of Henry II. to Richard the Lion-hearted, or one of omission *in not correcting* the Cottonian Catalogue, in reference to a letter of Henry's which, it is said, ought to be Edward I., and other minor deficiencies; the reader will find that he is now first presented with the most curious, the most suggestive, and the most interesting selection of royal letters that has ever issued from the press.

MISS JEWRY'S RANSOM.*

No genuine novel reader can derive otherwise than amusement from a tale so full of interest, and so rife with incident as Miss Laura Jewry's "Ransom." The plot from which the story derives its name is founded on a tradition, backed by a monument still existing in one of the midland counties, of a young lady sending her "small snow white hand —the hand of a young and delicate woman," as a ransom for her crusading lover. All interest is, however, by no means bound up in this event alone. There is a first knight, Sir Edward Fitzeustace, who is betrothed to the heroine, the Lady Constance, and who has a brother Gerald, a destined Templar. There is a second knight, Sir Edmund Fitzwalter, with a haughty, but beautiful, sister, the Lady Cicely. Sir Edmund murders Sir Edward to win the fair and loving Constance, but her heart is given to Gerald, and the rejected knight solaces himself by carrying off Alinor, a yeoman's daughter, "the prettiest low-born lass that ever ran on the greensward." Then we have a bye-play of a weird woman, an inspired idiot, and the young science of Roger Bacon. The templar, in the mean time Sir Gerald, beloved by Constance, himself loves the Lady Cicely.

Then there is the march of the crusaders, with blood-red crosses, pennons, and oriflammes. A rustic lover follows Sir Edmund to avenge the abduction of his Alinor, but he is slain by the knight, who is also engaged in mortal combat with Robert of Artois. The halt at Cyprus is relieved by a romantic story of a Greek maiden's love for an English squire—a maiden, too, of no less degree than the daughter of the Comneni. Poor Alinor has perished in the snow, and Eudocia Comnena dies at sea, but not before a Venetian rival has fallen in combat. Landed in Egypt, the fatal battle of Massoura carries off the flower of Louis's army. Salisbury and Count Robert perish side by side, while Sir Edmund and Sir Gerald are taken prisoners, and hence the history of the ransom. The circumstances atten-

* The Ransom. A Tale of the Thirteenth Century: founded on a Family Tradition. By Miss Laura Jewry. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

dant upon so strange and striking a tribute of affection, and the mysteries of a poisonous unguent connected therewith, are so vividly told by the author, that it would be unfair to anticipate them. We have said enough to satisfy the reader that the "Ransom" is a tale of very considerable interest.

THE OCEAN AND THE DESERT.*

TALK of *couleur de rose*, we have here *couleur de grenadier*. Imagine a young, spirited, manly, joyous-hearted soldier, after a long exile in dusky Ind, on his way to his fatherland for the first time, and that by the overland route! How fresh every thing appears, how delightful each new scene, how full of happiness every human being! Nor does the gallant-hearted author fail to contribute his part towards making others happy as well as himself. *Ex. gra.*, when he gives two francs to a French veteran, who returns the compliment with *Les Anglais sont toujours braves et toujours genereux.* We wish *Le Siècle* could be taught to think so too. Apart, however, from the spirit of the thing, the book gives the best idea yet published of the overland route, we do not mean as a guide-book, but as indicative of its comforts and discomforts,—from the admirable fare on board the "Hindustan" to the French count and his companions, who intrude themselves into the ladies'-room, in the "Little Nile"—we wish it had been into an Osmanlis or Egyptian harem. Our Madras Officer avers that the sepoys would beat the Neapolitan soldiers as Ibrahim Pasha always believed that his Syrians would cope with the Russians. There is, indeed, much entertaining and instructive matter in these two volumes.

THE BOOK OF COSTUME.†

HERE is a work that will be far more acceptable to ladies than many an annual. Costume is a subject of primary and paramount importance, The sway of mind has never, notwithstanding a prolonged struggle from the days of our common mother, been able to carry it over the empire of beauty and dress. "Costume," says the author, "furnishes a standard of civilisation, involving the interests of the arts and commerce, is, in fact, an important element in the prosperity of states." The "United States," we suppose is meant.

The aberrations of costume as presented to us in the history of the same nation, are really quite as great as are the contrasts presented by different countries, from the coiffure of a Norman peasant to that of a Druse shepherdess. (By-the-bye, how is it that the brazen helmet of a Bavarese maiden is omitted?) The "Book of Costume," has taken up the subject under both aspects; and as the engravings are numerous and beautiful, and no good taste in matters of costume can be formed from a mere familiarity with the fashions of the day, we think that a more acceptable book for the boudoir could scarcely have been imagined.

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* The Ocean and the Desert. By a Madras Officer. 2 vols. T. C. Newby.

† The Book of Costume; or, Annals of Fashion, from the earliest period to the present time. By a Lady of Rank. Illustrated with numerous Engravings on Wood, by the most eminent Artists. Henry Colburn.

HISTORY OF THE PUNJAB.*

THIS is an extremely well-timed work. Nor is it a superficial book got up for the nonce. On the contrary, it is in part a reprint of the well-known work by Mr. H. T. Prinsep, originally published in Calcutta, but long since out of print, and which was itself founded upon the official reports of Captain Murray, fifteen years political agent at Umbala, and of Captain Wade, the distinguished assistant at Lodiana. To this excellent original work there have been added five introductory chapters, and nine concluding ones, which latter contain the history of recent events. We have perused the introductory chapters, especially those which refer to the campaigns of Alexander, and his successors, with much interest, and we were pleased to find that they were up to the mark of recent discovery. The narrative of the late disturbed condition of the country, and of the glorious achievements of our army, will find readers of all classes, and now that Sir Henry Hardinge's consummate policy has divided the whole territory into a mountain and lowland monarchy, it forms the actual complement to the history of the Punjab as a distinct country.

MRS. MABERLEY'S "LEONTINE."†

LEONTINE opens pleasingly. The orphan schoolboy disappointed of his holidays, the early indications of the wayward, stubborn nature of the young Guesclin de Fontenelle, come out in bold relief. Equally amusing and most pleasantly conceived are the scenes that pave the way to future days in the little town of La Ferté sous Jouarre. The old Jew banker, Anselm Guinot, and his dungeon-home tally well together, far more so than the plain and unostentatious usurer does with the extravagant, dressy, vain, and domineering wife of his bosom. There is already one fair *protegée*, Leontine, with whose history Madame Guinot has never been made acquainted, when to the infinite horror of the irascible lady another is announced under circumstances of similar mystery too well calculated to awaken the ill-natured surmises of the scandal-mongers of a small country-town. This is no less than the young Breton Guesclin, the last of the Beaumanoirs, sent thither by his uncle. To such an extent does the injured wife carry her indignation, as actually to quit the house and to seek refuge in a hotel, where dwelt, for the time being, the Duke of Richelieu, whom she had met at a ball the night before, but the lesson she gets while secreted in a closet of the heartlessness and profligacy of the young courtier and of the contempt he bore the banker's wife, makes her but too glad to regain her home without any evil coming from the escapade. But this is not all. The little party is soon increased by the society of a third beautiful young person, Antoinette, daughter of the fermiére generale. The childish group grew up together, the Duchess of Modena joins the circle and betrays feelings of unmistakeable maternal tenderness towards Leontine, who herself has given her innocent young heart to the wayward Guesclin.

Mademoiselle de Valois, the favourite daughter of the regent, had in early life contracted a secret marriage with Richelieu, and Leontine was

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* History of the Punjab, and of the Rise, Progress, and Present Condition of the Sect and Nation of the Sikhs. 2 vols Wm. H. Allen and Co.

† Leontine; or, the Court of Louis the Fifteenth. By Mrs. Maberly, Author of "Melantha," &c., &c. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

the offspring of the ill-assorted alliance, but the connexion having been discovered, she was taken from her husband, scarcely against his will, to be forced into an unnatural marriage with the Duke of Modena.

Events progress rapidly with the young people. Guesclin has entered the service of the state under the auspices of the Duke of Richelieu, and acts as his aide-de-camp in that celebrated engagement of Fontenoy, which was announced by a pretty French actress from the boards of a theatre that stood in the midst of the camp. "*Messieurs, demain relache à cause de la bataille. Après demain on donnera l'Amour Voltigeur.*"

The young warrior was also entangled in the any thing but silken chains woven for him by the Countess Hortense de Chateauneuf. Antoinette has become Madame d'Etioles, but Leontine has remained faithful to an attachment consecrated by Count Robert, the uncle, on his death-bed. She has also attached to her service François Damiens, whose attempted crime is made to spring from wounded pride and jealousy.

Then there is a third epoch. The beautiful Antoinette has succeeded to the Maillys, Vintimelles, and Chateaurous, as favourite of the king, and has assumed an historical name—that of Marquise de Pompadour, while the profligacy of Hortense has hurried Guesclin into a duel and the Bastile, whence he ultimately emerges at the fall of Richelieu to do justice to the faithful Leontine. The story is altogether a very animated and singularly truthful picture of France and its court during a very striking epoch in history.

THE BLACKGOWN PAPERS.*

A GLIMPSE of the western world introduces us to a mushroom city with a log church, where Eli Blackgown, doctor of divinity and farmer, ministers to the faithful in single-blessedness, but solaced by a fair niece, Emily. A young and mysterious stranger, of a very dark, sunny complexion, arrives, no one knows how or whence, at this remote settlement in the woods. Accomplished in literature and the arts, wise with travel, and experienced in the languages and knowledge of foreign countries, he wooes and wins the fair niece, when he turns out, to the horror of all concerned, to be the son of mulatto of a wealthy Tennessee, and the grandson of a slave! Nothing remains then, but to start for some country where the admixture of dark with white blood is not more disgraceful than crime itself, and, in return for his Emily, Walter, the half-caste, leaves the learned doctor these papers, which now hand down his name to posterity as associated with strange and eventful scenes of foreign—chiefly Italian—life. From gay to serious, from the humorous to the sentimental, these tales and sketches evidence a mastery over our language, combined with a variety of purpose and skilful portraiture, which have always characterised Signor Mariotti's literary efforts. Who will not be amused with the tricks played upon Milord Runebif, in the lively account of Carnival, or not sympathise with the progress of the little organ boy, Morello. Then there is Amelia, a strange story of an Austrian colonel, killed by a student of Pavia, who is sought out and wedded by his rival's love. And a legend of San Nicolo de Bari, a very successful imitation of Ingoldsby, and Maria Stella, a bandit story, told as one familiar with persons and localities alone could tell it. The Blackgown Papers deserve success.

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* The Blackgown Papers. By L. Mariotti. 2 vols. Wiley and Putnam.

SOCIAL INFLUENCES.*

This is a strange book, the object of which is simple and meritorious—to trace some of the silent influences exercised over thought and action by the system of society as at present constituted—but the execution of which is wayward and more than usually embarrassed and obscured by the peculiarities or idiosyncracies of style.

PENINSULAR SCENES AND SKETCHES.†

Full well will this little work repay the reader. Any thing more various, or more entertaining, has not appeared in so homely a shape for a long time. The author apologetically says, "So many writers, both soldiers and civilians, have found materials for their pens in the Spanish wars of the last fifty years, that it may be thought the subject is waxing threadbare; and, with any other country, the supposition would, perhaps, not be far from the truth. Not so, however, with Spain, where the strange mixture of barbarism and civilisation, the wild and romantic character of the people, and their clinging adherence to ancient habits and customs give to every-day life all the charm of fiction." Never was apology less needed than in the present instance.

The feats and adventures of the Empeciada, and the passages, as the author terms it in his career, are far more romantic than aught fiction ever conceived, and at times almost partake of the marvellous. The sketches of the priest-soldier Merino and of Martin Zurbano, are equally graphic and characteristic. Indeed rambles, sketches, and tales, alike rival with one another in singularity and interest.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Upon our library table are several new works, notices of which are unavoidably deferred. Among these are an admirable novel illustrative of the manners, customs, and superstitions of North Wales during the last century, published under the title of "Llewelyn's Heir;" a work of peculiar and most varied interest, entitled "Historical Pictures of the Middle Ages; a laborious and serious production, called "America and its Realities;" a domestic novel, yclept "Sybil Lennard;" a very curious trip in Western India, of which the title, "A Year and a Day in the East," gives no adequate idea; a Trans-Atlantic notion of "Views and Reviews;" a tale concerning church principles attractively disguised as "Glendearg Cottage;" a second volume of an author who has earned distinction on the subject of "Modern Painting;" a second volume of Wilson's classic work on British India, and a new number of Bohn's Standard Library, being Roscoe's great work, "The Life of Lorenzo de Medici." To these we must add several poetical works, among which are Mrs. D. Ogilvy's "Highland Minstrelsy," "The Pleasures of Home," Sir Coutts Lindsay's "Black Prince," and other poems of distinguished merit.

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* Social Influences; or, Villiers. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

† Peninsular Scenes and Sketches. By the Author of the Student of Salamanca. 1 vol. Blackwood and Sons.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VALERIE.

A TALE.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," "THE PRIVATEER'S-MAN, &c."

CHAP. I.

I HAVE titled these pages with nothing more than my baptismal name. If the reader finds sufficient interest in them to read to the end, he will discover the position that I am in after an eventful life. I shall, however, not trespass upon the reader's time by making many introductory remarks; but commence at once with my birth, parentage, and education. This is necessary, as although the two first are, perhaps, of little comparative consequence, still the latter is of importance, as it will prepare the reader for many events in my after-life. I may add, that much depends upon birth and parentage; at all events, it is necessary to complete a perfect picture. Let me, therefore, begin at the beginning.

I was born in France. My father, who was of the *ancienne noblesse* of France, by a younger branch of the best blood, and was a most splendid specimen of the outward man, was the son of an old officer, and an officer himself in the army of Napoleon. In the conquest of Italy, he had served in the ranks, and continuing to follow Napoleon through all his campaigns, had arrived to the grade of captain of cavalry. He had distinguished himself on many occasions, was a favourite of Napoleon's, wore the cross of the Legion of Honour, and was considered in a fair way to rapid promotion, when he committed a great error. During the time that his squadron was occupying a small German town, situated on the river Erbach, called Deux Ponts, he saw my mother, fell desperately in love, and married. There was some excuse for him, for a more beautiful woman than my mother I never beheld; moreover, she was highly talented, and a most perfect musician; of a good family, and with a dower by no means contemptible. The reader may say that, in marrying such a woman, my father could hardly be said to have committed a very great error. This is true, the error was not in marrying, but in his allowing his wife's influence over him to stop his future advancement. He wished to leave her with her father and mother until the campaign was over. She refused to be left, and he yielded to her wishes. Now, Napoleon had no objection to his officers being married, but a very great dislike to their wives accompanying the army; and this was the fault which my father committed, and which lost him the favour of his general. My mother was too beautiful a woman not to be noticed, and immediately inquired about, and the knowledge soon came to Napoleon's ears, and militated against my father's future advancement.

During the first year of their marriage, my eldest brother, Auguste, was born, and shortly afterwards my mother promised an increase to the family, which was the occasion of great satisfaction to my father, who now, that he had been married more than a year, would at times look at my mother, and, beautiful as she was, calculate in his mind whether the possession of her was indemnification sufficient for the loss of the brigade which she had cost him. To account for my father's satisfaction, I must acquaint the reader with circumstances which are not very well known. As I before observed, Napoleon had no objection to marriage; because he required men for his army, and because he required men, and not women, he thought very poorly of a married couple who produced a plurality of girls. If, on the contrary, a woman presented her husband with six or seven boys, if he was an officer in the army, he was certain of a pension for life. Now, as my mother had commenced with a boy, and it is well known that there is every chance of a woman continuing to produce the sex which first makes its appearance, she was much complimented and congratulated by the officers when she so soon gave signs of an increase, and they prophesied that she would, by her fruitfulness, in a few years obtain a pension for her husband. My father hoped so, and thought that if he had lost the brigade, he would be indemnified by the pension. My mother was certain of it; and declared it was a boy. But prophesies, hopes, and declarations, were all falsified and overthrown by my unfortunate appearance. The disappointment of my father was great; but he bore it like a man. My mother was not only disappointed, but indignant. She felt mortified after all her declarations, that I should have appeared and disproved them. She was a woman of violent temper, a discovery which my father made too late. To me, as the cause of her humiliation and disappointment, she took an aversion, which only increased as I grew up, and which, as will be hereafter shown, was the main spring of all my vicissitudes in after-life.

Surely, there is an error in asserting that there is no feeling so strong as maternal love. How often do we witness instances like mine, in which disappointed vanity, ambition, or interest, have changed this love into deadly hate.

My father, who felt the inconvenience of my mother accompanying him on forced marches, and who, perhaps, being disappointed in his hopes of a pension, thought that he might as well recover the emperor's favour, and look for the brigade, now proposed that my mother should return with her two children to her parents. This my mother, who had always gained the upper-hand, positively refused to accede to. She did, however, allow me and my brother Auguste to be sent to her parents' care at Deux Ponts, and there we remained, while my father followed the fortunes of the emperor, and my mother followed the fortunes of my father. I have little or no recollection of my maternal grandfather and grandmother. I remember that I lived with them, as I remained there with my brother till I was seven years old, at which period my paternal grandmother offered to receive my brother and me, and take charge of our education. This offer was accepted, and we both went to Luneville where she resided.

I have said that my paternal grandmother offered to receive us, and not my paternal grandfather, who was still alive. Such was the case; as, could he have had his own way, he would not have allowed us to come

to Luneville, for he had a great dislike to children; but my grandmother had property of her own, independent of her husband, and she insisted upon our coming. Very often, after we had been received into her house, I would hear remonstrance on his part relative to the expense of keeping us, and the reply of my grandmother, which would be, "*Eh bien, Monsieur Chatenœuf, c'est mon argent que je depense.*" I must describe Monsieur Chatenœuf. As I before stated, he had been an officer in the French army; but had now retired upon his pension, with the rank of major, and decorated with the Legion of Honour. At the time that I first saw him, he was a tall, elegant old man, with hair as white as silver. I heard it said, that when young he was considered one of the bravest and handsomest officers in the French army. He was very quiet in his manners, spoke very little, and took a large quantity of snuff. He was egoistic to excess, attending wholly to himself and his own comforts, and it was because the noise of children interfered with his comfort, that he disliked them so much. We saw little of him, and cared less. If I came into his room when he was alone, he promised me a good whipping, I therefore avoided him as much as I could; the association was not pleasant.

Luneville is a beautiful town in the Department of Meurthe. The castle, or rather palace, is a very splendid and spacious building, in which formerly the Dukes of Lorraine held their court. It was afterwards inhabited by King Stanislaus, who founded a military school, a library and a hospital. The palace was a square building, with a handsome façade facing the town, and in front of it there was a fountain. There was a large square in the centre of the palace, and behind it an extensive garden, which was well kept up and carefully attended to. One side of the palace was occupied by the officers of the regiments quartered in Luneville; the opposite side, by the soldiery; and the remainder of the building was appropriated to the reception of old retired officers who had been pensioned. It was in this beautiful building, that my grandfather and grandmother were established for the remainder of their lives. Except the Tuileries, I know of no palace in France equal to that of Luneville. Here it was that, at seven years old, I took up my quarters; and it is from that period that I have always dated my existence. I have described my grandfather and my residence, but now I must introduce my grandmother; my dear, excellent grandmother, whom I loved so much when she was living, and whose memory I shall ever revere. In person she was rather diminutive, but, although sixty years of age, she still retained her figure, which was remarkably pretty, and she was as straight as an arrow. Never had age pressed more lightly upon the human frame; for, strange to say, her hair was black as jet, and fell down to her knees. It was considered a great curiosity, and she was not a little proud of it, for there was not a gray hair to be seen. Although she had lost many of her teeth, her skin was not wrinkled, but had a freshness most remarkable in a person so advanced in years. Her mind was as young as her body; she was very witty and coquettish, and the officers living in the palace were continually in her apartments, preferring her company to that of younger women. Partial to children, she would join in all our sports, and sit down to play "hunt the slipper," with us and our young companions. But with all her vivacity, she was a strictly moral and religious woman. She could be lenient to indiscretion and

carelessness, but any deviation from truth and honesty on the part of my brother or myself was certain to be visited with severe punishment. She argued, that there could be no virtue, where there was deceit, which she considered as the hot-bed from which every vice would spring out spontaneously; that truth was the basis of all that was good and noble, and that every other branch of education was, comparatively speaking, of no importance, and without truth of no value. She was right. My brother and I were both sent to day-schools. The maid Catherine always took me to school after breakfast, and came to fetch me home about four o'clock in the afternoon. Those were happy times. With what joy I used to return to the palace, bounding into my grandmother's apartment on the ground floor, sometimes to frighten her, leaping in at the window and dropping at her feet, the old lady scolding and laughing at the same time. My grandmother was, as I observed, religious, but she was not a devotee. The great object was to instill into me a love of truth, and in this she was indefatigable. When I did wrong, it was not the fault which I had committed which caused her concern; it was the fear that I should deny it, which worried and alarmed her. To prevent this, the old lady had a curious method—she dreamed for my benefit. If I had done wrong, and she suspected me, she would not accuse me until she had made such inquiries as convinced her that I was the guilty person; and then, perhaps, the next morning, she would say, as I stood by her side: "Valerie, I had a dream last night; I can't get it out of my head. I dreamt that my little girl had forgotten her promise to me, and when she went to the store-room had eaten a large piece of the cake." She would fix her eyes upon me as she narrated the events of her dream, and, as she proceeded, my face would be covered with blushes, and my eyes cast down in confusion; I dared not look at her, and by the time that she had finished, I was down on my knees, with my face buried in her lap. If my offence was great, I had to say my prayers, and implore the Divine forgiveness, and was sent to prison, that is, locked up for a few hours in my bed-room. Catherine, the maid, had been many years with my grandmother, and was, to a certain degree, a privileged person; at all events, she considered herself warranted in giving her opinion, and grumbling as much as she pleased, and such was invariably the case whenever I was locked up. "*Toujours en prison, cette pauvre petite.* It is too bad, madam; you must let her out." My grandmother would quietly reply, "Catherine, you are a good woman, but you understand nothing about the education of children." Sometimes, however, she obtained the key from my grandmother, and I was released sooner than was originally intended. The fact is, that being put in prison was a very heavy punishment, as it invariably took place in the evenings, after my return from school, so that I lost my play-hours. There were a great many officers with their wives located in the palace, and, of course, no want of playmates. The girls used to go to the bosquet, which adjoined the gardens of the palace, collect flowers, and make a garland, which they hung on a rope stretched across the court-yard of the palace. As the day closed in, the party from each house, or apartments rather, brought out a lantern, and having thus illuminated our ball-room by subscription, the boys and girls danced the "*rondé,*" and other games, until it was bed-time. As the window of my bed-room looked out upon the court, whenever I was put into prison, I had the mortification of

witnessing all these joyous games, without being permitted to join in them.

To prove the effect of my grandmother's system of dreaming upon me, I will narrate a circumstance which occurred. My grandfather had a landed property about four miles from Luneville. A portion of this land was let to a farmer, and the remainder he farmed on his own account, and the produce was consumed in the house-keeping. From this farm we received milk, butter, cheese, all kinds of fruit, and indeed every thing which a farm produces. In that part of France they have a method of melting down and clarifying butter for winter use, instead of salting it. This not only preserves it, but, to most people, makes it more palateable; at all events I can answer for myself, for I was inordinately fond of it. There were eighteen or twenty jars of it in the store-room, which were used up in rotation. I dared not take any out of the jar in use, as I should be certain to be discovered; so I went to the last jar, and by my repeated assaults upon it, it was nearly empty before my grandmother discovered it. As usual, she had a dream. She commenced with counting over the number of jars of butter; and how she opened such a one, and it was full; then the next, and it was full; but before her dream was half over, and she was still a long way from the jar which I had despoiled, I was on my knees, telling her the end of the dream, of my own accord, for I could not bear the suspense of having all the jars examined. From that time, I generally made a full confession before the dream was ended.

But when I was about nine years old, I was guilty of a very heavy offence, which I shall narrate, on account of the peculiar punishment which I received, and which might be advantageously pursued by the parents of the present day, who may happen to cast their eyes over these memoirs. It was the custom for the children of the offieers who lived in the palace, that is, the girls, to club together occasionally, that they might have a little *fête* in the garden of the palace. It was a sort of pic-nic, to which every one contributed; some would bring cakes, some fruit; some would bring money (a few sous) to purchase bon-bons, or any thing else which might be agreed upon. On those occasions, my grandmother invariably gave me fruit, a very liberal allowance of apples and pears, from the store-room; for we had plenty from the orchard of the farm. But one day, one of the elder girls told me that they had plenty of fruit, and that I must bring some money. I asked my grandmother, but she refused me; and then this girl proposed that I should steal some from my grandfather. I objected; but she ridiculed my objections, and pressed me until she overcame my scruples, and I consented. But when I left her after she had obtained my promise, I was in a sad state. I knew it was wicked to steal, and the girl had taken care to point out to me how wicked it was to break a promise. I did not know what to do: all that evening I was in such a state of feverish excitement, that my grandmother was quite astonished. The fact was, that I was ashamed to retract my promise, and yet I trembled at the deed that I was about to do. I went into my room and got into bed. I remained awake; and about midnight I got up, and creeping softly into my grandfather's room, I went to his clothes, which were on a chair, and rifled his pockets of—two sous! Having effected my purpose, I retired stealthily and gained my own room. What my feelings were

when I was again in bed I cannot well describe—they were horrible—I could not shut my eyes for the remainder of the night, and the next morning I made my appearance, haggard, pale, and trembling. It proved, however, that my grandfather who was awake, and witnessed the theft in silence, had informed my grandmother of it. Before I went to school, my grandmother called me in to her, for I had avoided her.

"Come here, Valerie," said she, "I have had a dream—a most dreadful dream—it was about a little girl, who, in the middle of the night, crept into her grandfather's room——"

I could bear no more. I threw myself on the floor, and, in agony, screamed out—

"Yes, grandmamma, and stole two sous."

A paroxysm of tears followed the confession, and for more than an hour I remained on the floor, hiding my face and sobbing. My grandmother allowed me to remain there—she was very much annoyed—I had committed a crime of the first magnitude—my punishment was severe. I was locked up in my room for ten days: but this was the smallest portion of the punishment: every visiter that came in, I was sent for, and on my making my appearance, my grandmother would take me by the hand, and leading me up, would formally present me to the visiters.

"Permittez, madame (ou monsieur), que je vous presente Mademoiselle Valerie, qui est renfermé dans sa chambre, pour avoir volé deux sous de son granpère."

Oh! the shame, the mortification that I felt. This would take place at least ten times a day; and each succeeding presentation was followed by a burst of tears, as I was again led back to my chamber. Severe as this punishment was, the effect of it was excellent. I would have endured martyrdom, after what I had gone through, before I would have taken what was not my own. It was a painful, but a judicious and most radical, cure.

For five years I remained under the care of this most estimable woman, and, under her guidance, had become a truthful and religious girl; and I may conscientiously add, that I was as innocent as a lamb—but a change was at hand. The emperor had been hurled from his throne, and was shut up on a barren rock, and soon great alterations were made in the French army. My father's regiment of hussars had been disbanded, and he was now appointed to a dragoon regiment, which was ordered to Luneville. He arrived with my mother and a numerous family, she having presented him with seven more children; so that, with Auguste and me, he had now nine children. I may as well here observe that my mother continued to add yearly to the family, till she had fourteen in all, and out of those there were seven boys; so that, had the emperor remained on the throne of France, my father would certainly have secured the pension. The arrival of my family was a source both of pleasure and pain to me. I was most anxious to see all my brothers and sisters, and my heart yearned towards my father and mother, although I had no recollection of them; but I was fearful that I should be removed from my grandmother's care, and she was equally alarmed at the chance of our separation. Unfortunately for me, it turned out as we had anticipated. My mother was any thing but gracious to my grandmother, notwithstanding the obligations she was under to her, and very soon took an opportunity of quarrelling with her. The cause of the quarrel was very absurd, and

proved that it was predetermined on the part of my mother. My grandmother had some curious old carved furniture, which my mother coveted, and requested my grandmother to let her have it. This my grandmother would not consent to, and my mother took offence at her refusal. I and my brother were immediately ordered home, my mother asserting that we had been both very badly brought up; and this was all the thanks that my grandmother received for her kindness to us, and defraying all our expenses for five years.

I had not been at home more than a week, when my father's regiment was ordered to Nance; but, during this short period, I had sufficient to convince me that I should be very miserable. My mother's dislike to me, which I have referred to before, now assumed the character of positive hatred, and I was very ill-treated. I was employed as a servant, and as nurse to the younger children; and hardly a day passed without my feeling the weight of her hand. We set off for Nance, and I thought my heart would break as I quitted the arms of my grandmother, who wept over me. My father was very willing to leave me with my grandmother, who promised to leave her property to me; but this offer in my favour enraged my mother still more; she declared that I should not remain; and my father had long succumbed to her termagant disposition, and yielded implicit obedience to her authority. It was lamentable to see such a fine soldierlike-looking man afraid even to speak before this woman; but he was completely under her thraldom, and never dared to contradict. As soon as we were settled in the barracks at Nance, my mother commenced her system of persecution in downright earnest. I had to make all the beds, wash the children, carry out the baby, and do every menial office for my brothers and sisters, who were encouraged to order me about. I had very good clothes, which had been provided me by my grandmother; they were all taken away, and altered for my younger sisters; but what was still more mortifying, all my sisters had lessons in music, dancing, and other accomplishments, from various masters, whose instructions I was not permitted to take advantage of, although there would have been no addition to the expense.

"Oh! my father," cried I, "why is this?—what have I done?—am not I your daughter—your eldest daughter?"

"I will speak to your mother," replied he.

And he did venture to do so; but by so doing, he raised up such a tempest, that he was glad to drop the subject, and apologise for an act of justice. Poor man! he could do no more than pity me.

I well remember my feelings at that time. I felt that I could love my mother, love her dearly, if she would have allowed me so to do. I had tried to obtain her good will, but I received nothing in return but blows, and at last I became so alarmed when in her presence that I almost lost my reason. My ears were boxed till I could not recollect where I was, and I became stupified with fear. All I thought of, all my anxiety, at last, was to get out of the room where my mother was. My terror was so great that her voice made me tremble, and at the sight of her I caught my breath and gasped from alarm. My brother Auguste was very nearly as much an object of dislike to my mother as I was, chiefly because he had been brought up by my grandmother, and moreover because he would take my part. The great favourite of my mother was my second brother Nicolas; he was a wonderful musician, could play upon any instru-

ment and the most difficult music at sight. This talent endeared him to my mother, who was herself a first-rate musician. He was permitted to order me about just as he pleased, and if I did not please him, to beat me without mercy, and very often my mother would fly at me and assist him. But Auguste took my part, and Nicolas received very severe chastisement from him, but this did not help me; on the contrary, if Auguste interfered in my behalf, my mother would pounce upon me, and I may say that I was stunned with her blows. Auguste appealed to his father, but he dared not interfere. He was coward enough to sit by and see his daughter treated in this way without remonstrance; and, in a short time, I was fast approaching to what my mother declared me to be—a perfect idiot.

I trust that my own sex will not think me a renegade when I say, that, if ever there was a proof that woman was intended by the Creator to be subject to man, it is, that once place power in the hands of woman, and there is not one out of a hundred who will not abuse it. We hear much of the rights of woman, and their wrongs; but this is certain, that in a family, as in a state, there can be no divided rule—no equality. One must be master, and no family is so badly managed, or so badly brought up, as where the law of nature is reversed, and we contemplate that most despicable of all *lusi naturæ*—a hen-pecked husband: to proceed, the consequence of my mother's treatment was to undermine in me all the precepts of my worthy grandmother. I was a slave; and a slave under the continual influence of fear cannot be honest. The fear of punishment produced deceit to avoid it. Even my brother Auguste, from his regard and pity for me, would fall into the same error. "Valerie," he would say, running out to me as I was coming home with my little brother in my arms, "your mother will beat you on your return. You must say so and so." This so and so was, of course, an untruth; and, in consequence, my fibs were so awkward, and accompanied by so much hesitation and blushing, that I was invariably found out, and then punished for what I did deserve to be; and when my mother obtained such triumphant proof against me, she did not fail to make the most of it with my father, who, by degrees, began to consider that my treatment was merited, and that I was a bad and deceitful child. My only happiness was to be out in the open air, away from my mother's presence, and this was only to be obtained when I was ordered out with my little brother Pierre, whom I had to carry as soon as I had done the household work. If Pierre was fractious, my mother would order me out of the house with him immediately. This I knew, and I used to pinch the poor child to make him cry, that I might gain my object, and be sent away; so that to duplicity I added cruelty. Six months before this, had any one told me that I ever would be guilty of such a thing, with what indignation I should have denied it!

Although my mother flattered herself that it was only in her own domestic circle that her unnatural conduct towards me was known, such was not the case, and the treatment which I received from her was the occasion of much sympathy on the part of the officers and their wives, who were quartered in the barracks. Some of them ventured to remonstrate with my father for his consenting to it; but although he was cowed by a woman, he had no fear of men, and as he told them candidly that any future interference in his domestic concerns must

be answered by the sword, no more was said to him on the subject. Strange, that a man should risk his life with such indifference, rather than remedy an evil, and yet be under such thraldom to a woman!—that one who was always distinguished in action as the most forward and the most brave, should be a trembling coward before an imperious wife! But this is a world of sad contradictions.

There was a lady in the barracks, wife to one of the superior officers, who was very partial to me. She had a daughter, a very sweet girl, who was also named Valerie. When I could escape from the house, I used to be constantly with them; and when I saw my namesake caressing and caressed, in the arms of her mother, as I was sitting by on a stool, the tears would run down at the thoughts that such pleasure was debarred from me.

"Why do you cry, Valerie?"

"Oh! madam, why have I not a mother like your Valerie? Why am I to be beat instead of being caressed and fondled like her? What have I done?—But she is not my mother—I'm sure she cannot be—I never will believe it!"

And such had really become my conviction, and in consequence I never would address her by the title of mother. This my mother perceived, and it only added to her ill-will. Only permit any one feeling or passion to master you—allow it to increase by never being in the slightest degree checked, and it is horrible to what an excess it will carry you. About this time, my mother proved the truth of the above observation, by saying to me, as she struck me to the ground—

"I'll kill you," cried she; and then, catching her breath, said in a low, determined tone, "Oh! I only wish that I dared."

Chap. II.

One day, a short time after this, I was walking out as usual with my little brother Pierre in my arms; I was deep in thought; in imagination I was at Luneville with my dear grandmother, when my foot slipped and I fell. In trying to save my brother I hurt myself very much, and he, poor child, was unfortunately very much hurt as well as myself. He cried and moaned piteously, and I did all that I could to console him, but he was in too much pain to be comforted. I remained out for an hour or two, not daring to go home, but the evening was closing in and I returned at last. The child, who could not yet speak, still moaned and cried, and I told the truth as to the cause of it. My mother flew at me, and I received such chastisement that I could be patient no longer, and I pushed my mother from me; I was felled to the ground and left there bleeding profusely. After a time I rose up and crawled to bed. I reflected upon all I had suffered, and made up my mind that I would no longer remain under my father's roof. At daybreak I dressed myself, hastened out of the barracks, and set off for Luneville, which was fifteen miles distant. I had gained about half the way when I was met by a soldier of the regiment who had once been our servant. I tried to avoid him, but he recognised me. I then begged him not to interfere with me, and told him that I was running away to my grandmother's. Jacques, for that was his name, replied that I was right, and that he would say nothing about it.

"But, mademoiselle," continued he, "you will be tired before you get to Luneville, and may have a chance of a conveyance if you have money to pay for it."

He then slipped a five-franc piece into my hand, and left me to pursue my way. I continued my journey and at last arrived at the farm belonging to my grandfather, which I have before-mentioned, as being about four miles from the town. I was afraid to go direct to Luneville, on account of my grandfather, who, I knew from motives of parsimony, would be unwilling to receive me. I told my history to the farmer's wife, showing her my face covered with bruises and scars, and intreated her to go to my grandmother's and tell her where I was. She put me to bed, and the next morning set off for Luneville and acquainted my grandmother with the circumstances. The old lady immediately ordered her *char-à-banc* and drove out for me. There was proof positive of my mother's cruelty, and the good old woman shed tears over me when she had pulled off the humble blue-cotton dress which I wore and examined my wounds and bruises. When we arrived at Luneville we met with much opposition from my grandfather, but my grandmother was resolute.

"Since you object to my receiving her in the house," said she, "at all events you cannot prevent my doing my duty towards her, and doing as I please with my own money. I shall, therefore, send her to school and pay her expenses."

As soon as new clothes could be made for me, I was sent to the best *pension* in Luneville. Shortly afterwards my father arrived; he had been despatched by my mother to reclaim me and bring me back with him, but he found the tide too strong against him, and my grandmother threatened to appeal to the authorities and make an exposure; this he knew would be a serious injury to his character, and he was therefore compelled to go back without me, and I remained for a year and a-half at the *pension*, very happy and improving very fast in my education and my personal appearance.

But I was not destined to be so happy long. True it was, that during this year and a half of tranquillity and happiness, the feelings created by my mother's treatment had softened down, and all animosity had long been discarded, but I was too happy to want to return home again. At the expiration of this year and a half, my father's regiment was again ordered to shift their quarters to a small town, the name of which I now forget, but Luneville laid in their route. My mother had for some time ceased to importune my father about my return. The fact was, that she had been so coldly treated by the other ladies at Nance, in consequence of her behaviour to me, that she did not think it advisable; but now that they were about to remove, she insisted upon my father taking me with him, promising that I should be well-treated, and have the same instruction as my sisters; in fact, she promised every thing; acknowledging to my grandmother that she had been too hasty to me, and was very sorry for it. Even my brother Auguste thought that she was now sincere, and my father, my brother, and even my dear grandmother, persuaded me to consent. My mother was now very kind and affectionate towards me, and as I really wanted to love her, I left the *pension* and accompanied the family to their new quarters.

But this was all treachery on the part of my mother. Regardless of my advantage, as she had shown herself on every occasion, she had played

her part that she might have an opportunity of discharging an accumulated debt of revenge, which had been heaped up in consequence of the slights she had received from other people on account of her treatment of me. We had hardly been settled in our new abode, before my mother burst out with a virulence again, which exceeded all her former cruelty. But I was no longer the frightened victim that I had been; I complained to my father, and insisted upon justice; but that was useless. My brother Auguste now took my part in defiance of his father, and it was one scene of continual family discord. I had made many friends, and used to remain at their houses all day. As for doing household work, notwithstanding her blows, I refused it. One morning my mother was chastising me severely, when my brother Auguste, who was dressed in his hussar uniform, came in and hastened to my assistance, interposing himself between us. My mother's rage was beyond all bounds.

"Wretch," cried she, "would you strike your mother?"

"No," replied he, "but I will protect my sister. You barbarous woman, why do you not kill her at once, it would be a kindness?"

It was after this scene that I resolved that I would again return to Luneville. I did not confide my intentions to any one, not even to Auguste. There was a great difficulty in getting out of the front door without being perceived, and my bundle would have created suspicion; by the back of the house the only exit was through a barred window. I was then fourteen years old but very slight in figure. I tried if my head would pass through the bars, and succeeding, I soon forced my body through, and seizing my bundle, made all haste to the diligence office. I found that it was about to start for Luneville, which was more than half a day's journey distant. I got in very quickly, and the conducteur knowing me thought that all was right, and the diligence drove off. There were two people in the coupée with me, an officer and his wife; before we had proceeded far they asked me where I was going, I replied to my grandmother's at Luneville. Thinking it, however, strange that I should be unaccompanied, they questioned, until they extracted the whole history from me. The lady wished me to come to her on a visit, but the husband, more prudent, said that I was better under the care of my grandmother. About midday we stopped to change horses at an auberge called the Louis d'Or, about a quarter of a mile from Luneville. Here I alighted without offering any explanation to the conducteur; but as he knew me and my grandmother well, that was of no consequence. My reason for alighting was, that the diligence would have put me down at the front of the palace, where I was certain to meet my grandfather, who passed the major portion of the day there basking on one of the seats, and I was afraid to see him until I had communicated with my grandmother. I had an uncle in the town, and I had been very intimate with my cousin Marie, who was a pretty, kind-hearted girl, and I resolved that I would go there, and beg her to go to my grandmother. The difficulty was, how to get to the house without passing the front of the palace, or even the bridge across the river. At last I decided that I would walk down by the river side until I was opposite to the bosquet, which adjoined the garden of the palace, and there wait till it was low water, when I knew that the river could be forded, as I had often seen others do so. When I arrived opposite to the bosquet I sat down on my bundle, by the banks of the river for two or three hours, watching the long feathery weeds at the bottom, which

moved gently from one side to the other with the current of the stream. As soon as it was low water, I pulled off my shoes and stockings, put them into my bundle, and raising my petticoats, I gained the opposite shore without difficulty. I then replaced my shoes and stockings, crossed the bosquet, and gained my uncle's house. My uncle was not at home, but I told my story and showed my bruises to Marie, who immediately put on her bonnet and went to my grandmother. That night I was again installed in my own little bed-room, and most gratefully did I pray before I went to sleep. This time my grandmother took more decided steps. She went to the commandant of the town, taking me with her, pointing out the treatment which I had received, and claiming his protection; she stated that she had educated me and brought me up, and that she had a claim upon me. My mother's treatment of me was so notorious, that the commandant immediately decided that my grandmother had a right to detain me; and when my father came a day or two after to take me back, he was ordered home by the commandant, with a severe rebuke, and the assurance that I should not return to a father who could permit such cruelty and injustice.

I was now once more happy; but as I remained in the house, my grandfather was continually vexing my grandmother on my account; nevertheless, I remained there more than a year, during which I learnt a great deal, particularly lace work and fine embroidery, at which I became very expert. But now there was another opposition raised, which was on the part of my uncle, who joined my grandfather in annoying the old lady. The fact was, that when I was not there, my grandmother was very kind and generous to my cousin Marie, who certainly deserved it; but now that I was again with her, all her presents and expenses were lavished upon me, and poor Marie was neglected. My uncle was not pleased at this; he joined my grandfather, and they pointed out that I was now more than fifteen, and my mother dare not beat me, and as my father was continually writing for me to return, it was her duty not to oppose. Between the two, my poor grandmother was so annoyed and perplexed that she hardly knew what to do. They made her miserable, and at last they worried her into consenting that I should return to my family which had now removed to Colmar. I did not know this. It was my grandmother's birth-day. I had worked for her a beautiful sachet in lace and embroidery, which, with a large bouquet I brought to her as a present. The old lady folded me in her arms and burst into tears. She then told me that we must part, and that I must return to my father's. Had a dagger been thrust to my heart, I could not have received more anguish.

"Yes, dear Valerie," continued she, "you must leave me to-morrow; I can no longer prevent it. I have not the health and the spirits that I had. I am growing old—very old."

I did not remonstrate or try to make her alter her decision. I knew how much she had been annoyed and worried for my sake, and I felt that I would bear every thing for hers. I cried bitterly. The next morning my father made his appearance and embraced me with great affection. He was much pleased with my personal improvement. I was now fast budding into womanhood, although I had the feelings of a mere child. I bade farewell to my grandmother, and also to my grandfather, whom I never saw again, as he died three months after I quitted Luneville.

I trust my readers will not think that I dwell too long upon this portion

of my life. I do it because I consider it is necessary they should know in what manner I was brought up, and also the cause of my leaving my family, as I afterwards did. If I had stated merely that I could not agree with my mother, who treated me cruelly, they might have imagined that I was not warranted in a moment of irritation, in taking such a decided step; but when they learn that my persecutions were renewed the moment that I was again in my mother's power, and that nothing could conquer her inveteracy against me, neither time, nor absence, nor submission on my part, nor remonstrance from others; not even a regard for her own character, nor the loss of her friends and acquaintances, they will then acknowledge that I could have done no otherwise, unless I preferred being in daily risk of my life. On my arrival at Colmar, my mother received me graciously, but her politeness did not last long. I now gave a new cause of offence—one that a woman, proud of her beauty and jealous of its decay, does not easily forgive. I was admired and paid great attention to by the officers, much more attention than she received herself.

"M. Chatenœuf," the officers would say, "you have begotten a daughter much handsomer than yourself." My mother considered this as a polite way to avoid saying that I was much handsomer than she was. If she thought so she did herself a great injustice, for I could not be compared to what she was, when she was of my age. She was even then a most splendid matron. But I had youth in my favour, which is more than half the battle. At all events, the remarks and attentions of the officers roused my mother's spleen, and she was more harsh in language than ever, although I admit that it was but seldom that she resorted to blows.

I recollect that one day, when I was not supposed to be in hearing, one of the officers said to another, "Ma foi, elle est jolie—elle a besoin de deux ans et elle sera parfaite." So childish and innocent was I at that time, that I could not imagine what they meant.

"Why was I to be two years older?" I thought, and puzzled over it till I fell fast asleep. The attentions of the officers, and the flattery he received from them on my account, appeared to have more effect on my father than I could have imagined. Perhaps he felt that I was somebody to be proud of, and his vanity gave him that courage to oppose my mother, which his paternal feelings had not roused. I recollect one instance particularly. There was a great ceremony to be performed in the church, no less than the christening of the two new bells, previous to their being hoisted up in the belfry. The officers told my father that I must be present, and on his return home he stated to my mother his intention of taking me with him on the following day to see the ceremony.

"She can't go—she has no clothes fit to wear," cried my mother.

"Why has she not, madam?" replied my father, sternly. "Let her have some ready for to-morrow, and without fail."

My mother perceived that my father was not to be trifled with, and therefore thought proper to acquiesce. Pity it was that he did not use his authority a little more, after he had discovered that he could regain it if he pleased.

On the following day I accompanied my father, who was one of the officers on duty in the interior of the church, and as he stood in advance of his men, I remained at his side, and of course had a very complete view of the whole ceremony. I was very neatly dressed, and my father received many compliments upon my appearance. At last the ceremony

began. The church was lined with troops to keep back the crowd, and the procession entered the church, the bishop walking under a canopy, attended by the priests, then the banners, and pretty children, dressed as angels, tossing frankincense from silver censers. The two bells were in the centre of the church, both of them dressed in white petticoats, which covered them completely, ornamented with ribbons, and a garland of flowers upon the head of each—if I may so designate their tops. The godmothers, dressed in white as on baptismal ceremonies, and the godfathers in court suits, stood on each side. They had been selected from the *élite* of the families in the town. The organ and the military band relieved each other until the service commenced. The bishop read the formula; the godmothers and godfathers gave the customary security; the holy water was sprinkled over the bells, and thus were they regularly baptised. One was named Eulalie and the other Lucile. It was a very pretty ceremony, and I should have liked to have been present at their "*première communion*" if it ever took place.

My English readers may consider this as a piece of mummery. At the time I did not. As a good Catholic, which I was at that time, and a pretty Frenchwoman, I thought that nothing could be more correct than the *decoration des belles*. I believe that it has always been the custom to name bells—to consecrate them most certainly—and if we call to mind what an important part they perform in our religion, I do not wonder at it. By being consecrated, they receive the rites of the church. Why, therefore, should they not receive the same rites in baptism? But why baptise them? Because they speak to us in many ways, and with their loud tongues express the feelings, and make known the duties imposed upon us. Is there cause for the nation to rejoice, their merry notes proclaim it from afar; in solemn tones they summon us to the house of prayer, to the lifting of the Host, and to the blessing of the priest; and it is their mournful notes which announce to us that one of our generation has been summoned away, and has quitted this transitory abode. Their offices are Christian offices, and therefore are they received into the church.

Chap. III.

An elder sister of my mother's resided at Colmar, and I passed most of my time with her during our stay. When my father's regiment was ordered to Paris, this lady requested that I might remain with her; but my mother refused, telling her sister that she could not, conscientiously as a mother, allow any of her daughters to quit her care for any worldly advantage. That this was mere hypocrisy, the reader will imagine; indeed, it was fully proved so to be in two hours afterwards, by my mother telling my father that if her sister had offered to take Clara, my second sister, she would have consented. The fact was, that the old lady had promised to dower me very handsomely (for she was rich), and my mother could not bear any good fortune to come to me.

We passed through Luneville on our road to Paris, and I saw my dear grandmother for the last time. She requested that I might be left with her, making the same offer as she did before, of leaving me all her property at her death, but my mother would not listen to any solicitation.

Now as our family was now fourteen in number, she surely might, in either of the above instances, have well spared me, and it would have been a relief to my father; but this is certain, that she would not spare me, although she never disguised her dislike, and would, if she had dared, have treated me as she had formerly done. I was very anxious to stay with my dear grandmother. She had altered very much since my grandfather's death, and was evidently breaking up fast; but my mother was inexorable. We continued our route, and arrived at Paris, where we took up our quarters in the barracks close to the Boulevards.

My mother was as harsh as ever, and now recommenced her boxes of the ear—which during the time we were at Colmar had but seldom been applied. In all my troubles I never was without friends. I now made an acquaintance with the wife of the colonel of the regiment who joined us at Paris. She had no children. I imparted all my troubles to her, and she used to console me. She was a very religious woman, and as I had been brought up in the same way by my grandmother, she was pleased to find piety in one so young, and became much attached to me. She had a sister, a widow of large fortune, who lived in the Rue St. Honoré, a very pleasant, lively woman, but very sarcastic when she pleased, and not caring what she said if her feelings prompted her. I constantly met her at the colonel's house, and she invited me to come and see her at her own, but I knew that my mother would not permit me, so I did not ask. As the colonel was my father's superior officer, all attempts to break off my intimacy with her which my mother made, were unavailing, and I passed as usual all my time in any other house except my home.

I have now to record but two more beatings. The reader may think that I have recorded enough already, but as these were the two last, and they were peculiar, I must beg him to allow me so to do. The first beating was given me for the following cause: A very gentlemanlike young officer in the regiment was very particular in his attentions to me. I liked his company, but my thoughts had never been directed towards marriage, for I was too childish and innocent. One morning it appeared that he proposed to my father, who immediately gave his consent, provided that I was agreeable, and this he ventured to do without consulting my mother. Perhaps he thought it a good opportunity to remove me from my mother's persecution. At all events when he made known to her what he had done, and requested her to sound me on the subject, she was in no pleasant humour. When she did so, my reply was (he being a very dark-complexioned man, although well-featured), "Non, maman, je ne veux pas. Il est trop noir."

To my astonishment, my mother flew at me, and I received such an avalanche of boxes on the ears for this reply, that I was glad to make my escape as fast as I could, and locked myself up in my own room. Now I really believe that I was almost a single instance of a young lady having her ears well boxed for refusing to marry a man that she did not care for—but such was my fate.

The treatment I received in this instance got wind in the barracks, and my cause was warmly taken up by every one. Finding myself thus supported, I one day ventured to refuse to do a very menial and unpleasant

office, and for this refusal I received the second beating. It was the last certainly, but it was the most severe, for my mother caught up a hearth-brush and struck me for several minutes such a succession of severe blows, that my face was so disfigured that I was hardly to be recognised, my head cut open in several places, and the blood pouring down me in every direction. At last she left me for dead on the floor. After a time I recovered my recollection, and when I did so, I sprang away from the servants who had been supporting me, and with my hair flying in the wind, and my face and dress streaming with blood, I ran across the barrack-yard to the colonel's house, and entering the room in which she was sitting with her sister, sank at her feet, choaking with the blood which poured out of my mouth.

"Who is it?" exclaimed she, springing up in horror and amazement.

"Valerie—pauvre Valerie," moaned I, with my face on the floor.

They raised me up, sent for the servants, took me into a bedroom, and sent for the surgeon of the regiment, who lived in the barracks. As soon as I was somewhat recovered, I told them that it was my mother's treatment; and I became so excited, that as soon as the surgeon had left the house, I cried,

"Never, madam, will I again enter my father's house; never while I live—if you do not protect me—or if nobody else will—if you send me back again, I will throw myself in the Seine. I swear it as I kneel."

"What is to be done, sister?" said the colonel's wife.

"I will see. At all events, Valerie, I will keep you here a few days till something can be arranged. It is now quite dark, and you shall stay here and sleep on this bed."

"Or the bed of the river," replied I; "I care not if it were that, I should not rise up to misery. I have made a vow, and I repeat, that I never will enter my father's house again."

"My dear Valerie," said the colonel's wife, in a soothing tone.

"Leave her to me, sister," said the other, who was busy arranging my hair now that my wounds had stopped bleeding, "I will talk to her. The colonel will be home directly, and you must receive him."

Madame Allarde, for that was the colonel's wife's name, left the room. As soon as she was gone, Madame d'Albret, her sister, said to me,

"Valerie, I fear that what you have said you will adhere to, and you will throw yourself into the river."

"Yes, if I am taken back again," replied I. "I hope God will forgive me, but I feel I shall, for my mind is overthrown, and I am not sane at times."

"My poor child, you may go back again to your father's house, because my sister and her husband, in their position, cannot prevent it, but believe me, you shall not remain there. As long as I have a home to offer, you shall never want one; but you must listen to me. I wish to serve you and to punish your unnatural mother, and I will do so, but Valerie, you must well weigh circumstances before you decide; I say that I can offer you a home, but recollect life is uncertain, and if it pleases God to summon me, you will have a home no longer. What will you do then?—for you will never be able to return to your father's house."

"You are very kind, madam," replied I, "but my resolution is formed,

and I will work for my daily bread in any way that I can rather than return. Put me but in the way of doing that and I will for ever bless you."

"You shall never work for your bread while I live, Valerie, but if I die, you will have to do something for your own support, and recollect how friendless you will be, and so young."

"Can I be more friendless than I am at home, madame?" replied I, shaking my head mournfully.

"Your father deserves punishment for his want of moral courage as well as your mother," replied Madame d'Albret. "You had better go to bed now, and to-morrow give me your decision."

"To-morrow will make no change, madam," replied I, "but I fear that there is no chance of my escape. To-morrow my father will arrive for me as usual, and—but I have said it. You may preserve my life, madam, but how I know not," and I threw myself down on the bed in despair.

SPANISH BALLADS RELATING TO THE FALL OF DON RODRIGO.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN OXENFORD.

It will be almost needless to repeat the well-known history, that Rodrigo, the last Gothic King of Spain, offended the Count Don Julian, by the violation of his daughter, Florinda (commonly called "the Cava"), and that Julian, being Governor of Mauritania, invited the Arabs into Spain, when they took possession of the country, having defeated Rodrigo in the battle by the River Guadalete, which happened about the year 711.

With respect to the first of the following ballads, which is exceedingly primitive in character, and bears marks of being in a fragmentary condition, it may be observed, that Hercules received a kind of honour in Spain, even after the introduction of Christianity. It is said that, in the eighth century, a temple, or "house (*casa*) of Hercules," was to be found in every one of the principal cities.

The third ballad is considered a comparatively modern work, and abounds in metaphorical language. The more primitive ballads are characterised by the most unadorned simplicity, and are, for the most part, metrical histories rather than "poems," if the latter word is intended to imply a work of literary art.

None of the following ballads have been translated by Mr. Lockhart, though a version of one (*Las huestes del Rey Rodrigo*), on the same subject as that of the third, will be found in his collection of romances. —J. O.

I.

THE OMENS BY WHICH THE RUIN OF SPAIN WAS FORETOLD.

Don Rodrigo, Rey de España, &c.

1.

In the city of Toledo,
Don Rodrigo, King of Spain,
Has declar'd he'll hold a tourney,
To give lustre to his reign.

2.

Sixty thousand noble champions
At the tournament are seen;
When the guests are all assembled,
They are anxious to begin.

3.

But the people of Toledo
 Come, a favour to implore,
That the king will set a padlock
 Upon Hercules' old door—
'Twas an ancient, honour'd custom,
 Of the kings, who reign'd before.

4.

King Rodrigo sets no padlock,
 But to break them all he goes,
Hoping Hercules' old temple
 Will some hidden wealth disclose.

5.

When the house at length he enters,
 There is nothing he can see,
But some characters that tell him,
 "'Tis an evil act for thee*—
By the king, who opes this dwelling,
 All the realm consum'd shall be."

6.

Then they search, and, in a column,
 Find a coffer, richly chas'd,
Which is full of unknown banners,
 With dread figures on them trac'd;
Forms of Arabs upon horseback,
 In their saddles firmly plac'd.

7.

From their necks their swords are hanging,
 Goodly crossbows, too, they bear;
Don Rodrigo looks no further,
 For his heart is struck with fear.

8.

From the sky there came an eagle,†
 And the house in flame was lost;
But the king, to conquer Afric,
 Soon despatch'd a num'rous host.

9.

Four and twenty thousand warriors
 Were to Count Don Julian sent;
When Don Julian had embark'd them,
 On the faithless sea he went.

10.

And two hundred sailing vessels,
 With an hundred of the oar,
With the total force were founder'd,
 Save four thousand men—no more.‡

II.

WRATH OF DON JULIAN, AT HEARING OF HIS DAUGHTER'S DISHONOUR.

O canas ignominiosas! &c.

1.

"Old gray hairs, ye are dishonour'd!"
 Thus Tarifa's lord exclaims;
"Ye are anger'd into vengeance,
 For the king your whiteness shames."

2.

To the wind his hair he scatters,
 White as polish'd silver thread,
Which he plucks, with ruthless fingers,
 From his hoary beard and head.

3.

Then he strikes his face so rev'rend,
 Whence two living fountains flow,
And, their copious torrents pouring,
 Only multiply his woe.

4.

Now the ground he eyes, offended;
 Now he lifts his hands on high;
As a witness to his sorrow
 He invokes the starry sky.

5.

"Wretched lot to be dishonour'd!
 Fatal blight upon me cast!
'Twas the action of a villain,
 All nobility to blast.

6.

"To thy passion, heedless monarch,
 Such a servant could'st thou be,
That thou dard'st to wrong my daughter,
 And to heap disgrace on me?

7.

"By that Pow'r my arm who weaken'd—
 May a just revenge be giv'n!
Oh! his pray'r is surely righteous,
 Who for justice prays to Heav'n.

8.

"Let none start who hear of vengeance
 Such as ne'er before was known;
For the king who wrongs his subjects,
 Makes them traitors to his throne.

* The Spanish books say, "Rey *has* sido por tu mal," but I have adopted the suggestion of M. Damas Hinard, who has made a collection of these romances in French, and substitutes "Rey, *ha* sido por tu mal."

† There is such an abruptness in the narrative here, that, with the "Spanish Refugee," who edited "Depping's Collection in London," we may assume a gap—J. O.

‡ Sino cuatro mil no mas.—J. O.

9.
" And, by Heav'n! this foul dishonour
Shall to Spain destruction bring—
This dishonour to my lineage,
By that most unworthy king.

10.
" For the vices of their monarch
Shall his guiltless subjects pay;
Aye, a land can hope no better,
When a tyrant holds the sway.

11.
" Tyrants, oft, are means of vengeance
Us'd by an Almighty hand;
Sylla thus, and Marius also,
Were the scourges of their land.

12.
" Were some other course afforded,
This, God knows! I would not take;
But some action, less atrocious,
Should my thirst for vengeance slake.

13.
" There is none; so, through Tarifa,
Let the Moor invade the soil;
Let him plunder, waste, and murder—
Aye, my own fair lands despoil.

14.
" Now the wheel of fate is turning;
Good or ill may come at last;
There is none can check the rolling
Of the die that once is cast.

15.
" Traitor king—by word and action
Thou may'st strive—'tis all in vain;
For thy sceptre, life, and honour,
As a forfeit shall be ta'en.

16.
" There's an end to all his pleasures;
There's an end to foul excess;
Though he fancied not a mortal
Could his evil deeds repress.

17.
" Gracious God! thou hold'st a balance—
All unrighteous acts it weighs—
Look, in pity, on my suff'ring—
'Tis an aged man that prays."

18.
Thus complains the Count Don Julian,
As he reads the fatal words
In the letter, from the Cava,
Which her heavy wrong records.

III.

RODRIGO AFTER THE BATTLE OF GUADALETE.

Cuando las pintadass Aves, &c.

1.
When the gay-plum'd birds are silent,
And the earth lies still to hear
How the rivers gently murmuring
To the sea their tribute bear;—

2.
When some star perchance is shining
With a dim and scanty light,
And its radiance sadly sparkles
Through the silence of the night;—

3.
Cover'd with a lowly raiment,
As a more secure attire
Than the crown—which all men covet,
Than the wealth—which all desire;

4.
And of all the proud insignia
Of his royalty bereft,
Which through love and fear of dying
Are by Guadalete left;—

5.
Little like that Gothic monarch,
Who rode proudly to the fight,
While his raiment with the jewels
Which his sword had gain'd was bright;—

6.
But with armour partly broken,
And in many places bent,
While his blood and that of others
O'er its surface is besprent;—

7.
And his hair with dust is matted,
And there's dust upon his brow
As an emblem of his fortunes,
Which in dust are crumbled now;—

8.
And his weary horse, Orelia,
Which, exhausted by the toil,
Is with difficulty breathing,
And has often kiss'd the soil,

9.
Through the mournful plains of Xeres,
Now a Gilboa of woes,
Over mountains, woods, and valleys,
In his flight Rodrigo goes.*

* It will be perceived that the sentence which begins with the ballad does not terminate till here, "Rodrigo" being the subject.—*J. O.*

10.
Gloomy visions flitting by him,
To his timid eye appear,
And a noise confus'd of battle
Falls with terror on his ear.

11.
Thus he knows not where to turn him,
Every sight is one of fear;
Shall he look to anger'd heaven?
No; its wrath he cannot bear.

12.
To the ground? 'Tis his no longer,
By a foreign foot 'tis press'd:
Shall he seek then for a shelter
In the thoughts that fill his breast?

13.
No;—a field of fiercer battle
In his tortur'd bosom lies,
And the Goth records his sorrows,
Speaking thus, through tears and sighs;—

14.
"Thou unfortunate Rodrigo,
Oh, how happy had'st thou been
If, as now thou swiftly fliest,
Thou had'st fled before from sin,

15.
"And when ardent love assail'd thee,
Thou such weakness had'st not shown;
Of thy Gothic race unworthy,—
Most unworthy of thy crown.

16.
"Then thy Spain her ancient glory
And her power had still retain'd;—
Spain that now is prostrate lying
On the ground her blood has stain'd.

17.
"Oh, my lady-foe, so lovely,
Whom to Helen I compare,
All were well, had I been sightless,
Or had'st thou been born less fair.

18.
"For the flint-stone was thy beauty,
And the steel was my desire;
Thus the fatal spark was kindled
Which has set the world on fire.*

19.
Oh thou traitor, Count Don Julian,
Thou wert wrong'd by me alone,
And 'twas acting most unjustly,
Thus to punish ev'ry one.

20.
"Had'st thou slain me with thy poignard,
Then thy vengeance had been just;
When the traitor is a coward,
Do some dastard act he must.

21.
"Nee'r by me the Moor was injur'd,
That the Moor should take thy part.
Oh, I wish this pointed dagger
Drew the false blood from thy heart."

22.
Here Rodrigo's rage o'erpower'd him,
Or he further still had said,
But his anger check'd his utt'rance,
And his words, ere spoke, were stay'd.

23.
Dead had fall'n his horse Orelia,
From the corse his limbs he rais'd,
And his saddle for a pillow,
Till the darkness fled, he placed,—

24.
Saying, "Farewell, now, my country;
Thou the Arab must obey."
Waiting for the hateful morning
By his faithful horse he lay.

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* A verse is here omitted from Depping's version, and two or three according to other readings.—*J. O.*

A SUMMER IN RUSSIA.

Chap. I.

THE DEPARTURE—VOYAGE—AND ARRIVAL.

———A Palmer come
From Salem first, and last from Rome,
One who hath kiss'd the blessed tomb,
And visited each holy shrine
In Araby and Palestine. Marmion.

Cæstuat infelix augusto limite mundi.

Motives for visiting Russia—A grateful Tribute to the G. S. N. Company—Beds and Commons equally *short*—Hamburg without a Phœnix—The Baltic Sea and Sky—Illustrations of *La Jeune France* on board—Non-existence of night, and Annihilation of Time—Cronstadt—The Neva and its Banks—First View of Petersburg—A Jeremiade on Hotels—The *Retreat* of Napoleon—A Rehearsal for Oregon.

Having wandered, in a long series of years, over nearly the whole of Europe; having swooped upon Africa, from Tangiers to Alexandria, and having performed a reasonable pilgrimage—and not a mere return-ticket, or "Boomerang" tour of Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor, I began to feel that my geography would be incomplete if I did not include Russia within, what old "Chartists" used to call their "projection," and that, until I had achieved it, I should not be entitled to sit down and "weep for worlds to conquer."

This consideration was kept more vividly before me, as, in each of my rambles, my path was invariably crossed by Russians, with whom I fell into communication upon the physical, social, and political state of their marvellous fatherland; and I thus endeavoured to enlighten the rather dim conceptions which the majority of Britons, relying on Clarke and other writers, are apt to entertain of it, as something connected with book-binding and bear's-grease, and with a tendency, on the part of the nobles, to *knout* their serfs to death, when dyspeptic after a surfeit upon their ordinary diet of tallow-candles.

I have climbed the rocky ladder of an Andalusian Sierra on a Barb; I have inhaled sour-krout and meerschaums in an airless German eil-wagen, amid green-eyed and yellow-haired Burschen; I have, in the extreme viridity of *unwrinkled* boyhood, *bloused*, and knapsacked it, on foot, throughout the whole chain of the Alps, reckless of rheumatism, wrung withers, and (*pace* Lord George Bentinck) of protection for my *corn;* I have day-dreamed lazily over a bubbling *narghilé*, while towed by an India-rubber-looking team of stark-naked Nubians against the broad-breast of the brimming Nile; I have oscillated with a convulsed spine, and a head *mandarining* in involuntary politeness upon the top-most boss of a wild Bedouin camel, and, in all these various plights, it has been my fate to encounter Muscovites, eagerly availing themselves of the short and uncertain permission to travel, which their Tsar had vouchsafed to them.

I thereupon became curious to see even portions of a country which contains representatives of every race and clime upon earth, from the web-footed Finn to the flat-nosed Tartar, from the ice-bergs of the White Sea to the sunny *steppes* which slope to the Euxine, and to study, as

far as a brief glance would permit, the anomalous combination of European civilization with the sternest Oriental despotism. Consequently, one summer's night found me, sandwiched between two friends, in a *tribus, en route* to the Hamburg steamer, which we had chartered with a courier professedly strong in Sclavonic, with letters of introduction to every possible authority in Russia, and a well-selected supply of modern travelling notions, of which the Mackintosh bed was the most prominent; and no one, except the Sybarite,

> Who ne'er has couch'd his balsam'd crown
> On harder prop than Gillow's down,

can fail to do justice to this elastic substratum, which not only secures freedom from damp, but furnishes no sheltering cover to attract the too lively society, which is apt to intrude upon the stranger's place of rest.

This latter exemption is of the utmost importance in the East, and in those countries, in which Oriental blood and habits predominate; for *there* the simple act of lying down is considered by the whole insect world as an invitation to a ball and supper, and the distempered sufferer is alternately danced and browsed upon by a myriad of monsterlings, who unite the activity of Perrot to the appetite of Ude—the man of *entrées*—who, alas! has just made his final *exit*.

Nothing soothes the pang of leaving England like the step-mother treatment, which she inflicts upon you through the medium of the General Steam Navigation Company. The vessels are generally freighted with festering hides, or some such "sweets of Saba's rifled spring," and roll fearfully in the smoothest water. The *berths* throw some light upon their own etymology, for they are so short and narrow, that when once coiled and doubled within them, you cannot possibly *regenerate* yourself without the obstetric assistance of the steward, and this antagonist combination of cramp and motion suggests no comparison, less uncomfortable, than that of an *apple-pie* bed in an earthquake. The diet is a study rather for the geologist than the anatomist, and such is the uncouth shape of the joints, and the hardness of their substance, that Buckland himself might mistake them for fossilized segments of some antediluvian variety of the jackass. Let us suppose that we are freed from these miseries, and ashore at Hamburg—to me a civic Proteus—as I have thrice seen it under different forms: first, the "reliquias Danaûm atque immitis Achillei"—all that had survived the French and Davoust; secondly, immediately after the great fire, when it presented the aspect of a Phlegræan plain—a waste of smouldering ashes, studded with the blackened remnants of tottering ruins; and thirdly, rising in renewed youth and beauty, I trust not *alite lugubri*. I spare any poetry about a Phœnix, in forbearance to the feelings of the company bearing that classical name, which was severely mulcted by the pressure of insurance.

Pass we over the weary bump through Holstein, and the provocations of money-changers and passport-officials at Lubeck, and let us tread the deck of the Alexandra steamer at Travemünde, whose signal bell has just launched us on the lake-like expanse of the tideless Baltic. The deep azure of the Mediterranean is apt to shake one's allegiance to the fresh-green of the open ocean, but the pale *Vanderveldesque* tint of this inland sea, though in harmony with its Quakerish skies, and drab colouring, awakes no enthusiasm. Besides, when meditations on the marine picturesque are abruptly dispelled by a summons to dinner below,

and you are recalled from Stanfield to Harvey, you find that these unshrinking and brackish waters produce no fish worth its sauce.

The dinner-table—as the sea was smoother than the majority of railroads—mustered the whole of our fellow-passengers, the greater part of whom were quiet, unfeatured merchants and bankers belonging to Hamburg and Petersburg, who had been blended by their intercourse with people of all nations into a cosmopolite fusion of national and professional characteristics. Among them, however, were sprinkled a few Russian countesses, one of whom, regardless of the already rising gorge of several acidulated bachelors, treated us to a liberal exhibition of maternal tenderness, and ministered publicly to the thirst of her pendent babe, who visibly bloated like a leech under the decanting process.

The celebrated Bavarian architect—the Baron von Klenze—a gentlemanlike, unpretending, and well-informed man, was utterly scandalised at two Frenchmen who, though unknown to each other, and of widely different rank, instantly fraternized, and fell into a sympathetic jabber. The one, a young Bordelais *commis-voyageur*, was a favourable specimen of his class, being full of noise, swagger, fun, good-humour, and vulgarity, with anecdotes and snatches of *argôt* in prose and verse, the most prudish of which would have *dispersed* Paul de Kock. The other scion of La Jeune France, a *Vicomte* and *gamin de Paris*, not satisfied with chorussing his respectable compatriot, finally jumped upon the roof of the round-house, and proceeded to deliver some graces of his own prurient invention, the supplemental steps of the last cancan, piously termed by him *Les bizarreries de David*, which undoubtedly would have ensured his immediate ejection by a gendarme, even from the *bal Montesquieu* in unprejudiced Paris. When exhausted by the "poetry of motion," he flung himself flat on his back, and threw off horizontally a series of *chat-huant* howls, until the increasing motion of the vessel providentially silenced him, by giving a fresh direction to his internal efforts.

It is impossible to conceive any thing more ludicrously savage, than the expression of countenance, with which a Russian government courier (a gaunt and stern mute, professing to speak no language but his native barbarism), scowled upon these atrocities, as his eye followed the fugitive Gaul through his astounding *caprioles*, and, if the "bashful stranger" is not at the present moment engaged in quarrying Malachite in Siberia, he cannot attribute the omission to any want of attention on the part of the official who, doubtless, immediately upon landing, did the most ample justice to this importation of novel accomplishments, in his report to the secret police. Even the placable architectural baron shrugged his shoulders and growled, "Comme c'est abimant, ce ton de cabaret!"

We lingered late on deck, but not until night, which becomes a sort of Greek Kalends, or celestial Mrs. Harris in these latitudes at the present season. The effect of this ceaseless light is very remarkable. With us the twilight of morning and evening is of short duration, and is momentarily susceptible of progress and variety. The ruddy glow of the sun's disc, when he sinks below the horizon, pales slowly into a grey tinge, which in turn fades into the gradations of shadowy dimness and blank darkness; and, when "daylight does appear" (to quote the most popular of British classics), the mists melt before the rapid advance and expanding brightness of rosy morn. But here all is clear, clay-cold, and changeless. The more southern sunsets and dawns suggest the idea of dying and coming into life, but the northern heavens exhibit the realisa-

tion of death; for the chalky, unshaded objects stand out in hard relief against the chill sky, with all the rigid angularity of a corpse.

Books, cigars, and a rubber easily cheat the long days afloat, particularly as the Swedish Islands of Oland, and Gothland, and the low coasts of Russia, bordering on the Gulf of Riga, from time to time amused the eye. The weather favoured us throughout the voyage, and eighty-two hours' steaming brought us to an anchor off Cronstadt, precisely in one week from the Tower Stairs; though the old style being still observed in Russia, we found that we had outstripped the pace of the electric telegraph, and had achieved our *trajet* in considerably less than *no* time, as, upon our arrival, it still wanted five days of the date of our departure, according to the British calendar—a balance which we forthwith placed to our travelling credit.

The Neva is literally studded with batteries, which occupy a cluster of small islands; as they rise from the level of the water, with two or three tiers of bristling port-holes, they present the appearance of huge floating fortresses, intermingled with the Russian fleet, which we found moored in line, awaiting the inspection of the Tsar. The vessels were all in their smartest trim—their yards mathematically squared—their gear "all a taut o"—and the dressing of the line as straight as if Britannia herself had been specially retained for the nonce to "rule the waves."

Nothing can exceed the weary and purposeless delay of passports at Cronstadt, and our patience had worn thread-bare, when at length we were transhipped into a small steamer, as the river is very shallow in its only practicable channel, and affords the best defence to the capital, if any European power were insane enough to attempt the capture of so unprofitable a possession.

As we threaded the tortuous stream, the soundings of which are marked out by stakes, the right bank showed a succession of parks, palaces, and villas; Oranienbaum, Peterhoff, and its smaller offsets; but the elevation is trifling, and the vegetation monotonous and grave, as the rigour of this stern climate and inhospitable soil only relaxes in favour of the pine tribe and the birch; on the left boundary—for it barely deserves the title of bank—the level coast, which forms the stripe of demarcation between the sea and sky, is not more defined than the sash of a plate-glass window, or the equinoctial line, as represented by a horse-hair introduced into the telescope of a credulous landsman by a playful middy. The distant city fringes the water, like Amsterdam or Venice, whose amphibious existence probably suggested its foundation, but a nearer approach brings out the peculiarities of Russian architecture; and the pointed spires of the Admiralty and the arsenal, the cupola of the Isaac church, and the domes of innumerable buildings, either flashing with burnished gold, or brightly-coloured with green and blue, strike the eye as barbaric novelties.

As the steamer clove her way towards the landing-place through a crowd of boats, manned by filthy-bearded *mujiks*, we opened the full broad river, traversed by a bridge of boats, framed with quays of massive granite, and bounded on either side by a perspective of public buildings, all exhibiting some pretension to architecture, chiefly Grecian, and of a dazzling white colour.

The custom-house was easily and quickly escaped, and we were treated with marked civility by a decorated official who, I suspect, founded his politeness upon the view of our uniforms, and the direction of letters ad-

dressed to the chiefs of various departments. We drove immediately to our quarters, which we had unfortunately pre-ordered at Coulon's hotel, a house of correction, kept by a Frenchman named Napoleon; and I doubt if his immortal namesake and compatriot suffered more from starvation and hardship in his retreat after Moscow, than ourselves during our happily-short bivouac in his filthy and cheerless apartments, whose sole furniture consisted of beds and sofas, designed less for repose than for the *pursuit* of entomology in all its branches. And now let me, parenthetically, press upon any future traveller the necessity of locating himself under the cleanly roof of either of our countrywomen—Mrs. Wilson or Miss Benson, where at least they will find a liveable table, an undisputed occupation of their beds, and a *lacquais de place*, conscious of other tongues than the Sclavonic. These blessings are, I admit, occasionally tempered by the presence of British and Yankee captains of merchantmen—the former, though rough and coarse, are generally good-humoured and intelligent in their profession, and struggle to observe the simpler decencies of civilisation, but some of the genuine "repooderators" absolutely out-*Trollope* the most elastic estimate of even Oregon society.

Whether it be owing to the very small influx of foreigners, or the indisposition of native travellers to take up their quarters in hotels, I know not, but it is a sad fact, that this vast and pretentious city does not furnish a single shelter, which would be thought tolerable in a German village, with the exception of the two purely-English boarding-houses, which are a shade above a Wapping ordinary; and when to this total absence of cleanliness and comfort, is added a list of charges which would provoke a remonstrance at the Clarendon, it is not to be wondered at, if the fleeced and flayed victim, more sinned against than sinning, in that he is conscious of having, in his own person, furnished more diet than his nausea has allowed him to consume, should, on his escape, shake the dust indignantly from his feet.

CHAP. II.

THE CAPITAL AND ITS CHARACTERISTICS.

Compulsory Hospitality of the Bear to the Lion—Panorama of the City—Principal Public Objects—Pretentious Grandeur—Paltry Materials, and unsuitable Architecture—Frills and Façades—Newski Perspective—Contrast of Equipages—Four-*wheeled* Cob—Amount of Population—Prevalence of Uniforms, Orders, and Cloaks in the Streets—Costumes of Men and Women—The latter rare—The dignified Droski and the *brusque* 'Bus.

It is not my intention to inflict upon the casual reader a street directory or pocket-atlas of Petersburg, as all its buildings have undergone the pen and pencil, but merely to touch lightly upon the more prominent features, and to record the impression of objects, as they meet the eye. It was with this view that we took an extensive drive on the first day after our arrival, making, at the same time, an opportunity of delivering our numerous letters, which fructified in an incredibly short time, and relieved us from all further care in the disposition of our movements, as despotism here extends to society, and prescribes your pleasures. In a word, a sentence of invitation to dinner, and of banishment to the Caucasus, is equally an *ukase*.

At first the British lion rather revolts at this extinction of his free will, but, as soon as the novelty of being abstracted from oneself has blunted its keen edge, one experiences an indolent satisfaction in drifting along

the unruffled, but irresistible current of hospitality, regardless of its direction, and one bows to the inevitable fatalism, without even a feeling of curiosity, *quid sit futurum cras.*

An hour's tour of the principal squares and streets, or rather street—for the Newski perspective is the representative of the capital, forces at once upon the mind the conclusion that the existence of a city and its population in this region, is not the natural result of advantages of soil, climate, position, and national interest, but is the exotic creation of the stern, unyielding will of its extraordinary founders. There are, doubtless, some noble monuments of human triumph over physical difficulties. The English quay is a worthy avenue to lead the stranger to the Isaac church, which, though somewhat cumbrous, is massive and grand, and the exclusion of all perishable materials in its construction (for granite, marble, porphyry, jasper, and metal are its sole elements), is a conception proud almost to defiance.

This, when finished, will be the most gorgeous temple ever raised for the celebration of the Greek ritual, without excepting Santa Sophia at Constantinople. The stone bridge now in progress is a bold design for spanning the explosive icebergs, which annually threaten the destruction of the city at the breaking up of the frost.

The shaft of the Alexander column is, in spite of a flaw produced by the severity of the temperature, the finest *perpendicular* monolith I ever saw. The equestrian statue of Peter the Great, is finely poised on its solid base—a single boulder—and his attitude is majestic and benign, however inappropriate the latter expression may be to the despotic drunkard, who caroused over the murder of the Strelitzes, and, in his soberer moods, deliberately planned the judicial murder of his only son, pursuing his hostility even to the grave, for his victim "sleeps beneath a traceless stone."

The interminable alignment of the Winter Palace, and the Hermitage, is, unquestionably, very striking; but the elevation is in the corrupt style of the latter days of Louis Quartorze, and the long flat frontage, unrelieved by adequate projections, looks as if it had been dressed into line by a drill-serjeant, at the time when the severe old Prussian system—aptly called the *manual*—was transplanted into this congenial soil. All these various objects, however, necessarily lose an important portion of their general effect, from the immeasurable expanses—the sandy *steppes*, called *places*—which surround them; for the eye wanders vaguely in search of some standard of comparison. The Kazan cathedral, externally, must be confessed to be a rather paltry parody upon St. Peter's; internally, the superb granite columns, the gorgeous screen of its Eikonast, or shrine, the collection of standards and eagles, and the marshal's baton of Davoust—the *spolia opima* of Gaul, Pole, Turk, Persian, and Circassian, —and, above all, the grave of the gallant Kutusoff, give it an interest independent of its mere proportions. The Michaely palace has the best façade of all the imperial residences, a magnificent staircase, and some finely-proportioned and well-disposed reception-rooms, the ground-plan of which was transmitted, but without any beneficial result, to George the Fourth.

In this list, small though it be, are embraced nearly all the objects, which can be said to harmonise with the principles of taste, which regulate the fine arts elsewhere; for nothing can be more preposterous and inconsistent, than the majority of the public buildings, and when to this

confusion of architectural pretension, is added poverty of material, the boasted grandeur of Petersburg will not bear the garish eye of day; you must "go visit it by the pale moonlight," if you wish to avoid seeing, with too critical an eye, plaster scaling from the white-washed walls, and frost-cracks rending the painted wooden columns. This braggart paltriness, and gaudy flimsiness, is worthy of the property-room of a company of strollers; and, indeed, the shabby-genteel porticoes, which are tacked on to every second house, quite irrespectively of its destination, must have suggested the first idea of the protuberant "dress-fronts," which the Strand windows purvey to "gents," as a mask to their shirtless insolvency. So much for the general aspect, at a first view. There are many points of resemblance between Petersburg and Berlin; both were erected in situations destitute of any of the inducements which ordinarily attract congregations of men, by the obstinacy and vanity of Peter and Frederick—great men notwithstanding—who were determined to raise by magic, as Solomon did at Tadmor, the semblance of proud capitals, in spite of heaven and earth, the climate and the soil, and the absence of fitting materials. Hence the wide and vacant streets, the scattered buildings, and the pitiful substitution of mouldering plaster for marble, stone, or even the rich red, mediæval brick, which has been used so happily at Munich, in the new revivals of the Byzantine school.

These huge, staring masses of raw whitewash, have the air of gigantic models, abandoned on the site intended to be hereafter occupied by more substantial structures. Besides, it is impossible not to feel the inapplicability of this style of architecture to a climate calculated only for polar bears, which allows but three months of doubtful summer for breathing the open air. The solid, though grotesque, Tartar-Arabo-Chinese designs of the ancient Russians, would be far better suited to resist the natural inclemencies, and to maintain some semblance of national characteristics in the metropolitan city.

The Newski perspective, which is in itself an epitome of life in Petersburg, stretches some three miles in length, from the Admiralty—that most inconvenient and unsightly interruption of the continuous prolongation of the noble quays—to the bleak marshes, which reach the very suburbs. Its great width is divided by three parallel lines of wooden pavement, affording an even and noiseless *roulage*, and *here* the stranger forms his estimate of equipage, dress, and manners. The original droski (for a variety of Europeanised hybrids have lately interloped) is something between a saddle and a *causeuse* chair on wheels, which, in fine weather is an agreeable and rapid *monture*, and when well turned out, with its arch (*douga*), bells, and curvetting outrigger, has a very good effect.

As to the vehicles of greater pretension, the mere week which had elapsed since our departure from London, had not effaced from our recollection the sleek-jowled, plump coachman, broadly overflowing his hammer-cloth, the gigantic footman, pendulous behind, with legs bulbous as a balustrade, bursting through their fleshy stockings, the smooth, silent, carriage, the harness plain, but perfect in its material and workmanship, and the glossy horses, matched with a complete identity of size, shape, and step. We consequently were unable to appreciate thoroughly a turn-out, which displayed a heavy lumbering coach, radiant with coats of arms upon gilt shields, a "cemetery" team of four long-tailed blacks, the leaders *lassoed*, rather than harnessed, half a verst in advance, and at the mercy of a shrieking abortion—more diminutive than any of our own tiger*let*

weanlings—who is swaddled in long clothes (a caftan reaching to his heels), and perched upon the off-horse; while the wheelers are worked by a fixed and motionless *mujik*, wearing a low-crowned, broad-banded, and buckled hat, and a dark blue robe, girt with a leather strap round his waist, the point, to which his flowing beard usually descends; the reins of green worsted bell-rope, being fastened behind his back, and held with stiff, outstretched arms. There is, however, nothing of shabbiness or carelessness in either machine, man, boy, or beast, and setting British prejudice aside, which is always too easily provoked by any foreign *attelage*, the traveller will be disposed to admit, that the whole equipage harmonizes well, and has a consistent air of comfort, wealth, and even dignity.

The signs of the shops, from their size, gilding, and colouring, dazzle the eye in every direction, and there is an evident competition, on the part of the shopkeepers to startle the passengers' attention, just as our rival theatres strive to outvie each other, upon the dead walls of London, by the monstrous novelties and gorgeous style of their gigantic "posters," and the first introduction to a new and multitudinous alphabet, increases the bewilderment.

The number of soldiers, as compared with the rest of the population, exceeds even that of Berlin, and every step brings you into collision with a *decoré*, wearing orders in such ludicrous profusion, that they are usually spitted, like Dunstable larks, upon a small rod horizontally attached to the breast. It is popularly stated that the inhabitants, exclusive of the military, amount to nearly four hundred thousand souls; but this must be a flattering census, framed to sooth the imperial ear; for though the vast spaces, which are designed to expand this city into something like the legitimate area of a capital, undoubtedly lessen the effect of numbers moving in the streets, yet after making all allowances, the comparative desolation of its blank *pavé* forbids any such estimate, particularly when one recollects that, for three-quarters of the year no one stirs abroad, except those who are compelled to risk their profiles; for I am *instructed*, as a barrister reluctant to father his facts would say, that in the utmost intensity of cold noses are habitually found in the skirt pockets of their owners, if their handkerchiefs happen unfortunately to have been called into requisition.

Another peculiarity is observable among the *employés* of every grade, from the general and his aide-de-camp, flashing past in a proud three-a-breast droski, to the government courier, holding grimly the sides of his jolting *kibitka* (a sort of light cart, without springs), namely, that though the sun, at noon in summer, apes the south in its power, a huge cloak is invariably clasped closely round their necks. In Spain this custom covereth a multitude of sins, and is founded upon pride—an unwillingness to betray the tattered wardrobe—as the wearer is generally *en cuerpo* beneath his voluminous mantle, but *here* the uniforms are often rich, and always neat and tidy, and the only reason that I can assign for it, is that the officers' wish to maintain a hardy character of impassibility, and to boast, as did the border knight, that

Alike to them is time or tide,
December's snow or July's pride.

A few hours reconcile the stranger to the beards of the mujiks, though his first impression is, that the lost tribes of Israel have been recovered, and a consequent *pulk* of old clothesmen let loose upon the devoted town. The long hair cut horizontally round the nape of the neck, harmonizes well with the flowing robes. The clothing and boots of the men

of the lower orders are of good, sound materials, and in better repair than those of a similar class in almost every large city of Europe. A remnant of oriental manners, or the preponderance of men in a capital, which depends solely upon the imperial residence, and therefore assembles so large a proportion of subordinate officers and hangers-on may probably account for the rare appearance of native women; for the greater part of the few you encounter are evidently foreigners.

There is something very slovenly, slouching, and shapeless, in the costume of the softer sex here, and the custom of tramping, in huge heavy boots, produces a long stride and a drawling gait, peculiarly unfeminine. The *bonnes*, however, must be excepted, who wear on their heads a tiara of pasteboard, covered with gold and silk embroidery, in the shape of an inverted bonnet, or the mural crown, worn by female impersonations of cities, as represented on coins, and this, I believe is a relic of the old court head-dress.

No Frenchman—I do not allude to the *cancanesque brusquerie* of the age of Joinville, but to the minuet days of Louis Quartorze—could execute a more courteous and studied salute than the droski-drivers invariably interchange when they meet, a rather ludicrous contrast to the uplifted elbow and colloquial cross-fire of compliments usually bandied between a "bus" and an "Ansom" in our own polished Piccadilly.

Chap. III.

THE TSAR AND HIS FLEET.

The Pilgrim deem'd he ne'er had seen
A prince of such a noble mien.
As he who own'd this royal state—
The dreaded chief, whose word was fate. Scott.

Ukase to appear at Peterhoff—Amiability of the Minister of *The Interior*—Presentation to the Grand Duke Michael and the Tsar—Nicholas a German in blood—Parenthesis on Social Despotism—The Imperial Steamer and its Freight—Baptism of a Battery—Physiology of an Imperial Kiss—German Philanthropy—Review of the Fleet—United Service—Identity of Grenadiers with Mizen-top-men—The Baltic unfit for a Naval Power.

Having thus mastered the leading features of street life in Petersburg, we returned late at night to our hotel, and found that a summons had reached our quarters, from a high official, desiring our appearance the next morning very early at *Peterhoff*, the Russian Windsor, or Versailles, where the court was then residing. We were aware that some public ceremonies were to take place, but nothing to this effect was stated in our invitation, nor were we apprised either of the amount or duration of hospitality intended for us. I notice this as unlike the custom of other countries, where a formal presentation precedes any intercourse, but *here* the members of the imperial family, when foreigners are recommended by letter to the confidential ministers, waive all the *gêne* of etiquette, and adopt the simple ease of private life and equal intimacy.

Accordingly, after a two hours' drive of twenty-five versts (about sixteen miles), through a succession of villas, half cockney, half German, but without any national features, we found ourselves at the door of the chamber-

lain, in the palace of Peterhoff, and were immediately directed to our quarters, a very handsome suite of chambers in one wing of the building. A sort of guide and fugleman was assigned to us, and we were apprised that the master of the house and the maitre-d'hotel would minister to our requirements in their respective departments. The nauseous recollection of the garbage, which we had left untasted on the table of our host at daybreak, rendered the services of the latter peculiarly acceptable, and we came to the conclusion, that whatever difference of opinion might exist, as to the domestic polity of Russia, that *we*, at least, had no reason to complain of the minister "of the interior."

It was announced that at eleven o'clock we were expected at the jetty of Peterhoff, as the emperor intended to receive us on board his steamer. At the appointed hour we took our station on the pier, and were presently accosted by a tall, fine-looking man, of course in uniform, who shook hands with us cordially, and welcomed us to Russia—in a moment afterwards an aide-de-camp came up, saluted and addressed him as *Monseigneur*, from which, as well as from his age, and a general family resemblance, we inferred correctly, that it was the Grand Duke Michael.

The roll of carriages, the waving of feathers, and the clatter of swords, shortly afterwards announced a greater *Avatar*, and at the head of a staff, blazing with embroidery and orders, and surrounded by the princesses of his family, and their attendant ladies, advanced the Tsar, and never was mortal created more fitted to look, and fill the high, but awful part, to which Providence has called him. I had frequently seen him before, but either in the guise of a hurried traveller, upon the highways of Europe, or alone, as a mere guest, at foreign courts. On this occasion, however, as he stepped forth from amongst all that were high in birth, official station, and historical fame, the noblest and proudest of his vassals, I was inexpressibly struck by the calm dignity of his bearing, and felt that he was indeed an autocrat, entitled to boast, far more than the restless melodramatic Napoleon, "Moi! je suis le trône." The Russians are very proud of him, and triumphantly instance him as a contradiction to the imputation of ugliness, generally, and justly fastened upon the Muscovite race. But alas! Nicholas is almost a pure German in blood, for though tenth in *succession* to Peter the Great,—thanks to assassination, which has been well defined to be the natural death of Russian rulers—he is only fourth in *descent* from him. Now the house of Romanoff is itself of German derivation; Catherine, Peter's empress, was a Livonian, and consequently of Teutonic origin, and the three subsequent alliances from which he springs, were with princesses of the houses of Holstein-Gottorp, Anhalt-Zerbst, and Wirtemberg. In the next generation this infusion of blood will be yet more strengthened, for not only is his empress German, but his brothers, his sisters, his son, his daughters, and his niece, have all chosen their moieties in Deutschland, or its offset, Holland.

This, however, is a parenthesis. Returning our salute, he approached us, asked a few civil general questions as to our journey, and intentions, and invited us to embark on board his steamer, as it was his intention to be present at the inauguration and benediction of a fort on the Neva, and afterwards to review the fleet at anchor off Cronstadt.

The contrast between this simplicity of manner, and the pomp and circumstance with which he was surrounded, seemed to sustain very

happily the idea of his supremacy over the outwork of forms and etiquette, which "hedges" other sovereigns, and would appear to have been invented, from a fear that their majesty is of too thin and frail a texture to bear collision with the lower world. The day was warm and beautiful, and the sun looked complacently down on the brilliant assemblage, which included the Cesarewitch and his princess, the Grand Duchess Olga, Prince Charles of Prussia, and Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, the one brother, and the other brother-in-law of the empress, the Duke of Leuchtenberg (son-in-law), and all the cabinet ministers, with generals and admirals *à discretion*—among whom were names connected with the darkest and brightest pages of Russian history—Orloff, Menschikoff, and Nesselrode.

These details are not given in the spirit of a court newsman, but merely to mark the difference of manners; for however despotic the principles of the political constitution may be, the social system is administered upon a footing almost of equality. The Tsar, the Grand Duke, and princes, moved about the deck in easy conversation with the nearest to them, and the whole had more the air of a party of pleasure among intimates of the same rank, than that of a court and a ministry summoned to attend a solemn national ceremony. This to be sure is one of the advantages of despotism, that those who are admitted to the "molles aditus," are never likely to abuse their privileges, in the presence of an irresponsible monarch, who can execute, without control, his merest caprice or his most innocent subject; for they begin early to school themselves, and place their language and bearing under such strict discipline, that they move easily in their fetters, and, from the force of habit, play fearlessly round the "patte de velours," confident of not provoking a sudden display of the talons; while on the other hand a constitutional sovereign, who has no weapon to wield, but the "brutum fulmen," the empty threat of exclusion from the hospitalities of the court, naturally fears, by descending to familiarity, to abandon a vantage ground, which he might be unable to recover, and keeps at a distance those who are repressed by no stronger check than a sense of courtesy, and thus mutual constraint is necessarily engendered.

On this occasion we gave but little thought to the philosophy of the thing, but abandoned ourselves to the agreeable influences of the hour, particularly as the Grand Duke Michael, a man of considerable talent and wit, who is celebrated as a *bon mot diseur*, was throwing off pleasantries in a careless spirit of good-humour, which extended its infection, and kept every one laughing, until we reached the fort. There was some slight difficulty in arranging the gang-board by which we were to land, and as a proof of the emperor's attention to minutiæ, though all the officers of the vessel were on board, to say nothing of naval aides-de-camp, admirals, and ministers of the marine, he personally superintended the placing of it, as if he were directing some great nautical evolution.

This structure is indeed noble, and doubly marvellous, when the treacherous and shifting sands of the Neva are taken into consideration. It is entirely built of granite upon—if I mistake not—five successive stages of piles, which were driven to form a more secure foundation, the masonry is so admirable, that the surface is as smooth as if it were cast in a mould, and the eye can scarcely detect any jointing of the stones; the interior is lined with case-hardened brick, and clamped together with a maze of iron stays. Upon the platform, at the summit, we found an

Archimandrite, and his attendant clergy, awaiting us. The "properties" of the Greek church are peculiarly rich in satin and embroidery, and the mitre, or tiara, is in good keeping with

The flowing beard, and silver hair,
And reverend apostolic air,

of the chief priest. The service, including a prayer, in which all the members of the imperial family were named *seriatim*, was beautifully chanted by a choir of mellow voices, without accompaniment (the Greek ritual not admitting instrumental music), and, at the close, a solemn blessing was invoked upon the fortress, and holy water sprinkled on the walls.

At this signal the imperial standard, a gorgeous volume of rustling silk, rigid with emblazonry, was hoisted, and a momentary pause ensued. The silence, however, was soon broken by the peal of military music, and by the simultaneous broadside of the whole Russian fleet before us.

It was a most impressive spectacle; so faultlessly exact was the firing, that these vast motionless masses, floating on their shadows, were, at each alternate instant, shrouded in smoke, and as briefly restored to our sight; for a brisk breeze, blowing seaward, swept the curling wreaths aloft long before the echo of the thunder rolled and muttered itself away along the surging and chafing river. As soon as the fort had returned the salute, at the expense of our tympana, the Tsar followed its example, and proceeded to bestow an embrace upon the chiefs of departments engaged in its construction. An imperial kiss is administered first upon either cheek, and then a movement is made in the air as if to plant a third upon the forehead of the patient; but he, like a dexterous courtier, suddenly drops his head and presses his lips to his master's heart, though a stranger, the first time that he witnesses the ceremony, is apt to apprehend a rebellious intention of butting the stomach of "all the Russias."

The principal engineer obtained a more substantial proof of approbation than a collision with the Autocratic moustaches, for the emperor not only undertook to pay his private debts, which are said to be considerable, but promised him a present of some incalculable number of roubles. These, added to the total of perquisites, per-centages, and—for the sake of alliteration let us venture—peculation, which falls within the ordinary estimate of a Russian employé's conscience (the most elastic of capacities), would doubtless produce a very alarming array of figures.

During the ceremony we were struck with a pleasing trait of German goodness of heart. One of the halyards, or stays, of the flag-staff gave way, and a soldier, who was sent to make it fast, was compelled to stand upon a ledge scarce six inches wide, and from which there was a sheer unbroken descent of fifty or sixty feet to the paved courtyard below. The man seemed full of self-possession, and confidence in the steadiness of his head, but the two German princes, as if actuated by a common impulse, ran forward and held him fast by the collar and belt, until his work was completed. The natural and unpretending manner in which they performed this act of thoughtful kindliness and fellow-feeling, was very characteristic of their country. Upon going down the emperor himself gave the word to the captain's guard, which turned out—a mere handful of men—so all-pervading is his superintendence of the smallest details.

We thence passed down the line of the fleet, along their bows, and returned under their sterns, standing in more closely. Every thing of

course looked its best, but, as the vessels were moored, and no manœuvres of any kind, not even furling sails, were executed, we were not in a condition to establish a parallel between Cronstadt and Spithead. As it was, the yards were manned with a very respectable amount of nerve, when it is admitted that the grenadiers of the imperial guard had been travestied into naval uniform, and so grimly did they hold on by the life-lines, that we did not see or hear of a single accident.

The Tsar as he stood alone on one of the paddle-boxes was quite a study. He wore "a simple suit of Lincoln green"—a plain dark uniform, with the ribbon and star of but one order, and a cocked hat, placed at right angles, or, as sailors say, "athwart ships," across his forehead, and this position, which gave an absolutely ludicrous character to the countenances of the other members and relatives of the imperial family, who alone adopted it, seemed peculiarly fitted to display effectively the unbroken outline of his noble brow, and Grecian profile. He never forgets that he is filling the *rôle* of monarch, and habit has given him such a command of graceful attitudes, that a statuary might derive valuable suggestions from his firm and easy *poses*. Not that there is any thing theatrical, or apparently artificial in his changes of aspect, but he merely indulges in the unstudied play of a well-formed frame, which has not forgotten the discipline of the drill-serjeant and the dancing-master.

As we passed each ship he expressed, in a voice clear and ringing like a trumpet call, his satisfaction with the crew, and thanked his children, to which the invariable answer in chorus was, "We hope to do better next time."

We were a good deal struck at first with this burst of loyal enthusiasm, but our subsequent experience of reviews betrayed to us that this is as much a matter of drill as "eyes right."

The emperor remarked in a modest tone, which wooed contradiction, that this was but a paltry exhibition to display to Englishmen, and received of course the necessary amount of polite disclaimer on our part, along with some slight allusions to the serjeant's-guard, which was paraded before him at Windsor, by way of an army, and which could have scarcely provoked the jealousy of Bombastes Furioso, with his *personnel* of two drummers. But seriously, the Baltic fleet is a sad waste of the imperial enthusiasm and civil list, in waters which are ice-bound for more than half the year; in a climate which corrodes sails, rigging, and even iron; and in a thinly-peopled district which furnishes no supply of marine population, or sufficient commerce to require protection on so extravagant a scale. Hence the anomaly of forcing reluctant "pipe-clays" to do the work of sailors, and the waste of *materiel* and life, whenever during the short practicable season a few vessels are fitted out for a disastrous cruise in the Gulf of Finland. We had just left the Thames and the Elbe, and our memories were full of the continuous forests of masts, through which we had threaded a passage on leaving London and reaching Hamburg; so that we were the more disposed to notice the few vessels scattered over the idle waters of the Neva.

An excellent dinner, served upon deck, brought us back in high good-humour to the pier of Peterhoff, where we found an interminable file of carriages awaiting the court, and, under the tutelage of the servant who had been assigned to us as a guide and guardian, we threw ourselves upon a *ligne*, a long, low, four-wheeled double sofa, resembling an Irish car on a large scale, but with only a partition between the seats.

BEAUCHAMP;

OR,

THE ERROR.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

CHAP. XXXI.—(CONTINUED.)

"IF such are his intentions he will find himself mistaken," answered Beauchamp; "but now, Sir John, take off your coat again, and we will to business. I think the ladies may as well leave us, however.—Be satisfied, my dear madam," he continued, speaking to Mrs. Clifford, who had risen and come a little forward, "be satisfied, Miss Slingsby—all this matter will be easily arranged, and Sir John and I will join you in the drawing-room in an hour."

While Beauchamp had been speaking these few words, Mr. Wharton had been conversing with rapid utterance, but in a low voice, with one of the men present, who seemed to be the superior sheriff's officer, and as soon as the gentleman ceased he exclaimed, "Well, sir, as you think the whole matter can be so easily arranged I shall leave you to arrange it."

"Excuse me, Mr. Wharton," said Beauchamp, coolly, "you will be good enough to stay. We shall want you for certain receipts, and, perhaps," he added with a smile, "for some good legal advice till my own solicitor comes, whom I expect in about half an hour."

"My receipts can be soon given," said Mr. Wharton, a good deal staggered and alarmed by Mr. Beauchamp's calm tone, and his allusion to his solicitor; "but I can tell you that if you think that is all you will have to do, you are mistaken. The house is filled with creditors."

"Gathered together by Mr. Wharton, the attorney, for the purpose of overwhelming a gentleman whom he sought to ruin," answered Beauchamp. "I am aware of all that, sir. Your proceedings have been watched, and I am informed of almost every step you have taken for the last month. I dare say, however, we shall find means of satisfying all who have any just claims."

Isabella had lingered at the door after her aunt and cousin had passed out, and now hastily turning back, she placed a little packet she had held tight in her hand, in that of Beauchamp, saying, in a low voice, "Here is more than six thousand pounds, left from what kind, good, Ned Hayward gave last night. The other debts are not large, but this man's claim is frightful."

She spoke in a tone of alarm, but Beauchamp hastened to relieve her, replying, "Never fear, never fear! The claim must be investigated, but all that is just shall be paid. Leave us, and make your mind easy, dear Miss Slingsby."

"I really cannot waste my time here," said Mr. Wharton, as the young lady left the room, "I have important business to attend to, and the magistrates to meet at eleven, Mr. What's-your-name."

"My name, sir, is Charles Beauchamp St. Leger, Viscount Lenham," answered Beauchamp, "and I am afraid the magistrates must dispense with your company to-day, Mr. Wharton. You cannot carry this business

through, sir, in the same manner that you did that of my poor uncle, Mr. St. Leger Moreton. So now make up your mind at once, sir, to remain here till the whole of this unpleasant business which you have stirred up against Sir John Slingsby be brought to a conclusion, for depend upon it I will not let you go till such is the case."

Mr. Wharton's face had turned paler and paler, till the carbuncles, of which it did not possess a fee, remained alone in their glory; but he was an irritable and fiery man up to a certain point, and he replied in a bold tone, "Oh ho, my lord! Do you think because you happen to be a peer who has been skulking about the country under an alias, that you can come down and brow-beat us country gentlemen at your pleasure?"

"I never attempt to brow-beat a gentleman at all," replied Beauchamp, laying a particular emphasis on the last word, which called up a very unpleasant grin upon the faces of two or three of the men present, "nor do I brow-beat you, Mr. Wharton; but I simply insist upon your staying till the business which brought you here is concluded. You have no right to put Sir John Slingsby in an unpleasant position, and then leave him there when your presence is wanted to relieve him from it."

"He has a ducking in the horse-pond, too, to go through," cried Sir John Slingsby, "such as we gave the other bailiff he sent up this morning. He must wait, he must wait for all the honours," and turning round with a laugh the worthy baronet whispered a word or two to his valet, who remained in the room.

"I will take care, Sir John," said the man, and was moving towards the door; but Beauchamp interposed, saying,

"No, no, we must have no violence. Only order the servants not to let this man pass out till I have done with him;—and now to business. Sir John, if you will take the end of the table I will sit here. Mr. Wharton will place himself there, and the matter will soon be arranged. Ring that bell, sir."

The bailiff to whom he spoke obeyed in an instant; Sir John Slingsby took a chair at the head of the table, and Mr. Wharton seeing no help for it, seated himself where Beauchamp had pointed, turning his face to the window with an indifferent air, as if the business about to take place was no concern of his.

"Now, sir, what is it you want here?" asked Beauchamp, addressing one of the officers.

"I hold a writ against Sir John Slingsby for twenty-two thousand three hundred pounds," said the man, "at the suit of Joseph Wharton, Esq."

"Well, sir, stand back," said Beauchamp, "we will deal with you presently.—And you, sir?" he continued, speaking to another stout, broad-set, black-faced man.

This proved to be an officer put in execution upon a second bond for a sum of seven thousand pounds at the suit of the same person. He also was directed to stand back, Beauchamp saying, "Upon these actions we will give bail, as they must be tried.—You, sir, there at the end of the table, what do you want?"

"Why, please you, my lord, it's only my bill for a hundred and seventeen pounds or thereabouts, for repairs to the stables and offices. If it had not been Mr. Wharton told me I should not get my money if I

did not apply at once, I should never have thought of troubling Sir John."

Beauchamp's eye fixed sternly upon the attorney, who exclaimed with a quivering lip, "Did you not consult me, sir? Was I not bound to give you a just opinion?"

"I never said a word to nobody," replied the man, "till I met you in the street, and you told me Mr. Wittingham was going to arrest Sir John."

"Really, my lord, this is trifling," said Mr. Wharton. "I ask is Sir John Slingsby ready to discharge his heavy debt to me? If he is, let him do it, and I go. If not he must, I fear, go to prison."

"He is quite ready, sir, to discharge every just debt this instant," replied Beauchamp, "but we doubt that your's is just, sir, and therefore we will deal first with those that are certainly honest. Sir John," he continued, pointing to a servant who had come in, "will you order Dr. Miles to be sent for.—Now, my good man, you shall have a cheque for your money," and taking out his cheque-book he wrote an order for the amount, taking the builder's name and statement from his own lips.

Another man was then called forward, and the same course pursued, Beauchamp proceeding quietly, although he saw Mr. Wharton rise and enter into eager consultation with the bailiffs.

He was not allowed to go on long without interruption, for after what seemed some urgent remonstrances on the part of Mr. Wharton, and a good deal of resistance on the part of the sheriff's officer, the latter stepped forward, saying, "I really, my lord, cannot wait any longer, and I do not see any good of it; for Sir John being in my custody, and not knowing what detainers may be lodged against him, a bail bond cannot be drawn till we see."

The man spoke civilly, and with an evident respect for rank, and Beauchamp answered calmly, "Your observation is a very just one, my good friend. I have only to answer, however, that I am ready to give bail to any amount which you may think necessary to secure the sheriff, in which Dr. Miles will join me I am sure as soon as he arrives."

"It is a heavy sum, sir," said the bailiff, doubtfully.

"True," answered Beauchamp, "and moreover you do not know, except from my own word, who I am, nor that I am in a position to give an available bond. It is for that very reason that I wish you to delay till my solicitor and Dr. Miles arrive, when I assure you, upon my word of honour, that you shall have every satisfaction. The sum required would be more than met by money of mine in the Tarningham bank, as you will see by that receipt, if I thought fit to pay the debt claimed by Mr. Wharton at once, which I do not. The bond on which the writ has been taken out is, you tell me, for twenty-two thousand three hundred pounds. Here you see are sixty-five thousand pounds paid on my account into the Tarningham bank."

"But there is another bond for seven thousand five hundred pounds on which execution has issued," said Mr. Wharton.

"Exactly so," said Beauchamp, whose thoughts were very rapid, "and the way I intend to deal with that matter is as follows: We will pay the amount of that bond under protest as a matter of account, reserving this other claim for twenty-three thousand pounds to try the questions that may arise, such as consideration, usury, &c."

Mr. Wharton bit his lip. He saw that he had made one mistake. He feared that he might have made more; for knowing that Sir John Slingsby had little acquaintance with law, and an invincible objection to lawyers, excepting when he wanted to borrow money, he had gone on with somewhat rash confidence in his own powers of over-reaching. However, he put a bold face upon the matter, saying, "That won't do, sir, that won't do, my lord. You seem to have a smattering of the law, but you will find that all accounts have been examined and passed. No court in Christendom will open that question again."

"We will see," replied Beauchamp, quietly.

"Then there is the mortgage," said Mr. Wharton.

"That will be dealt with as we shall be advised," rejoined the young nobleman; "the matter of the mortgage has nothing to do with the business before us;[1] and, moreover, Mr. Wharton, I will beg you not to interfere here till you are called upon. Though a lawyer, you are exactly in the same position as any other creditor, and in taking out this writ, you have given all power into other hands. If I satisfy the sheriff that he has sufficient security according to law, for the appearance of Sir John Slingsby, that is all that is necessary; and I will tell you, sir, that sooner than see a course, which is certainly unhandsome, and which I suspect to be villanous, successful against my friend, even so far as to remove him from his own house for an hour, I would pay the amount of all claims upon him to the sheriff under protest. I have the means of doing so at command this moment, and therefore be very sure that your arts will avail you nothing—sir, I understand you," he added, sternly, "the property upon which you have advanced a pitiful sum of fifty thousand pounds, and by accumulating interest upon interest, and costs upon costs, have raised the debt to nearly eighty thousand, is worth, at least, two hundred. The bait was tempting, sir; but beware that in snapping at it too eagerly, you have not got the hook in your jaws. There is such a thing, sir, as striking fraudulent attorneys off the roll, and, at all events be sure, that however pleasant it might be to possess this estate, you will never have it."

"I do not want it, sir," cried Mr. Wharton, half mad with rage and vexation, "I would not have it if you would give it to me."

Beauchamp laughed, and Sir John Slingsby shouted; while all the other persons in the room, not excepting bailiffs, tittered, without disguise, to the lawyer's sad discomfort.

"Ah! here comes Miles," exclaimed Sir John, "and Mr. Under-sheriff too, by Jove. That is lucky; the matter will soon be settled now.—How are you, doctor, how are you, Mr. Sheriff? you are the very man we wanted."

"I am very sorry for all this business, Sir John," said a tall gentleman-like person, whom he had addressed; "but having business at Tarningham, and hearing of the unfortunate occurrence by the way, I thought it better to come up myself, as I felt sure the action could be bailed."

"And so it can," cried Sir John Slingsby, "here stands bail ready in the person of my friend, Lord Lenham; but that pitiful little snivelling rogue, Wharton, objects."

"Ah! good day, Wharton," said the sheriff, drily, "why do you object?"

"No, I do not object," replied the attorney, "the men here, Bulstrode and the rest, thought there might be detainers, and the process having—"

"No, no!" cried the officer, "we thought nothing about it, till you told us to refuse the bail till we had searched the office. I've a shrewd guess, Mr. Wharton, that you have got up all the creditors here who could lodge detainers, and his lordship offers to pay all honest debts at once, and to put in bail against yours."

"What do you mean by that?" exclaimed Wharton, furiously; but the sheriff interfered, and at the same time Doctor Miles and Beauchamp, who had been speaking together, turned round, and the clergyman introduced his young friend to the officer of the county by the title of Viscount Lenham.

"This matter, I think, can be settled with you, sir, in a few words," said Beauchamp, "I do not choose to see my friend, Sir John Slingsby, wronged. It so happens, that intending to buy an estate in this neighbourhood, I have had a considerable sum paid lately into the Tarningham bank. I am ready to give a bail bond for any sum you may think necessary to your own security, that Sir John appears to the action of Mr. Wharton, or any one else; or to pay into your hands any sum claimed, under protest. I think, in these circumstances, there can be no need of removing Sir John from his own house."

"Not in the least," said the sheriff, "bail will be quite sufficient, and can be given here quite as well as ten miles hence."

"But, my dear sir," exclaimed Mr. Wharton, "there may be detainers for aught you know, and to a large amount."

"I will take my chance of that, Wharton," replied the under-sheriff, "there were none when I came away; for I had occasion to examine the books. It is not usual to lodge detainers till caption has been actually effected, I think, my good friend."

"I think your proceeding very rash and irregular, sir," replied the lawyer, nettled, "and I should certainly object, if—"

"Pooh, pooh!" cried the sheriff, "I am the best judge of my own affairs; and you are meddling with what does not concern you, Mr. Wharton. If I take a sufficient bail for Sir John's appearance to your action, that is all you have to do with, and perhaps more; so let us have no more of this; for I will not be meddled with in the discharge of my duties. You tried this once before, sir, and did not find it succeed."

"Well, sir, take your own way, take your own way!" cried Mr. Wharton, in a sharp tone; "the sum is large; if the bail be not good, you are responsible. A gentleman who goes about the country under one false name, may very well take another. I do not mean to say that it is so; but this gentleman who calls himself Lord Lenham now, and called himself Mr. Beauchamp a few days ago, may be the greatest swindler in England for aught any of us know."

"Swindlers do not usually have large sums at the banker's," said Dr. Miles, drily; "that is to say, Mr. Wharton, not those swindlers whom the law is willing to take hold of, though I have known many rich men who swindled a good deal within the law, especially in your profession. But to set all that at rest, I will join in the bond, if necessary, and I possess means, I trust, sufficient to insure Mr. Under-sheriff against all risk.—There comes Bacon, trotting up on his little fat horse.

Bacon is a very excellent man, considering the temptations of profession and example."

"Well, as my opinion is of no value, my presence can be of no use," said Mr. Wharton; "and I shall therefore go. Good morning, gentlemen—Sir John Slingsby, good morning."

The baronet took a step forward, looking at the lawyer somewhat ominously, while the good stout calf of his leg might be seen to tremble a little, as if agitated by the simultaneous action of antagonist muscles—but then he stopped, saying aloud,

"No, I won't kick him—no, I won't kick any body any more."

"A very prudent resolution, Sir John," said Dr. Miles, "pray adhere to it; and if you include the horsewhip in your renunciations, you will do well."

Mr. Wharton was suffered to retreat, unkicked; the matter of the bail-bond was easily arranged; all the rest of the business passed quietly; the bailiffs and their satellites were withdrawn from the house; the creditors who remained, paid; and the under-sheriff took his leave. Somewhat more time had been expended, indeed, than Beauchamp had expected that the affair would occupy, ere he, Sir John Slingsby, and Doctor Miles, were once more left alone in the library; but then the baronet seized his friend's hand, with an unwonted dew in his eyes, saying,

"How can I ever thank you for your noble conduct. I cannot show my gratitude—but you must be secured. You shall have a mortgage for the whole sum: the estate can well bear it, I am sure, notwithstanding all that fellow Wharton says."

"I am quite convinced it can, Sir John," answered Beauchamp, "and I will accept your offer, because, for reasons of my own, I am exceedingly anxious that you should be under no possible obligation to me; and now let us join the ladies, for they will think we are never coming."

Dr. Miles smiled; for though he had never played at the games of love and matrimony, he had been a looker-on all his life, and understood them well. Sir John Slingsby was totally unconscious, and led the way to the drawing-room, marvelling a little, perhaps—for he was not a vain man—at the fact of his having so completely won Beauchamp's regard, and created such an interest in his bosom, but never attributing to his daughter any share therein. With parents it is ever the story of the philosopher and his cat; and though they can solve very difficult problems regarding things at a distance, yet they do not always readily see that a kitten can go through the same hole in a door which its mother can pass.

"Here, Isabel," cried the old gentleman, as they entered the room where the three ladies were seated, watching the door as if their fate hung upon its hinges, "shake this gentleman by the hand, as the best friend your father ever had."

"I do thank him, from my heart," said Isabella, giving Beauchamp her hand, with tears in her eyes; "but yet, my dear father," she added, frankly, "Mr. Beauchamp would think me ungenerous, if I did not tell you that you have another friend, who has acted in as kind and noble a manner as himself. I mean Captain—no, I will call him by his old name, Ned Hayward; for to him we owed the means of discharging the debt to that man Wittingham."

"The obligation is infinitely greater to him than to me, my dear Miss

Slingsby," said Beauchamp; "for I know that Hayward's income is not very large, while, in my case, there is really no obligation at all. This money was lying idle, and it might just as well be invested in one way as another."

"But every one is not so ready to invest money in a friend's relief," said Sir John, "and I shall never forget it. Hang me, my dear girl, if I can tell what he found out in me to like or respect; I never could discover any thing of the kind myself."

Isabella coloured to the eyes, but answered at once,

"Mr. Beauchamp consulted only his own noble heart."

"Mr. Beauchamp!" cried Sir John Slingsby, with one of his merry laughs; "Mr. Beauchamp had nothing to do with it, Bella. I am not in the least indebted to Mr. Beauchamp."

Isabella, Mrs. Clifford, and Mary, were all alarmed; for they might well fear that the events of that morning had somewhat affected Sir John Slingsby's brain. But he soon relieved them.

"No, Isabella," he continued, "it is to this gentleman I am indebted—let me introduce him to you. Isabella, Lord Lenham! Lord Lenham, my daughter."

Isabella cast her eyes to the ground, and a shade of deep, and, it seemed to Beauchamp, anxious thought, came over her face; but the next moment she looked up, all bright and sparkling again, and exclaimed,

"So, Lord Lenham has thought fit to come upon us in masquerade! That was hardly fair, my lord."

"Some day when Miss Slingsby will let me tell a long story she shall hear the reasons why," answered Beauchamp, "and may then judge whether it was fair or not. If she decides the cause in my favour, she may tell the pleadings to the whole party, if she thinks I have greatly erred, she shall forgive the offender and conceal his crime under the seal of confession."

Again Isabella blushed deeply; and Sir John Slingsby made the matter worse by exclaiming, "Ho, ho! it is to be a private conference, is it? We are all to be kept in the dark, as indeed I have been lately; for all I know is that I have been placed in a very unpleasant and unexpected situation this morning, and as suddenly relieved from it by the affection of two dear girls, and the generosity of our noble friend. I have not thanked you yet, my dear Mary; but pray let me hear how all this has been brought about that I may do so discreetly."

"In the meantime," said Beauchamp, "I, who know the whole, will walk back again to my poor friend Hayward, and tell him how all things have gone."

"You promised to dine, you promised to dine!" cried Sir John Slingsby, "no breach of promise, or I will have my action against you."

"I will keep mine to the letter," replied Beauchamp, "and be back in a couple of hours."

"And bring Ned Hayward with you," said the baronet.

Beauchamp explained that such a thing was impossible, saying that his friend had become somewhat worse in health since the preceding night, but without giving any cause for alarm. His eyes turned towards Mary Clifford as he spoke with a momentary glance, which sufficed, by

the paleness that spread over her face, to confirm suspicions which he had entertained since the night before. He was too much a gentleman in heart to keep his eyes there more than that one moment, for he felt that it would not only be a rudeness but an unkindness.

"I will walk with you, my good lord," said Doctor Miles, "I long to see Captain Hayward. He has particularly interested me."

"And you will walk back with Lord Lenham to dinner, doctor," said Sir John, as gaily as ever, "we will have one jolly evening after all this *fracas*, at all events."

"I will come to dinner," replied Dr. Miles, "expressly to keep it from being too jolly, you incorrigible old gentleman."

But Sir John only laughed, and the peer and the priest walked away together.

Chap. XXXII.

"You said just now, doctor," observed Beauchamp, as they strolled through the park, "that Ned Hayward particularly interested you. I am glad of it, for he did so with me from the first, without my well knowing why; and we are always glad to find a prepossession which savours perhaps a little of weakness, kept in countenance by others for whom we have a respect."

"You mistake altogether, young gentleman," replied the doctor, with the dry spirit upon him. "In my case it is no prepossession; neither did he interest me from the first. I generally can give a reason for what I feel. I am no being of impulses. Indeed," he continued, more discursively, "I was any thing but prepossessed in Captain Hayward's favour. I knew he had been brought up in the army, under the judicious auspices of Sir John Slingsby. That dear girl, Isabella, told me that, from what she could remember of him, he was a gay, lively, rattling fellow. Sir John called him the best fellow that ever lived, and I know tolerably well what that means. The reason, then, why he interested me very soon, was because he disappointed me. For half an hour after I first saw him, I thought he was just what I expected—a man constitutionally lively, gay from want of thought, good-humoured from want of feeling; having some talents, but no judgment; acting right occasionally by impulse, but not by principle."

"You did him great injustice," said Beauchamp, warmly.

"I know I did," replied the clergyman, "but not long. A thousand little traits showed me that, under the shining and rippling surface of the lake, there were deep, still waters. The singular delicacy and judgment with which he treated that business of the scandalous attack upon Mrs. Clifford's carriage; the kindly skill with which he led Sir John away from the subject, when he found that it distressed poor Mary; his conduct towards the poacher and his boy; his moderation and his gentleness in some cases, and his vigour and resolution in others, soon set all preconceived opinions to rights. He has one fault, however, which is both a very great and a very common one—he conceals his good qualities from the eyes of others. This is a great wrong to society. If all good and honest men would but show themselves as they really are, they would stare vice out of countenance; and if even those who are not altogether what we wish, would show the good that is in them, and conceal the

bad, they would put vice and folly out of fashion; for I do believe that there are far more good men, and even a greater amount of good quali ties amongst those who are partly bad, than the world knows any thing about. So you see I am not a misanthrope."

"I never suspected you of being so, my dear doctor," said Beauchamp; "if I had I should not have attempted to create an interest for myself in you."

"Ay! then, you had an interested motive in coming up every other day to my little rectory, just at the time that Isabella Slingsby visited her poor and her schools!" cried Dr. Miles, laughing; "but I understand it—I understand it all, my noble lord—there is not such a thing as a purely disinterested man upon earth: the difference is simply the sort of interest men seek to serve—some are filthy interests, such as avarice, ambition, ostentation, even gluttony—how I have seen men fawn upon the givers of good dinners! Then there are maudlin interests, such as love and its et ceteras; and then, again, there are the generous interests; but I am afraid I must class those you sought to serve in such friendly visitations amongst the maudlin ones—is it not so?"

"Not exactly," answered Beauchamp; "for if you remember, my good friend, you will find that I came up to your house at the same hour, and as often, before I saw Miss Slingsby there, as afterwards. Moreover, during the whole time I did so come before I was introduced to her father, I never had a thought of offering her my hand, how much soever I might admire and esteem her."

Dr. Miles turned round, and looked at his companion, steadily, for a moment or two.

"I do not know what to make of you," he said, at length.

"I will tell you," replied Beauchamp, with a sad smile, "for I do not believe any one could divine the causes which have led me to act a somewhat unusual, if not eccentric, part, without knowing events which took place many years ago. I told you once that I wished to make you my father confessor. I had not time then to finish all I had to say; but my intention has been still the same, and it is now necessary, for Miss Slingsby's sake, that I should execute it: we shall have time in going over, and I will make my story short. You are probably aware that I was an only son, my father having never married after my mother's death, my mother having survived my birth only a few hours. My father was a man of very keen sensibilities, proud of his name, his station, and his family—proud of their having been all honourable, and not one spot of reproach having ever rested on his lineage. He was too partially fond of me, too, as the only pledge of love left him by one for whom he sorrowed with a grief that unnerved his mind, and impaired his corporeal health. I was brought up at home, under a careful tutor, for my father had great objections, partly just, partly I believe unjust, towards schools. At home I was a good deal spoiled, and had too frequently my own way, till I was sent to college, where I first learned something of the world, but, alas! not much, and I have had harder lessons since. The first of these was the most severe. My cousin, Captain Moreton, was ten years older than myself; but he had not yet shown his character fully. My father and myself knew nothing of it; for though he paid us an annual visit for a week or two, the greater part of his time was spent either here or in Scotland, where he had a grand-aunt who doted upon him. One

year, when I was just twenty, while he was on a shooting-party at our house in October, he asked me to go down with him in the following summer, to shoot grouse at old Miss Moreton's. I acceded readily; and my father as willingly gave his consent. We set out on the twenty-fifth of July, and I was received with all sorts of Scotch hospitality at Miss Moreton's house. There were many persons there at dinner, and amongst the rest a Miss Charlotte Hay——"

"Why do you stop?" asked Dr. Miles.

"A Miss Charlotte Hay," continued Beauchamp, with an evident effort, "a very beautiful person, and highly accomplished. She was some four or five years older than myself, I believe, affecting a romantic style of thought, feeling, and language. She was beautiful, I have said; but hers was not the style of beauty I admired, and at first I took but little notice of her. She sang well, however, and before the first evening was over, we had talked a good deal—the more, perhaps, as I found that most of the ladies present, though of no very high station, nor particularly refined manners, did not seem to love her conversation. It appeared to me that she was superior to them; and when I found that, though of good family, her fortune was extremely limited, and that she had resided with old Miss Moreton for some time, as something between a friend and a companion, I fancied I understood the coldness I observed on the part of more wealthy people. Many days passed over, during which she certainly endeavoured to attract and captivate me. I was in general somewhat on my guard; but I was then young, inexperienced, vain, romantic; and though I never dreamed of making her my wife, yet I trifled away many an hour by her side, feeling passion growing upon me—mark, I say passion, not love; for there was much that prevented me from respecting her enough to love her—a display of her person, a carelessness of proprieties, an occasional gleam of perverted principle, that no art could hide. Once or twice, too, I caught a smile passing between her and my cousin Moreton, which I did not like, and whenever that occurred it recalled me to myself; but, with weak facility, I fell back again till the day of my departure approached. Two or three days before—on the eleventh of August, which was my twenty-first birth-day—Miss Moreton declared she would have a party of her neighbours to celebrate the event. None of the higher and more respectable gentry were invited, or, if they were, they did not come. There were a good many deep-drinking lairds, and some of their wives and daughters, somewhat stiff in their graver, and hoydenish in their merrier, moments. It is one of those days that the heart longs for years to blot out for ever. I gave way to the high spirits which were then habitual to me. I drank deep—deeper than I had ever before done. I suffered my brain to be troubled—I know not that there were not unfair means used to effect it—but at all events, I was not myself. I recollect personally little that passed; but I have since heard that I was called upon to choose a wife for the afternoon. I was told it was the custom of the country, on such occasions, so to do in sport; and that I fixed, at once, upon this artful girl—in the presence of many witnesses, I called her wife, and she called me husband. The evening passed over; I drank more wine at supper, and the next morning I found myself married—for the infamous fraud they called a marriage. In horror and dismay, I burst away from the wretched woman who had lent herself to such a base transaction. I

sent off my servant at once for horses to my carriage—I cast Moreton from me, who attempted to stop and reason with me, as he called it, representing that what had taken place was a full and sufficient marriage, according to the code of Scotland, for that public consent was all that was required by their law."

"Or by the law of God either," replied Dr. Miles, "but it must be free and intelligent consent."

"I travelled night and day," continued Beauchamp, rapidly, "till I had reached my father's house and thrown myself at his feet. I told him all—I extenuated, concealed nothing; and I shall never forget either his kindness or his distress of mind. Instant steps were taken to ascertain the exact position in which I stood; and the result was fatal to my hopes of happiness and peace; for not only did he find that I was entangled past recall, but that the character of the woman herself was such as might be expected from her having been a party to so disgraceful a scheme. She had been blighted by scandal before she took up her residence in the house where I found her. Miss Moreton in her dotage, yielded herself blindly to my cousin's guidance; and there was more than a suspicion that he had made his aunt's protection a veil to screen his own paramour."

"What did you do? what did you do?" asked Dr. Miles, with more eagerness than he usually displayed; "it was a hard case, indeed."

"I went abroad immediately," replied Beauchamp, "for my father exacted from me a solemn promise, never to live with or to see, if it could be avoided, the woman who had thus become my wife. He used strong and bitter, but just terms in speaking of her. 'He could not survive the thought,' he said, 'that the children of a prostitute should succeed to the title of a family without stain.' My promise was given willingly, for I will confess that hate and indignation and disgust rendered her very idea odious to me. My father remained in England for some months, promising to make such arrangements regarding money—the base object of the whole conspiracy—that I should never be troubled any more. He added tenderly, and sadly, though gravely and firmly, that farther he could do nothing; for that I must bear the consequences of one great error in a solitary and companionless life. In consideration of a promise on the woman's part never to molest me, nor to take my name, he settled upon her the sum of a thousand a year per annum. During my father's life I heard no more of her; but when he himself joined me in Italy, I could see but too plainly how grief and bitter disappointment had undermined a constitution already shaken. He did not long survive, and all that I have myself undergone has been little, compared with the thought, that the consequences of my own folly served to shorten the days of my kind, good parent."

"But what became of the woman?" demanded Dr. Miles. "You surely have had tidings of her since."

"Within a month after my father's death," replied Beauchamp, "I received from her one of the most artful letters that woman ever wrote, claiming to be received as my wife. But I will not trouble you with the details. Threats succeeded to blandishments, and I treated these with contempt as I had the others with coldness. Then commenced a new system of persecution; she followed me, attempted to fix herself upon me. Once she arrived at an inn in the Tyrol as I was getting into my carriage, and declared before the people round that she was my abandoned

wife. I answered not a word, but ordered the door to be closed, and the postillions to drive on. Then came applications for an increased annuity, but I would not yield one step, knowing that it would but lead to others, and in the end, to free myself from every day annoyance, I took the name of Beauchamp, hurried on to the East, directed my agent to conceal my address from every one, and for several years wandered far and wide. At length the tidings reached me that the annuity which had at first been punctually demanded, had not been applied for. A report, too, reached my lawyer's ears that she had died in Paris. Still I would not return to claim my rank, lest there should be some deep scheme at work, and I continued in India and Syria for two years longer. The annuity remained unclaimed. I knew that she had expensive habits and no means, and I ventured back. I passed a few months in London without resuming my own name; but the noise and bustle of the great city wearied me, and I came hither. Inquiries in the mean time had been made, somewhat languidly, perhaps, to ascertain the fate of this unhappy woman; but here I saw Isabella Slingsby, and those inquiries have been since pursued rapidly and strictly. Every answer tended to one result, and four days ago I received a letter from my solicitor, informing me that there can be no doubt of her demise. I will show it to you hereafter, but therein he says that her effects in Paris had been publicly sold, as those of a person deceased, to pay the claims of her maid, who had brought forward sufficient proofs to satisfy the police that her mistress had died in Italy. The girl herself could not be found by my agents, but the lawyers consider this fact, coupled with the total cessation of claims for the annuity, as proving the death of Charlotte Hay, and removing all doubt that this bitter bond is cancelled for ever."

"That is clear, that is clear," said Dr. Miles, who at this moment was pausing with his companion at a stile, "and now, I suppose, it is hand and heart for Isabella Slingsby."

"Assuredly," said Beauchamp, "but she must be informed of all this; and it is not a tale for me to tell."

"Will you have the kindness, sir," said a voice from the other side of the hedge, as Beauchamp put his foot upon the first step of the stile, "to keep on that side and go out by the gate at the corner."

"Oh, is that you in the ditch, Stephen?" said Beauchamp, "very well, my good man; one way is as good as the other."

"I am watching something here, sir," said the gamekeeper, in a low voice, "and if you come over, you'll disturb the thing."

Beauchamp nodded, and went on in the way he directed; and Doctor Miles, who had been meditating, replied to what he had said just before the interruption of the gamekeeper.

"But who else can do it? Sir John is unfit. Me, you would have? Humph! It is not a pleasant story for even an old gentleman to tell to a young lady."

"Yet she must know it," answered Beauchamp; "I will—I can have no concealment from her."

"Assuredly, there you are right," replied Doctor Miles, "and I am sure the dear girl will value your sincerity properly."

"She can but say that I committed a great error," answered Beauchamp, "and for that error I have been punished by long years of bitterness."

"Well, well, I will do my best," answered the rector; "but make your proposal first, and refer her to me for the story of your life. I will deal in generals—I will not go into details. That you can do hereafter if you like."

Thus conversing they walked on, and soon after reached the cottage of Stephen Gimlet, where they found Ned Hayward beginning to feel relief from the operation which the surgeon had performed in the morning. Beauchamp returned to him the sum which he had received from Miss Slingsby in the morning, saying, that he had found no necessity for using it, and Doctor Miles sat down by him, and talked with cheerful kindness for about a quarter of an hour. Was it tact and a clear perception of people's hearts that led the worthy clergyman to select Mary Clifford for one of the subjects of his discourse, and to enlarge upon her high qualities? At all events he succeeded in raising Captain Hayward's spirits ere he set out again upon his way homeward.

When he descended he found Gimlet, the gamekeeper, seated with Widow Lamb, and the man, as he opened the door, apologised for having stopped the rector and Mr. Beauchamp at the stile, but did not state in what he had been so busily engaged. As soon, however, as Doctor Miles was gone, Ste. Gimlet resumed his conversation with Mrs. Lamb, and it was a low-toned and eager one. From time to time the old lady bowed her head, saying, "Yes;" but she added nothing to the monosyllable for some time. At length, however, in answer to something that her son-in-law said, she exclaimed,

"No, Stephen, do not speak with him about it. I tried it this morning, and it had a terrible effect upon him. It seemed to change him altogether, and made him, so kind and gentle as he is, quite fierce and sharp. Speak with his friend, Captain Hayward; for neither you nor I can know what all this may mean. But above all, watch well, for it is clear they are about no good, and tell me always what you hear and see, for I cannot help thinking that I knew more of these matters than the young lord does himself—a bitter bond, did he call it? Well, it may be a bond for the annuity you heard him talk of; but then why does she not claim it? There must be some object, Stephen."

The good old lady's consideration of the subject was prevented at that moment from proceeding further by the entrance of her son, Billy Lamb, who came up and kissed her affectionately. The lad was somewhat pale, and there was an air of fatigue in his small pinched but intelligent countenance, which made his mother hold him to her heart with a feeling of painful anxiety. Oh, how the affections of a parent twine themselves round a suffering child! Every care, every labour, every painful apprehension that he causes us seems but a new bond to bind our love the more strongly to him. The attachment that is dewed with tears and hardened with the cold air of sorrow and fear, is ever the more hardy plant.

"Sit down, Bill," said Stephen Gimlet, kindly, "you look tired, my lad. I will get you a draught of beer."

"I cannot wait, Ste," answered the pot-boy, "for I must be back as quick as I can; but I can look in to see mother for a minute every day now. The gentleman who has got the little lone cottage on the edge of Chandleigh Heath, gives me half-a-crown a week to bring up his letters and newspapers, and I take the time when all the folks are at dinner in our house."

"And get no dinner yourself, poor Bill," said Stephen Gimlet; "cut him a slice of the cold bacon, mother, and a hunch of bread. He can eat it as he goes. I'll run and draw him a draught of beer. It won't keep you a minute, Bill, and help you on too."

He waited for no reply, but ran with a jug in his hand to the outhouse where his beer-barrel stood. When he came back the boy drank eagerly, kissed the old lady again, and then set out with the bread and bacon in his hand; but Stephen Gimlet walked out with him, and after they had taken a few steps, he asked,

"Who is it, Bill, has got the cottage?"

"I don't know," answered the lad. "A tall, strong man he is, with large whiskers all the way under his chin, a little grayish. He met me last night when I took up a parcel from Mr. —— to Burton's inn, and asked if I came that way every day. I said I did not, but could come if he wanted any thing."

"But you must know his name if you get his letters, Bill?" said Gimlet.

"No, I do not, but I soon can," answered the deformed youth. "He took me into the cottage, and made the lady give him some paper and a pen and ink, and wrote a note to the post-master, and gave me a half-crown, and said I should have the same every week. The post-master wrapped up the letters and things in a bit of paper, and I did not think to look at it, but I can soon find out if you want to know."

"No," answered Stephen Gimlet, drily, "I know already. Well, Bill, good bye, I must go about my work," and so they parted.

Chap. XXXIII.

I beg Captain Moreton's pardon, I left him running across a field in not the brightest possible night that ever shone. I should, at least, have taken him safely home before now, wherever that home might be, which would be indeed difficult to say; for the home of Captain Moreton was what people who pore over long lines of figures call a *variable quantity*. However, there was once, at least there is reported to have been once, for I do not take upon myself to answer for the fact, a certain young person called Galanthis. She was a maid-of-all-work in a very reputable Greek family, and was called as a witness in the famous crim. con. case of Amphitryon *versus* Jupiter. She proved herself very skilful in puzzling an examining counsel, and there is an old nonsensical story of her having been changed into a weasel to commemorate the various turnings and windings of her prevarications. Nevertheless, not this convenient Abigail, nor any of her pliant race, ever took more turnings and windings than did Captain Moreton on the night after his escape from his prison in the vestry. Every step of the country round he knew well, and up one narrow lane, through this small field, along that wood path, by another short cut, he went, sometimes walking and sometimes running, till at length he came to a common of no very great extent, lying half-way, or nearly so, between the town of Tarningham and the house called Burton's Inn. The common was called Chandleigh Heath; and on the side next to the inn was the village of Chandleigh, while between the heath and Tarningham lay about two miles of well-cultivated but not very populous fields and meadows. At an angle of the common a retired hosier of Chandleigh

had built himself a cottage—a cottage suited to himself and his state—consisting of six rooms, all of minute size, and he had, moreover, planted himself a garden, in which roses strove with apple-trees and cherries. The hosier—as retired hosiers will very often do—died one day, and left the cottage to his nephew, a minor. The guardians strove to let the cottage furnished, but for upwards of a year they strove in vain; its extremely retired situation was against it, till one day it was suddenly tenanted, and right glad were they to get a guinea a week and ask no questions. It was to this retired cottage, then of the retired hosier, that Captain Moreton's steps were ultimately bent, and as it had windows down to the ground on the garden side, he chose that side, and went in at the window, where, I forgot to remark, there were lights shining.

At a table in the room, with her foot upon a footstool, and a pillow behind her back, sat a lady whom we have before described; and certainly, to look at her face, handsome as it was, no one would have fancied there was a fierce and fiery spirit beneath, so weak and, I may venture to call it, lack-a-daisical was the expression.

"Heaven, Moreton, how you startled me!" cried the lady: "where have you been such a long time? You know I want society at night. It is only at night I am half alive."

"Well," said Captain Moreton, with a laugh, "I have been half dead and half buried; for I have been down into a vault and shut up in a vestry as a close prisoner. I only got out by wrenching off the bars. Nobody could see my face, however, so that is lucky; for they can but say I was looking at a register by candlelight, and the old sexton will not peach for his own sake."

"Still at those rash tricks, Moreton," said the lady, "it will end in your getting hanged, depend upon it. I have been writing a poem called 'The Rash Man,' and I was just hanging him when you came in and startled me."

"My rash tricks, as you call them, got you a thousand a year once," answered Moreton, sharply, "so, in pity, leave your stupid poetry, Charlotte, and listen to what I have to say."

"Stupid poetry!" exclaimed the lady, angrily. "There was a time when you did not call it so; and as for the thousand a year, it was more to save yourself than to serve me that you fancied that scheme. You know that I hated the pedantic boy, as virtuous as a young kid, and as pious as his grandmother's prayer-book. Nothing would have induced me to marry him if you had not represented——"

"Well, never mind all that," answered Captain Moreton, interrupting her. "We have something else to think of now, Charlotte. I don't know that it would not be better for me to be off, after all."

"Well, I am ready to go whenever you like," replied the lady. "I am sure it is not very pleasant to stay in this place, seeing nobody and hearing nothing; without opera, or concert, or coffee-house, or any thing. I shall be very glad to go."

"Aye, aye, but that is a different matter," said Captain Moreton, considerately. "I said it would be perhaps better for me to be off; but I am quite sure it would be better for you to stay."

The lady looked at him for a moment or two with the eyes of a tiger. If she had had a striped or spotted skin upon her back one would have expected her to spring at his throat the next minute, but she had

acquired a habit of commanding her passions to a certain point, beyond which, they indeed became totally ungovernable, but which was not yet attained; and she contented herself with giving Captain Moreton one of those *coups de patte* with which she sometimes treated him. "So, Moreton," she said, "you think that you can go away and leave me to take care of myself, as you did some time ago; but you are mistaken, my good friend. I have become wiser now, and I certainly shall not suffer you."

"How will you stop me?" asked her companion, turning sharply upon her.

"As to stopping you," she replied, with a sneer, "I do not know that I can. You are a strong man and I am a weak woman, and in a tussle you would get the better; but I could bring you back, Moreton, you know, if I did not stop you."

"How?" demanded he again, looking fiercely at her.

"By a magistrate's warrant, and half a dozen constables," answered the lady. "You do not think I have had so much experience of your amiable ways for nothing, or that I have not taken care to have proofs of a good many little things that would make you very scarce in any country but America—that dear land of liberty, where fraud and felony find refuge and protection."

"Do you mean to say that you would destroy me, woman?" exclaimed Captain Moreton.

"Not exactly destroy you," replied his fair companion, "though you would make a fine criminal under the beam. I have not seen an execution for I do not know how long, and it is a fine sight, after all—better than all the tragedies that ever were written. It is no fun seeing men kill each other in jest: one knows that they come to life again as soon as the curtain falls; but once hanging over the drop, or lying on the guillotine, there's no coming to life any more. I should like to see you hanged, Moreton, when you are hanged. You would hang very well, I dare say."

She spoke in the quietest, most sugary tone possible, with a slight smile upon her lip, and amused herself while she did so in sketching with the pen and ink a man under a beam with a noose round his neck. Captain Moreton gazed at her meanwhile with his teeth hard shut, and not the most placable countenance in the world, as she brought vividly up before his imagination all those things which crime is too much accustomed and too willing to forget.

"And you, Charlotte, you would do this!" he exclaimed, at length: "but it is all nonsense; and how you ever can talk of such things I cannot imagine, when I merely spoke of going myself and leaving you for a short time, for your own good."

"For my own good! Oh, yes; I have heard all that before, more than twelve years ago," replied the lady. "I yielded to your notions of my own good, then, and much good has come of it, to me, at least. So do not talk of ever separating your fate from mine again, Moreton; for were you to attempt it, I would do as I have said, depend upon it."

"It was your own good I thought about," replied Captain Moreton, bitterly, "and that you will soon see when you hear the whole. Do you not think if Lenham were to find out that you are living here with me, there would soon be suits in the ecclesiastical courts for divorce and all the rest?"

"Oh, you know, we talked about all that before," replied the lady, "and took our precautions. You are here as my earliest friend, assisting me to regain my rights, nothing more. All that was settled long ago, and I see no reason for beginning it all over again."

"But there is a reason," answered Captain Moreton, "as you would have heard before now if you would have let me speak; but you are so diabolically hasty and violent. I brought you the best news you could have, if you would but listen."

"Indeed!" said the lady, looking up from the pleasant sketch she was finishing with an expression of greater interest, "what may that be?"

"Why, simply, that Lenham has proposed to Miss Slingsby," replied Captain Moreton, "and they are to be married directly—as soon as that fellow, Wittingham, is out of all danger."

Her eyes flashed at the intelligence, and her lip curled with a triumphant smile as she inquired, "Where did you hear it? Who told you? Are you sure?"

"Quite," answered Moreton, "I had it from old Slattery, the apothecary, who knows the secrets of all the houses round. He told it to me as a thing quite certain."

"Then I have him! Then I have him!" exclaimed his companion, joyfully; "Oh, I will make him drink the very dregs of a bitterer cup than ever he has held to my lips."

"But you must be very careful," said Captain Moreton, "not the slightest indiscretion—not the slightest hint, remember, or all is lost."

"I will be careful," she replied, "but yet all cannot be lost even if he were to discover that I am alive. He has made the proposal to one woman when he is already married to another. That would be disgrace enough to blast and wither him like a leaf in the winter. I know him well enough for that. For the first time he has given me the power of torturing him, and I will work that engine till his cold heart cracks, let him do what he will."

"Well, this was the reason I thought it would be better for me to be off for a short time," said Captain Moreton, "though you must remain here."

"I don't see that," cried the lady, "I won't have it."

Her companion had fallen into a fit of thought, however, as soon as he had uttered the last words, and he did not seem to attend to her. His thoughts, indeed, were busy with a former part of their conversation. He felt that he was, as she said, in her power, and he saw very well how sweetly and delicately she was inclined to use power when she did possess it. He therefore asked himself if it might not be as well to put some check upon her violence before it hurried her into any thing that could not be repaired; for although Captain Moreton was fond of a little vengeance himself, yet he loved security better, and thought it would be poor consolation for being hanged that he had spoiled all her fine schemes. He was still debating this point in his own mind, when finding that he did not answer, she said,

"Do you hear? I say I will not have it, and you had better not talk of it any more, for if I take it into my head that you are trying to get off and leave me here, I will take very good care that your first walk shall be into gaol."

"In which case," said Captain Moreton, coldly, "I would, by one word, break the bond between you and Lenham, and send you to prison too.

You think that I am totally in your power, madam; but let me tell you that you are in mine also. Our confidence, it is true, has not been mutual, but our secrets are so."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the lady, turning deadly pale.

"I will tell you," replied her companion, "what I mean may be soon hinted so that you can understand. When I first became acquainted with you, my fair friend, you were twenty years of age. There were events which happened when you were eighteen that you have always thought comfortably hidden in your own bosom and that of one other. Let me now tell you that they have never been concealed from me. You understand me I see by your face, so no more of this. I shall not go, because you do not wish it, and I proposed it only for your good; but now let us have some brandy-and-water, for the night is wonderfully cold for the season."

The lady made no reply, but sat looking down at the table with her cheek still white, and Moreton got up and rang the bell. A woman-servant appeared, received his orders, and went away, and then turning to his companion, he pulled her cheek familiarly, saying,

"Come, Charlotte, let us have no more of all this; we had better get on well together. Have any of the servants been into the room to-night since I left you?"

The lady looked up with a sort of bewildered and absent air, saying,

"No, I think not—let me see. No, no. I have been sitting writing and sleeping. I fell asleep for an hour, and then I wrote till you came back. No one has been in, I am sure."

"While you were asleep they might," said Moreton, thoughtfully.

"No, no," she answered, "I should have heard them instantly; I wake in a moment, you know, with the least sound. Nobody has been in the room I will swear."

"Then you can swear, too, that I never left it," answered Moreton, laughing, "I mean that I have been here or hereabouts all night, in case it should be needed."

The lady did not seem at all shocked at the proposal, for she had no great opinion of the sanctity of oaths, and when the servant returned with all that Captain Moreton had demanded, he asked her sharply,

"Where were you, Kitty, when I rang about an hour ago?"

"Lord, sir," replied the woman, "I had only run across to ask why they had not sent my beer."

"Well, I wish you would take some other time for going on such errands," replied Captain Moreton, and there the subject dropped.

Chap. XXXIV.

Beauchamp took care to be back at Tarningham Park a full hour and a half before dinner-time; but schemes and purposes of making love or a declaration at a certain place and time are never successful. Continually they are put off, and very often they are forced on by circumstances, and although there is no event of life perhaps in which the happy moment is more important, it is seldom met with or chosen. Such was the case in the present instance: Sir John Slingsby played third on one occasion, Mrs. Clifford on another, and when Mary, dear considerate girl, after breaking in for a moment, made a very reasonable excuse to retire, the dressing-bell rang as she closed the door, and Beauchamp, knowing that he could not detain Miss Slingsby more than five minutes,

would not attempt to crowd all he had to say into so short a space. He was resolved to say something, however, and as Isabella was about to leave him he stopped her, asking if she knew that her father had invited him to pass the night there.

"Oh, of course," answered his fair companion in a gay tone, "you do not think he would let you go to pass the hours of darkness amongst the Goths and Vandals of Tarningham. He would be afraid of your life being attempted. You do not think of going?"

"I have accepted his invitation," answered her lover, "because I have several things to talk over with Sir John, and on one subject also with you, dear lady. Will you give me some time in the course of to-morrow —a few minutes—nay, perhaps, an hour, alone?"

Isabella coloured and looked away; but she was thankful for a reprieve from immediate agitation, and she replied in a low tone, "Certainly—but I must go and dress or my maid will be impatient."

But Beauchamp still detained her for a moment, "You are an early riser, I think," he said, "will you take a walk before breakfast—down towards the stream?—Nay, Isabella, why should you hesitate? Remember, I have a history to give."

"I hope not a sad one," answered Isabella, gaily, "for I think I should be easily moved to tears just now, and I must not return with my eyes red—nay, Beauchamp, let me go or I shall cry now."

He released the hand he had taken instantly, and Miss Slingsby took a step away, but looked round, and returning at once, gave it back again, saying more gravely, "What is the use of any long history?—and yet it had better be too. I will take a walk with you when you like, for I must speak with you too—but not now: there's no time. So farewell for the present," and she left him.

The dinner passed more quietly than Sir John Slingsby's dinners usually did. The baronet's spirits, which had risen immensely after the first pressure was taken off, fell again during the course of the day; and for the first time in his life, perhaps, he was grave and thoughtful throughout the evening. Isabella had her store of meditations, and so had Mary Clifford. The mother of the latter was calm and sedate as usual; and Doctor Miles dry and sententious; so that Beauchamp, happy in what he had done, and happy in the confidence of love, was now the gayest of the party. Thus the evening passed away, though not sadly, any thing but very merrily; and the whole party retired early to rest.

The next morning early, Beauchamp rose and went down to the drawing-room, but there was nobody there. One of the housemaids just passed out as he entered, and he waited for about a quarter of an hour with some impatience, gazing forth from the windows over the dewy slopes of the park, and thinking in his heart that Isabella was somewhat long. Now, to say the truth, she was longer than she might have been, for Isabella had been up and dressed some time; but there was a sort of hesitation, a timidity, a weak feeling of alarm, perhaps, which she had never known before. She shrank from the idea of going down to meet him, knowing that he was waiting for her. It would seem like a secret arrangement between them, she thought, and she took fright at the very idea. Then again, on the other hand, she fancied he might imagine she was treating him ill not to go, after the sort of promise she had made; then he had been so kind, so generous, so noble, that she could not treat him ill, nay

not even by the appearance of a caprice. That settled the matter; and, after about a quarter of an hour's debating with herself, down she went. Her heart beat terribly; but Isabella was a girl, who, with all her gaiety and apparent lightness, had great command over herself; and that command in her short life had been often tried. She paused then for a moment or two at the door of the drawing-room, struggled with and overcame her agitation, and then went in with a face cleared, a light step, and a cheerful air. Her hand was in Beauchamp's in a moment, and after a few of the ordinary words of a first morning meeting, he asked, "Will you take a walk, dear Isabella, or shall we remain here?"

"Do you not see bonnet on my head and shawl over my arm?" she said in a gay tone; "who would stay in the house on such a bright morning as this when they have a free hour before them?"

"Come, then," he answered, and in two minutes more they were walking away together towards the wooded hill through which they had passed with Mary Clifford and Hayward about three weeks before.

It is strange how silent people are when they have much to say to each other. For the first quarter of a mile neither Beauchamp nor Isabella said a word; but at length, when the boughs began to wave over their heads, he laid his hand gently upon hers, and said,

"I think there can be no misunderstanding, Isabella, as to the words I spoke the night before last. Nor must you think me possessed of a very eager vanity if I have construed your reply as favourable to myself. I know you too well not to feel assured that you would not have so answered me had you been inclined to decide against my hopes. But yet, Isabella, I will not and do not consider you as plighted to me by the words then spoken till—"

"That is just what I was going to say," replied Isabella, much to Beauchamp's consternation.

"I wished much to speak with you for the very purpose of assuring you that I do not consider you in the least bound by what you then said."

She spoke with a great effort for calmness, but there was an anxious trembling of the voice which betrayed her agitation, and in the end she paused for breath.

"Hear me, hear me," she said, as she saw Beauchamp about to reply; "since that night every thing has changed. I then thought my father embarrassed, but I did not know him to be ruined. I looked upon you as Mr. Beauchamp; I now find you of a rank superior to our own, one who may well look to rank and fortune in his bride. You, too, were ignorant of the sad state of my poor father's affairs. It is but fair, then, it is but right that I should set you entirely free from any implied engagement made in a moment of generous thoughtlessness; and I do so entirely, nor will ever for a moment think you do aught amiss if you consider better, more wisely, I will say, of this matter; and let all feelings betewen us subside into kind friendship on your part, and gratitude and esteem upon mine."

"You set me free!" said Beauchamp, repeating her words with a smile, "how can you? My dear Isabella, this is treacherous of you, and to talk of setting me free even while you are binding me heart and spirit to you more strongly than ever. Not one word more upon that subject, my beloved girl. You must not teach me that you think I am so sordid,

so pitiful a being to let a consideration of mere fortune, where I have more than plenty weigh with me, for one moment—I am yours, Isabella, if you will take me—yours for ever, loving you deeply, truly, aye, and understanding you fully, too, which so many do not: but it is I who must set you free, dear girl; and I will not ask, I will not receive any promise till you have heard the story of my past life."

"But you must have it," said Isabella, raising her dewy eyes with a smile, "these things must ever be mutual, my lord. I am yours or you are not mine. But Beauchamp, we are coquetting with each other; you tell me you love me; I, like all foolish girls, believe. Surely there is no need of any other story but that. Do you suppose, Beauchamp, that after all I have seen of you, after all you have done, I can imagine for one moment, that there is any thing in the past which could make me change my opinion or withhold my hand? No, no, a woman's confidence, when it is given, is unbounded—at least, mine is so in you, and I need not hear any tale of past days before I bind myself to you by that tie which, to every right mind, must seem as strong as a vow."

"Thanks, dearest girl, thanks!" answered her lover, "but yet you must hear the story; not from my lips, perhaps, for it will be better communicated to you by another; and I have commissioned good Dr. Miles to tell you all, for I would not have it said or thought hereafter, by your father or by any one, that I have had even the slightest concealment from you."

"Not to me! not to me!" said Isabella eagerly, and then added, laughing, "I will not listen to the good doctor; if there is any thing that must be said let it be told to my father."

Beauchamp smiled and shook his head, "You will think me sadly obstinate and exacting," he said, "but yet you must grant me as a favour, Isabella, that which I ask. Listen to our worthy friend the rector. His tale will not be very long; for many sad things may be told in a few words, and an account of events which have embittered my whole existence till within the few last days can be given in five minutes. I will tell Sir John myself, but the reason why I so earnestly wish you to hear all too, is, that no man can ever judge rightly of the finer feelings of a woman's heart. We cannot tell how things which affect us in one way, may affect her; and as there can be no perfect love without perfect confidence, you must share all that is in my bosom, in the past as well as in the future."

"Well," said Isabella, smiling, "as to obey is to be one of my vows, Beauchamp, I may as well begin my task at once. I will listen to the good doctor, though I confess it is unwillingly; but still, whatever he says it will make no difference."

Beauchamp replied not to what she said; but the conversation took another and a sweeter turn, and as the words they spoke were certainly not intended to be repeated to the world I will not repeat them. Time flies swiftly when love's pinions are added to his own, and Isabella coloured when passing the windows of the breakfast-room on their return, she saw the whole party assembled and Mary occupying her usual post. While Beauchamp entered and took the first fire of the enemy, she ran up to her room to lay aside her walking-dress; but Sir John was merciless, and the moment she came in assailed her with an exclamation of "Ha, ha, young lady! Early walks and morning rambles, making all your friends believe you have eloped! I hope you have had a pleasant walk, Isabella, with this noble lord. Pray were you talking politics?"

"Profound!" answered his daughter, with a gay air, though she could not keep the blood from mounting into her cheek.

"And what conclusion did you come to on the state of affairs in general?" continued Sir John, looking from Isabella to Beauchamp. "Is there to be peace or war?"

"First a truce," answered Beauchamp, "and then a lasting peace, the terms of which are to be settled by plenipotentiaries hereafter."

"Oh!" said Sir John Slingsby, now for the first time comprehending how far matters had proceeded between his daughter and his guest, and giving up the jest he remained in thought for some time.

When breakfast was over and the party had risen, Beauchamp at once took his host's arm, saying, in a low tone, "Before any other business, I must crave a few moments' conversation, Sir John."

"Certainly, certainly," said Sir John Slingsby aloud; and while Mary Clifford put her arm through Isabella's, with a heart full of kindly wishes and hopes for her cousin, the baronet led his friend into the library, and their conference commenced. As might be expected, Beauchamp met no coldness on the part of Sir John Slingsby; but after a hearty shake of the hand, an eulogium well deserved upon his daughter, and an expression of his entire satisfaction and consent, the baronet's ear was claimed for the tale of Beauchamp's previous life. It did not produce the effect he expected; for although he had some acquaintance with Sir John's character and habits, he certainly did not anticipate the bursts of laughter with which the old gentleman listened to events which had rendered him miserable. But there are two sides to every thing, and Sir John had all his life taken the risible point of view of all subjects. He laughed, then, heartily declared it an exceedingly good joke, but no marriage at all; and it was only when he found that counsel learned in the law had pronounced it to be valid, that he began to look at the matter more seriously. As soon, however, as he heard the intelligence which Beauchamp had lately received from Paris, he started up from his chair, exclaiming, "Well, then, she is dead and that's an end of it. So now I congratulate you, my dear lord, and say that the sooner the marriage is over the better. I shall tell Isabella so, and she has no affectations, thank God. But come, let us go to her. I must kiss her and give her my blessing."

The whole conversation had occupied nearly an hour, and when Sir John Slingsby and Beauchamp entered the drawing-room they found it only tenanted by Isabella and good Doctor Miles. Her face was uncommonly serious, one might say sad, and the worthy clergyman's was not gay.

"What is it, doctor?" cried Sir John Slingsby, "you look as grave as ten judges. Whose cat is dead?"

"James Thomson's," said Dr. Miles, drily, "and thereupon I wish to speak with you, Sir John, for I suppose you will attend the funeral."

"You are a funny fellow, Doctor Miles," replied the baronet; "I'll talk to you in a minute, but I must first give my daughter a kiss—the first she has had this morning, for she played truant, and is going to do so again." So saying, he pressed his lips upon Isabella's cheek, and whispered a few words that made her colour vary, and then linking his arm in that of Dr. Miles, led him from the room, leaving his daughter and her lover alone together.

Isabella's face looked sadder and graver than Beauchamp had ever seen it; and to say the truth his heart began to beat somewhat uneasily, especially

as for a moment or two she did not speak, but remained with her eyes bent down. "Isabella," he said at length, "Isabella, you look very sad."

"How can I be otherwise, Beauchamp," asked the fair girl, holding out her hand to him, "when I have just heard a narrative of events which have embittered all your life? I grieve for you very truly, indeed, and sympathise with you as much as a woman can do, with one placed in circumstances in which she could never find herself. But indeed, Beauchamp, it shall be the pleasant task of my whole life to make you forget these past sorrows."

His hand clasped more warmly upon hers as she spoke, and in the end he sat down by her on the sofa; his arm glided round her waist and his lips were pressed upon hers. She had not the slightest touch of Miss Biron about her, and though she blushed a little she was not horrified or shocked in the least.

"Then you do not blame?" he said "and notwithstanding all this, you are mine, dearest girl?"

"Why should I blame you?" said Isabella with a smile, "you were not the person in fault—except, perhaps, in having drunk too much wine once in your life; and I suppose that is what all young men do, and old men too, very often; but the punishment has certainly far exceeded the offence; and as to being yours, Beauchamp, you know that I am—or at least will be when you wish it."

Beauchamp took her at her word, and that evening there were grand consultations upon many things. Sir John Slingsby was a hasty man, and he liked every thing done hastily. Love or murder, strife or matrimony, he would have it over in a hurry. Isabella, Mrs. Clifford, Mary, were all overruled, and as Beauchamp submitted to his fate as determined by Sir John without a murmur, the marriage was appointed for that day fortnight.

Chap. XXXV.

How quietly one sits down to tell events in a tale like this, which made a vast sensation at the time they happened. One reason, I believe, why half the romances and almost all the histories in the world are so exceedingly dull, is, that the people who write them do not believe that the things they record actually happened—no, not even in their histories. They have a faint idea that it may have been so—some notion that such matters did very likely take place; but not that firm conviction, that deep and life-like impression of the transactions which they relate, that gives vivid identity to the narrative. There is always a doubt about history, which hangs round and fetters the mind of the writer, and is even increased by the accuracy of his research. There is some link in the evidence wanting, some apparent partiality in the contemporary chronicler, some prejudice on the part of the near teller of the tale, which casts a suspicion over all. We cannot cross-examine men who died a thousand years ago, and we sit down and ask with Pilate, "What is truth?" The romance-writer has a great advantage. He has the truth within himself. All the witnesses are there in his own bosom. Experience supplies the facts which observation has collected, and imagination arrays and adorns them. In fact, I believe that philosophically speaking, a romance is much truer than a history. If it be not it will produce but little effect upon the mind of the reader. The author, however, must not sit down to write it coolly, as a mere matter of composition. He must believe it, he must

feel it, he must think of nothing but telling the truth—aye, reader, the truth of the creatures of his own imagination. It must be all truth to him, and he must give that truth to the world. As they act, think, speak, in his own mind, so must they act, think, and speak to the public; and according to his own powers of imagining the truth, regarding certain characters, so will he tell a truthful tale or a mere cold fiction.

All the events which had taken place in Tarningham Park caused less bustle, though, perhaps, more profound sensations amongst the inmates of Sir John Slingsby's house than they did in the town and neighbourhood. How Mrs. Atterbury of the Golden Star—it was a hosier's shop—did marvel at all that had occurred! and how Miss Henrietta Julia Thomlinson, the dress-maker, did first shudder at the thought of Sir John Slingsby's total ruin, and then rejoice with a glow of joy at the idea of Miss Slingsby's marriage to a peer *of the realm.* Then, again, there was a little blear-eyed woman with white cheeks, slightly marked with the small-pox, and a sharp nose of red, who went about the town with an alarm bell in her mouth, spreading all manner of stories regarding Sir John Slingsby and the whole of the family at Tarningham Park. Miss Slingsby was actually sold, she said, and the money given had gone to clear the baronet of a part of his incumbrances; but she hinted that there was a heavy load behind, and declared decidedly that she should not like to have money out upon such security. This lady proved an invaluable ally to Mr. Wharton; for that gentleman did not stomach his disappointment comfortably. He looked upon himself as very much ill-treated, inasmuch as he had not been permitted to fleece Sir John Slingsby down to the skin. He made his own tale good, however, quietly, assured every body that notwithstanding his own heavy claim, and the great likelihood that there had existed of his losing many thousands of pounds, he should never have thought of proceeding against his poor friend if he had not heard that Mr. Wittingham had determined to arrest him for that heavy debt. A person calling himself Lord Lenham, he said, had come to Sir John's assistance, indeed, but he much feared that no assistance would avail; and perhaps Miss Slingsby, though she was such a cunning manœuverer, might find herself mistaken, for there was something suspicious, very suspicious, about some parts of the affair. He did not wish to say any thing unpleasant, but there was something suspicious, very suspicious, and people might mark his words if they liked.

People did mark his words; and all set to work to inquire what the suspicious circumstances were, so that what between inquiries and answers, and hints, and inuendoes, and suspicions, and surmises, and gossipping suggestions, and doubtful anecdotes, and pure lies, the little town of Tarningham was kept in a state of most exceeding chatter and bustle for several days and all day long, except at the feeding time, when the streets returned to their silent tranquillity, and not a soul was to be seen but poor little deformed Billy Lamb, first carrying out his tray of foaming tankards, and then plodding up the hill with a packet of letters and newspapers. As it is a fine day, and those large heavy floating clouds give frequently a pleasant shade, I do not see why we should not follow him up to Chandleigh Heath. How quick the little fellow's long, disproportioned legs carry his small round turkey-shaped body. But Billy Lamb must be going to visit his mother after he has fulfilled his errand, or he would not walk so fast this warm noontide. It is a round of six miles, yet he will do it in an hour and a quarter. On my life he is already on the heath. One can

hardly keep up with him; and now he is at the cottage garden-gate. What strange things poetical ideas are! and how unlike reality! The poetical idea of a cottage, for instance, is rarely very like truth. We take it and cover it with roses and surround it with flowering shrubs. That may be all very well, for there are such cottages; but then we strip it of all coarse attributes of life; we take away the evils of poverty, and vulgarity, and vice, and leave it nothing but content, and natural refinement, and calm innocence. It is neither the scene of struggles against fortune, cold, fireless, cheerless, often foodless, with want, smoke, and a dozen of children, nor the prim, false rosewood, bad pianoforted abode of retired slopsellerism, nor the snug-embowered, back lane residence of the kept mistress. There is no misery and repining there, no bad English and gin-and-water, no quiet cabriolets and small tigers, black eyes, ringlets, flutter, finery, and falsehood. It is all love and roses—quarter of an acre of Paradise with a small house upon it. Such is the poetical idea of a cottage.

Such, however, was by no means the sort of cottage, the garden-gate of which was now approached by Billy Lamb. It had been built by a coarse, vulgar man, was inhabited by an arrant scoundrel; and there the arrant scoundrel was, walking in his small domain with the lady whom we have more than once mentioned. He looked sharply round when he heard the garden-gate squeak; but was perfectly composed at the sight of the little pot-boy. The letters and papers he took, and looked at the covers, and then, with an indifferent air, asked,

"Well, my lad, what news is stirring in your little town?"

"Not much, sir," said Billy Lamb; "only about the marriage of the lord and Miss Slingsby."

The lady's eyes flashed unpleasantly, and her companion inquired,

"Well, what about that?"

"Nothing, sir, but that it is to be on Monday week, they say," replied Billy Lamb; "and all the people are as busy as possible about it, some talking, and others working hard to get all ready; for Miss Isabella will have every thing she can made in Tarningham."

"D—d badly made they will be," answered the gentleman; "and what is the lord about?"

"Oh, nothing that I know of, sir," rejoined the potboy, only all his people and things are coming down, carriages and horses, and that. The yard is quite full of them."

"And so it is to be on Monday week, is it?" rejoined Captain Moreton; "well, the sooner, the better."

"Yes, yes," cried the lady, "and he may have guests at his marriage that he does not expect."

She spoke with an ungovernable burst of feeling, before her male companion could stop her; and the boy suddenly raised his clear, intelligent eyes to her countenance, discovering there legible traces of all the furious passions that were at work in her bosom.

"Oh, yes," cried Moreton, endeavouring to give another turn to her indiscreet words, and pressing her arm tight as a hint to hold her tongue; "doubtless the whole town and neighbourhood will be there to see."

"Oh, dear, yes, sir," answered Billy Lamb; "though they say they wish it to be quite private. Good morning, sir," and he walked away with a careless air, closing the garden-gate behind him.

"Ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed the worthy captain, laughing aloud; "this is capital, Charlotte. You see our trout has bit at the fly."

"And I have got the hook in his jaws," said the lady, bitterly.

"Yes," rejoined Captain Moreton; "and it is now high time that we should consider, how we may play our fish to the best advantage. First of all, of course, the marriage must take place, or he will slip off your hook, my fair lady; but after that comes the game; and I think it would be much better to make no great noise even afterwards, but to give him proof positive of your existence; and, by working upon his apprehensions, and laying him under contribution, we may drain him dry as hay."

"I will have revenge," cried the lady, fiercely; "I care for nought else, but I will have revenge; I will make him a public scoff and a scorn; I will torture him in a court of justice; I will break his proud heart under the world's contempt—try not to stop me, Moreton, for I will have revenge. You think of nothing but money; but vengeance will be sweeter to me, than all the gold of earth."

"There are different sorts of revenge," answered Moreton, quietly; "and, depend upon it, that which I propose is much more terrible. Once he is married, and quietly informed that you are still living, think what pleasant tortures he would undergo, year after year, as long as you pleased. You would stand behind him like an unseen, but not unfelt fate, shadowing his whole existence with a dark cloud. Every hour he would live in terror of discovery, and shame, and punishment. He would never see a stranger, or receive a letter, without the hasty fears rising up in his heart. He would picture to himself the breaking up of all his domestic joys; he would see 'bastard' written on the face of every child; and his heart would wither and shrivel up, I tell you, like a fallen leaf in the autumn. Sleep would be banished from his bed; appetite from his table; cheerfulness from his hearth; peace from his whole life. Even the sweet cup of love itself would turn to poison on his lips; and our vengeance would be permanent, perpetual, undecaying. This is the sort of revenge for me!"

"It does not suit me!" cried the lady; "it does not suit me; I will have it at once; I will see him crushed and withering; I will feast my eyes upon his misery. No, no; such slow, silent vengeance for the cold-blooded and the calm. I tell you, you shall not stop me," she continued, fiercely, seeing that he listened to her with a degree of chilling tranquillity, which she did not love. "You may take what course you will; but I will take mine."

"Excellent!" said Captain Moreton, sneeringly; "excellent, my gentle Charlotte; but let me just hint, that we must act together. You can do nothing without me; I can stop it all at a word. Pray, recollect a little hint I gave you the other night; and now, that the moment is come for drawing the greatest advantages from that, which we have been so long labouring to attain, do not drive me to spoil all your plans, by attempting to spoil mine."

"Ha!" said the lady; "ha!" but she proceeded no further; and, sinking into herself, walked up and down musingly for several minutes, at the end of which time she began to hum snatches of an Italian song. Captain Moreton, who knew well her variable humours, thought that the mood was changed; but he was mistaken. He had planted that, of which he was to reap the fruit ere long.

A GLIMPSE OF THE FRONTIER, AND A GALLOP THROUGH THE CAPE COLONY.

BY CAPTAIN BUTLER, 59TH REGT.

CHAP. I.

A Military Post on the Border—A War Dance of Kafirs—A Camp on the Great Fish River—Hyænas—The Capital of the Frontier—Commencement of the Gallop—Bathurst—A Baboon Hunt—Bivouac in the Savannah—The Quagga Flats—Line of March rejoined—Aboriginal Rabble.

THE winds that howl over the thirsty sterility of Africa, hot and fierce from the calcined deserts of the interior, had for three days been lashing up the dust of Kafirland; the countenance of the sun seemed swollen with debauch through the murky atmosphere, and the wild scene around was lighted up with a hideous glare, as I looked out from the door of my tent upon the uncouth encampment to which I had been just consigned.

We were surrounded by a high fence or kraal of mimosa bushes, thickly set with long gray thorns, and there were motley groups assembled within and without the enclosure. On one side a crafty-looking community of brown Traglodites were building huts of rushes and reeds, these were the Kat River legion, a ragged handful of Hottentot militia; on the other side lay bivouacked a party of Dutch mounted boors and their followers, their röers, or long rifles, covered with sheep-skins, and their rude appointments strewed around. Outside were the kraals of our black Fingoe auxiliaries, a tribe of Kafirs who had come over to us during the progress of the Kafir war. These, heretofore, busily employed among their cattle and about their bee-hive huts, seemed roused by some strange excitement, and were hurrying to and fro with frantic gestures, and many a barbarian yell. My Irish grenadiers were standing around me, each with his mouth at full stretch, as become men who had been just dropped out of the Phœnix Park into such a pandemonium. The row outside grew fast and furious, when an interpreter came up to intimate that Makalambo, the Fingoe chief, sought admittance, to pay his respects to the new English captain. The chief was immediately led in with his train of counsellors. He was a stately savage, six feet three from the shaven crown of his head to the bare sole of his foot, his ears were adorned with the crimson feathers of the *lory*, a coil of beads and tigers' claws were upon his neck, a brazen girdle was around his loins, and beaded tassels hung fantastically from his various extremities. Up strode the gaunt chief, and casting aside a blanket, the gift of the British commander upon his first tendering his allegiance; as he approached, he reached forth to me with an air of patriarchal dignity, a large white vessel of English earthenware with one handle, full of milk. It was a delicate task to explain with becoming gravity, through the medium of an interpreter, whose languages were Hottentot—Hy Dutch, and Kafir, the objectionable nature of the goblet. The chief was at length made sensible that there was something in our religion which forbade its use as a drinking cup, and a calabash was substituted. In the meantime, "consedere duces," the chief and his council had squatted on their heels around the door of my tent, and the cause of the turmoil in the Fingoe villages was explained. A war-dance was in preparation, that their

fighting-men might be mustered and display their strength for my inspection. As we strolled through the kraals, the groups were in every direction busy at their toilette, trying their sinews by bounding into the air, and their voices by howling and yells, hurling their assegais or javelins, and striking their cow-hide shields; the carosse or mantle, whether of cow-hide their national costume, or of blankets, was cast aside, and each sinewy figure was binding on his plume of blue cranes' feathers, or his kilt of monkeys' or ox's tails, and coils of beads and tassels, and bunches of little birds' blown entrails, and tufts of feathers, to set off his ferocity to advantage, and adorn, not conceal, his nakedness. And now in every direction, through bush and rock, were seen parties hurrying to the rendezvous, whether to be called parade, gala, or *Walpurgis Night* revel, but most like the latter, save that it was in the glare of day; warriors in full dress bounding along, shrivelled old men and squalid children, haggard old crones emerging from holes in the ground or the beehive huts, ancient sorceresses, he magi or *rain makers* fantastically arrayed, young witches, black devils and brown, all hurrying to a common centre, and each humming a low moaning howl, an ominous overture. And now the warriors formed in a ring upon the appointed space, and facing inwards, commenced an unearthly yell, leaping up to its discord, and brandishing their javelins, and clattering their shields. At intervals, a chief of acknowledged prowess would dash into the centre and execute a dancing or leaping pantomime, expressive of his past achievements. Again a wrinkled old sorceress would spring up from her heels upon which she had been coiled, and dash into the centre among the warriors, casting her last garment from her, and bounding about with her spindle shanks, pot belly, and pendant breasts, shriek forth her mingled execrations and songs of praise, the excited crowd of women around joining in the barbarian concert, wagging that characteristic feature of the South African races which modern fashion loves to simulate, and the children thereon seated, to mark the measure. The figure of the dance now varied, the circle broke up, sham fights commenced, the alternate parties advanced, retreated, hurled and recovered their assegais, dispersed and rallied, and again reformed the circle. The revel continued till after the sun had long gone down, the warriors occasionally flinging themselves upon the ground, reeking with dust and perspiration, for a brief rest, and returning to the circle with fresh vigour. In the meantime the hills around the horizon were blazing with the watch-fires of the hostile Kafirs flaring wildly through the sirrocco. The scene was one of utter barbarism. It seemed a dream, the creation of a nightmare. The last "sounds of revelry by night" which I had heard, had been in Dublin Castle. From St. Patrick's ball I found myself transported into the midst of a war dance of savages—a sea voyage, a few days' march across a thirsty desert were all that intervened. The transition was startling—it seemed to have been one step from the *alpha* to the *omega* of the creation. The silvery tongues of the laughter-loving dames at that festival seemed yet to vibrate in my ears—

> The music, and the banquet, and the wine,
> The garlands the rose odours, and the flowers,
> The sparkling eyes, and flashing ornaments,
> The white arms, and the raven hair.

"All the delusion of the dizzy scene" seemed yet upon my faculties, when I found around me the howling wilderness, and that demon dance.

But it was no world of phantasms—it was no distempered vision. There stood my stalwart grenadiers in undisputable reality, and each in an attitude of gaping wonderment. They, too, had their fresh recollections of the fatherland. Hot tears had fallen upon the last footsteps which those young soldiers had left upon its shores, and fair-haired girls had sobbed as our band had beguiled their sorrows with its usual gay farewell. Neither had these youths yet learned the strong military stoicism of old campaigners—they had mourned over those tears of desolation, they had thought upon them in their night watches—but all was now forgotten in the bewilderment of the present scene. Even that more gloomy youth whose heart had been hitherto like the dying gladiator's, far away among the Galtees, with his young barbarians, and their Tipperary mother—left, stern necessity, upon the beach, had thrown off his lethargy, and stood absorbed by the savage spectacle.

So wild an introduction to the wild warfare of the frontier, seemed the prelude of at least an active life. Vain hope! Already had a peace been concluded—the Kafir war was at an end—the regiment, which had been hurried on to the scene of action, without halt or resting places since it had left the shores of the fatherland, was to be consigned to the repose of Cape Town. A few patrols, a rescue of cattle, a chase upon the spoor of the thieves as good as a fox hunt—a scamper through Kafirland, and my detachment was on its way through the neutral territory to regain the head-quarters.

There is no scene more characteristically savage than that through which the road, strewed with fragments of broken waggons, and carcases of oxen that have yielded the ghost from fatigue, winds its tortuous way from the heights about Fort Wiltshire into the valley of the Great Fish River. Rock rolled upon rock, and headland doubling upon headland; a dense dwarf forest of grotesque vegetation, wilderness of inaccessible ravines, and winding among these the turbid river, with its margins of acacia and green willows, and the post or encampment of Double Drift, towards which we were hurrying, spied only at distant intervals below us, as we rose over the crests of those rugged cliffs. Along this marched my grenadiers, and with them the uncouth waggons and their interminable spans of oxen, led on by their ragamuffin Hottentot *fore-lopers*, whose clothing was a hat a piece, and driven with whips wielded like salmon rods, but not like them in silence, each crack echoed among the hills like a young piece of ordnance, and was accompanied by the encouraging shrieks of the drivers. The white waggon tops seemed alternately to bow down to the earth on either side as the wheels mounted over the masses of rock, or sank into the deep ruts. The scene was not without its charm to those to whom the idiomatic features of the land were new, a few days of genial rain had caused a wonderful change in the scorched surface of the soil. The chandelier lily was arrayed in all its glory, blue jessamines flung their garlands over the *rhinoster* bush and the succulent foliage of the *elephant's meat*, and an endless variety of geraniums mingled with the gaunt euphorbia.

The cliffs were clad in tangled masses of thorny shrubs, among which were clumps of *strelitzia*, whose blossoms look like some startled animal, peeping out from the midst of the spear-shaped leaves, with large ears pricked, and tongue out, blue and forked ; and from the recesses of the cliffs was occasionally heard, amid the continued cooing of the wood-

pigeons, the hoarse bark of an inquisitive baboon, or the cry of a sneaking jackall.

The Great Fish River, in dry weather an insignificant stream, though running deep in a rugged bed, has its sources remote among the high mountains of the interior; it is subject to sudden and violent floods from the bursting of the thunder-storms which hang about the summits of the latter—a crash is heard through the forest louder and more articulate as it approaches, and down comes the torrent in three rolling billows of water like red liquid mud, toppling one over the other to the height of forty feet, and bearing with them uptorn trees and fragments of waggon tops and oxen that have been overtaken at the drifts, and not unfrequently a luckless Hottentot, or other ill-fated traveller.

On the banks of this river was our encampment, and that night afforded us a further initiation into a frontier life not a little startling, to those so recently cast among the grim scenery and circumstance of an African bivouac.

I had fallen asleep, with my head against the wall of my tent, and was roused by some strange noise beside me, as if a dog were sniffing at my ear; a low moan, immediately afterwards, which I recognised as the cry of the hyæna, caused me to spring to my feet with my double-barrelled gun, which lay beside me, ready for action. As soon as I had sufficiently awakened my faculties, and ascertained that the noise had been from the outside, I passed through the opening of my tent, and immediately before me, between me and the moonlight, stalked a monster as big as a calf, in whose shambling gait and drooping quarters I recognised the beast that the beef-eater loves to characterise as the "untameable"—the "laughing." The first impulse was to fire into his head—a moment's thought, and I saw the ground beyond strewed with blankets, under each of which lay buried in sleep a Hottentot militiaman. While I was moving about to procure a fair shot, without the risk of bagging one of the sleepers, or of my own men, whose tents were pitched around, the monster strode off slowly into the darkness, his head turned bashfully over his shoulders, watching my movements with a phosphoric wink in his eyes. A few paces from me was a sheep kraal, in the shady side of whose fence, my eyes having become now accustomed to the darkness, I distinguished no less than eight of these grizzly monsters pacing up and down, impatiently sniffing the mutton within, and picking their steps among the blankets where the Hottentots snored supine. To fire among such a crowd was out of the question, though the brutes seemed very little disposed to hurry out of my way; the risk now also occurred to me of raising an alarm in the camp; a shot fired by accident some time previously, had set two companies of Highlanders firing into each other, nor was the panic allayed before several had been killed and wounded. After gazing for a while upon the strange scene, and observing how completely the aboriginals, who must be best acquainted with the natural history and habits of the beasts of the desert, trusted to their honour, I resolved to trust to their honour too, and muttering to myself that fragment of the wisdom of our foremothers, that the devil is never so bad as he is painted, flung myself down in my cloak within my tent again, and in five minutes was asleep.

With the earliest dawn in these outposts the oxen are sent out to graze under the protection of a guard; the jungle is alive with thieves—

even in the profoundest peace, a cattle-lifter lurks in every kloof or ravine. When the oxen are required, the foreloper seeks an eminence and cracks his whip loudly three times; the docile beasts, if not hurried by the guard, graze their way slowly in to be *inspanned* or harnessed for the road. A ride along the river's banks during this interval, an inquisitive loitering in the footsteps of the hippopotamus, a few glimpses of smaller game, an unsuccessful attempt upon the stronghold of a panther, a sultry march resumed—and that night my detachment of grenadiers rejoining their comrades, many a marvellous tale was interchanged of this new land of wonders.

Long ere we reached Graham's Town the next day, whence our head quarters were about to march to embark for Cape Town, my brother subaltern and myself had taken council together, and resolved to procure leave of absence, and journey there overland. We had begun at the remote outposts beyond, it was now our desire to explore within the colony. The few days of thirsty marching from Algoa Bay, where we had been landed, to the scene of our late adventures, had given us little insight into the characteristics of the colony; that march had been through Albany, the most recent settlement, and almost exclusively English, our curiosity was directed more towards the Dutch provinces, about which we were determined to wander as long as our horses would last, keeping Cape Town lazily in view as our ultimate object. We were both dead lame, I from spurring a jaded hack on patrol after some Kafir robbers, my companion from rheumatism, a malady which frequently afflicts those to whom the bush habits of South Africa are new, neither had either of us yet made ourselves acquainted with the discordant intricacies of Cape Dutch, nevertheless we girded up our loins for the journey.

Our preparations were few, our introduction to the gipsy life of the frontier had been sudden, but we had become thereby better used to roughing it, and our wants were the fewer. Equipped with our guns, and riding one horse each and leading another, which carried a pack, we made our first step, but we had not gone a hundred yards before the contents of the latter were flying in every direction about the road. To arrange a pack-saddle, though a simple operation, requires no small skill, and we only became perfect in its mysteries by repeated disasters. Off at length we went, and turned our backs upon the melancholy metropolis of the frontiers. Graham's Town, though a populous and flourishing town, has a singularly desolate aspect; through the improvidence of its first founders, the neighbourhood is entirely denuded of timber and bush, and the nakedness is becoming daily more extended with the increasing demand for fire-wood. Never shall I forget the dreary sensations with which, from the latter part of the hundred miles' march from Algoa Bay, I looked down upon its straggling entanglement of whitewashed walls at the intersection of half-a-dozen broad barren tracks, the highways to and fro, and contemplated my future dwelling-place, but that fate is averted, and Graham's Town is now out of sight; on we went at a canter, the usual travelling pace of the country, along a road where art had done little, but where nature had furnished a hard clay surface, the best possible for riding; in the champaign country a single waggon first traces a line of road, a few others in succession following its wheel-marks, soon obliterate the scanty vegetation, and the road is established brown and palpable. In bush and forest the elephants were the first road-makers, man has only adapted the old game tracks to his waggon wheels. Bathurst is about thirty miles from Graham's Town;

the scenery about is parkish, and as we passed along ruined cottages, torn hedges of pommegranite, fig-trees, peach blossoms and flowering shrubs sprouting up, "where once the garden smiled," attested the marauding hand of the Kafir, and new buildings in progress, gardens freshly fenced in, and rising crops, the fertility of the soil and the happy effects of the infant peace. Unlike any part that we had hitherto seen, the country seemed well watered; a detachment of our regiment here occupied the church; we pulled up under the shade of our brother officer's fig-tree, which he had established before a rural cottage, not far distant, amid better fare than had fallen to our lot in our remote outposts, where my portion at least had been tough goats' flesh and wild onions. The bush, along the banks of the Kowie, which runs near Bathurst, is full of game, not being yet deserted even by the elephant and buffalo. The river is navigable for small vessels some miles up, but is afflicted with a locked jaw, in the shape of a bar at the mouth, devices for the cure of which seemed to engross the ingenuity of the inhabitants, and upon their success it was to depend whether Bathurst was to rise among towns or to be numbered among villages for ever. Lemons, limes, oranges, fruit, and vegetables of all kinds seemed to luxuriate in the convalescent gardens of the inhabitants. The churchyard was yet fortified and filled with the tents of our detachment, two small store forts overlooking the town.

We started next morning accompanied by our brother officer and a Cape mounted rifleman guide, traversed the Kowie bush and emerged into a prairie country beyond, agreeably interspersed with patches of bush. We had gained the brow of a hill, and were looking down into a green valley below, along which ran a rivulet half concealed by clumps of mimosas and willows, when we were challenged by a baboon, and immediately a *duiker* antelope bounding off plunged into the bush at one side, and an awkward scamper took place along the water's edge at the other, this turned out to be the troop of baboons whose sentry had given the alarm; they made straight for the opposite hill where there was a patch of jungle, and were on the point of reaching it, when a greyhound which had followed us out and had immediately rushed after the troop, overtook and seized one of the young ones, which lagged behind. The whole troop turned without hesitation, rushed upon the dog, and we rode up barely in time to rescue him from the angry relatives; the greyhound held on gallantly till his victim squealed his last squeal. Deceased measured three feet and a half from head to heel, and as he had appeared very small among the troop, some of the full grown satyrs must have been formidable fellows. The baboon has immense jaws and powerful arms, and is well able to use both. Our dog would have got off but badly if his victim had arrived at man's estate. We here off saddled to give our horses a roll and a mouthful of grass and handed over the little libel upon humanity to the Cape mounted guide to flay.

Here our companion turned back with the guide, and we were left to pursue our route alone; on we galloped over extensive plains, where many a herd of spring bocs, starting into motion as we appeared in sight, moved warily off to our right and left, and occasionally a *reit boc*, roused by the distant clatter of our horses' hoofs would spring out of the sedge and bound across our path. The plains became thinly scattered with mimosa bushes, and we reached Salem, a pretty village, like Bathurst, fast recovering from the Kafir irruption; pushing on hence without a halt, we missed our

path, and getting entangled among a succession of *kloofs*, or ravines clad in intricate jungle, we were obliged, towards sunset, to select a spot where there was wood and water for a bivouac. We picketed our horses where the grass was thickest, built a gipsy tent of our cloaks and a few boughs, lighted a fire, cooked our coffee, and made the most of the scanty contents of our saddle bags. The night was fine; we heard the moan of the hyæna and the jackal's querulous bark, but our slumbers were not on that account much abridged; although a simultaneous snorting and uneasiness among our horses did oblige us once to get up in some doubt as to whether the intentions of the former were honourable. We found the *spoor*, or footprint along the edge of a pool, within a few paces of us the next morning, but the hyæna will seldom attack a horse that is tied, when being unable to use his heels in running away, he has them all to spare for kicking; and the savage has no stomach for mankind except in a posthumous form. We rose with the first dawn. To be benighted in so fine a climate as that of the Cape is no great misfortune at any time, but in such weather as we now enjoyed the mischance only heightened the enjoyment of our journey. Off we started across a broad plain, a few straggling *spring bocs* or an unfrequent *oreby* alone giving life to the still scene, or a Kafir finch labouring under the weight of his long black tail, and fluttering among the patches of reeds, or a party of graceful blue cranes (the same whose drooping elbow plumes are used for the head dress of the Kafir warrior), which kept at a respectful distance, receding as we advanced. The sun became intensely hot, and our horizon was occasionally broken by the glancing mirage; a few farm houses, abandoned, and far between, were passed, and we at length joined the high road or track. Here, as we rested ourselves by a muddy pool or *vley*, called by some unintelligible but tantalising figure of speech, *Sweet milk Fountain*, the day being excessively sultry, and the reverberation from the deep sands intolerable, the friendly interposition of Providence sent us by the hand of a fair widow who was travelling in her waggon, and whose husband had been killed in the Kafir war, a bottle of beer, the true nepenthe under a scorching sun, to gladden our hearts. The memory of her name, alas! is gone from me, but that of her benevolence, her beauty, and her beer is deposited in an oasis of oblivion's waste, and the act is no doubt noted to her credit by the recording angel.

On went the saddles again, and our course was resumed till we arrived at Bosjesman's River (the river being invisible), here the Kafirs had received their first check from the colonial force, and consequently the spot was classic ground for the time: we remained an hour or two at the small inn conversing with the crazy hostess, and galloped off to a farmer's on the Quagga Flats to spend the night.

The worthy host, an English settler, himself a keen sportsman, entered at once into our views, which were directed towards the game, said to abound in the plains around, and which we wanted to see at least; he willingly shared with us his "*res angusta domi*," and the conversation ran till a late hour upon gunpowder and wild beasts.

The Quagga Flats were, a few years ago, the fabulous ground for the wild sports of South Africa. The quagga has retreated over the border. The eland, several hundred miles further, a few herds of spring boc are all that now remain, and a few elephants, buffaloes, and ostriches yet linger between these plains and the jungle of Sunday's River. The spring boc,

which in some parts of the colony is so numerous as to form migratory herds as much dreaded as the plague of locusts, is the most beautiful of the antelope kind. His height is somewhat less than that of the fallow deer, and his horns are curved gracefully into the form of a lyre; at rest he is of a bright fawn colour, with a dark brown band extending from the elbow to the hip, but when excited he possesses the power of erecting an under coat of long hair of dazzling whiteness, extending over his back and croup, and displaying this he goes off with a succession of bounds, from which he derives his name. The surface of the Quagga Flats is undulating, and by riding hard up to the tops of each ridge, and creeping over their brows under cover of an ant hill, we managed to get some shots at the straggling herds beneath. The ant hills form a marked feature in an African scene, the surface is covered with them in myriads three or four feet high, and each with a large hole at its base, the burrow of the ant bear; in following the game I became separated from the rest of my party; I had left my horse, which I had imagined to be a steady shooting horse, to look over one of these ant hills into the valley beyond. Now the duty of a Cape shooting horse is, if pulled up after a sharp gallop, and left with his bridle over his head, to stand as steady as a rock, even for half an hour till his rider returns to seek him. When I returned for mine he allowed me to come within a few paces, then gave me an impertinent look, and leisurely trotting off with his head on one side that the trailing-reins might not interfere with his action, he resumed his grazing a hundred paces off. The horse was evidently a rogue; here I found myself alone, lame, and under a burning sun, compelled to follow and find myself baffled at each effort to remount. I was on the point of giving up in despair when the distant crack of a waggon whip struck upon my ear; the waggon shortly made its appearance over the horizon, and with the assistance of the driver I effected a recapture, and ascertained the bearing of the farmer's house. I rejoined the rest of the party as the farmer's horses were being driven into the horse kraal. The farmer pointed out two or three colts that had been torn by the hyænas, and spoke bitterly of one enormously large, which had hitherto eluded all his devices for its capture, vowing that the first time they met it should be a mortal conflict. The hyæna, or wolf, as he is here called, has here, as well as among the ancients, the vulgar reputation of being an *hermaphrodite;* he is heard in great numbers at night but is seldom seen by day; the Hottentots expressively say of them that "they are ashamed," to look any one straight in the face; they are partial to horse-flesh, but never attack an animal that will face them. They are known to follow travellers on horseback for hours at night, cantering behind them, in hopes of one of the led horses taking fright and breaking away, in which case it is their custom, being both strong and swift, to seize him by the flank and drag him down. An acquaintance whom I had met during my brief sojourn in Kafirland, had been followed during an entire night by five or six of them, at whom he fired several times, but with uncertain aim, the night being dark, and still, whenever he looked behind him the same gloomy savage figures were pattering along close at his heels. We left the worthy farmer's in the cool of the evening, when two hours' canter through alternate belts of bush and tracts of brown barrenness brought us to Sunday's River, the river not being quite invisible like the Bosjesman's, but a chain of pools, though subject at times like the Fish River, to violent floods. We found here an indifferent inn, where the

hostess was very voluble, and where the ostler, who was called Mr. Watts, could with difficulty be induced to look after our horses. The country around was covered with a dense bush of the thorny mimosa with its six-inch spines, flowering shrubs, and aloes with long cone-shaped orange blossoms, and green gray monkeys frolicked about the banks of the river, and sat in the boughs watching us as we passed the ford, with their arms affectionately round each other's necks. Our journey onwards lay through dry rocky hills each greener spot marked by the fires of a bivouac or *outspan* of waggons, while the sluggish vulture rose from his feast upon the carcase of some luckless bullock that had perished upon the roadside from fatigue and bad weather, and soared with his broad wings lazily over our heads. Descending the hills we traversed a wide tract, the surface of which was creeping with small tortoises and thinly-clad in a scanty vegetation of Hottentot figs, or *mesembrianthimum*, with gaudy blossoms of yellow and pink; the note of a bugle struck our ears, we passed through a dark jungle, and emerging upon the brow of a hill, espied below us the white tents and red uniforms of our regiment encamped picturesquely upon the Swart Kops River.

That night we made a sacrifice to the jolly god, and before the sun arose next day we were on our march for Fort Elizabeth.

At the entrance of that most villanous of towns, the band being met by the female rabble of the place, the latter naked, half-naked, and three-quarter naked, black, brown, yellow, and brindled—Kafir, Hottentot, Bosjeswoman, and mongrel—but all rejoicing in that extravagant development before alluded to, to which the flesh of woman and sheep is heir at the Cape; these all preceded us in a barbaresque polonaise, in which all kept admirable time, breaking occasionally into a waltz with a great deal of laughable grace, and these wild *figurantes* continued the extempore *ballet*, shaking their fragrance to the gale before us till the regiment drew up along the beach for embarkation.

GOOD NIGHT.

BY F. A. B.

Good night, but dream not, lest the clinging form,
  Which thou didst coldly cast from thy embrace,
Should in thy sleep return, and still and warm
  Creep to the breast that was its resting-place.

Good night, but dream not, lest the pleading eyes,
  Whose tears thou see'st fall down like winter rain,
Should o'er the darkness of thy slumbers rise,
  In that long look of helpless, hopeless pain.

Dream not, lest, with the hour of love returning,
  Thy former love should to thy heart return.
Alas! as soon might'st thou seek light or burning
  In the grey ashes of a funeral urn.

THE TWO JEWS OF PERU.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

Introduction.

Not deepest ocean in its calmest mood,
Nor tropic forests' dark green solitude,
Nor clouded silence of the sandiest sea
That rolls its baleful gold o'er Araby,
Equals, in death, the tongueless realm sublime
Where condors soar not, nor where llamas climb;
Those rocks of fiery Andes,—billow-tost,
Till in the depths of heav'n the last is lost:
The final granite peak, the needle lone,
The sole, cloud-footed, black volcanic stone
That sleeps in upper horror, far, unseen,
Yon rolling worlds and this dark earth between:
And, lost in dreamy height from human eyes,
Lives only to the spirits of the skies.

No sun-born insect hums in that thin air;
No mosses microscopic forests rear:
Pure barren elements alone surround
That spot, which sees no life and hears no sound:
Save when the central mountain-thunder roars
And nameless Etnas burst their rocky doors.
While o'er th' amaz'd Pacific, in his ire,
Loud shrieks the struggling stifl'd king of fire.
If years make age, our tale is old; though young
And daily new, upon tradition's tongue.
Since all that's born of bright parental truth
Shall freshly glow in fair unfading youth.
Time moulders rocks, and bares the antler'd trees,
Saps earth's foundations, and dries up her seas:
One pow'r alone the tyrant sets at nought,
He kills the man, but conquers not the thought:
Fresh, heav'n-descended thought!—that aye survives
Ten thousand wrecks of sear'd and sinning lives.
And, buoyant ever, changeless still floats on,
The word-embodied soul of bodies gone.

I.

The Jew laments the disaster that has befallen him, and addresses his tale to the Indian, who succours him in his distress.

I am what I was bred and born,—'tis true.
  What then?—Why should our faiths each other mar?
Look at me, Christian men;—behold the Jew.
  I am what *I* am,—you are what you are.
If each felt truly what to each is due,
  For this abstraction should we never war.

My beard is grayly dying: ashy sign
  Youth's fuel is burn'd down to dust within.
Yet know I not, at this white age of mine,
  Why loving what my youth was taught, is sin.
I suck'd belief in milk, as thou didst thine,
  And life and faith together did begin.

What marks the stubborn ox, or timid hind?
  Kinds are not designated black or white:

Were colour cause for war of kind with kind,
Poor life would be but one protracted fight.
So, faith is but the colour of the mind,
And, though we differ, both may still be right.

Or, if this seem a latitude too wide,
(The narrowest skiff most fears how far it goes),
At least, 'tis clear no umpire may decide;
And each for self must judge from what he knows.
Dictation springs from evil spirit-pride,
And forc'd opinions are too real woes.

Would all mankind these thoughts might entertain;
And mutual hate, and persecution, cease:
'Tis lack of thought breeds enmity and pain.
Why cannot faiths dwell side by side in peace?
Nor strive each other's robes of heav'n to stain,
But from all self-defections seek release.

Oh, these are dark and heavy times, indeed!
Though seventeen hundred years have nearly fled
Since mortal Israel bade th' Immortal bleed,—
(And since how deeply they themselves have bled!)—
E'en yet the Christian knows not his own creed,
But, like a shell, encloses what is dead.

Through scorn and insult, robbery, and wrong,
With all to suffer, but with nought to do;
When our abuse is virtue on each tongue,
And life all mire to drag reluctant through;
Why to The Scatter'd do I still belong?
And live in agony to be a Jew?

Think what—but yesterday,—I underwent!
Look but upon me as I am to-day!
My limbs were firm as cedar-boughs unbent,
When last the sun fled from the world away.
Now are they dislocated,—broken,—rent:
And I fast sliding down to cold decay.

And this is Christian work, O, Holy One!
These pain-sweats on my brow are mercy's dew:
This clotted gore hath charity put on
To hide my wounds from wet-eyed Pity's view.—
No need from mine, since sight is almost gone,—
Though I should feel no more, by seeing too.

Mute Indian! man of pity unprofess'd!
No Christian nam'd, yet more than Christian bright:
Thou, whose sublimest school is thy own breast,
Where nature writes her lessons up in light.
Hear thou the story of my fate unblest,
And be thy simple nature judge of right.

Thou art my good Samaritan.—And they
Who should have been so, are in truth the thieves.
They preach, then stab, and leave us by the way;
But no man is what he himself believes.
He most persists he's right when most astray,
So easily self-flattery self-deceives.

II.

The Jew commences his Tale, and describes his own and his Father's Journey to Lima.

From persecution flying, and fierce hate,
That redden'd Europe's soil with Israel's blood;
And rent with shrieks, no mercy might abate,
The air where once our habitations stood;
We bow'd before inevitable fate,
And brav'd th' Atlantic's far less angry flood.

It was our bosom hope, in this far clime
  To find the horror worn from off our name:—
That "Jew" was not synonymous with crime;
  And rabid Christian zeal had grown more tame.
But distance softens not such rage, nor time.—
  In wild Peru, as Europe, 'tis the same.

My sire and I,—for though myself bleach'd gray,
  He still liv'd on, all patriarchal white:—
I and my father weary day by day
  Through swamp and forest, to this Andean height
Have footed, sinking-hearted, our sad way;
  And all to die at last in lowlier plight.

When, great Jehovah! shall thy chosen seed
  Have ended their redeeming sacrifice!—
And, after age on age, have ceased to bleed
  Enough, to Christian consciences and eyes,
For that most ghastly, unforgotten deed,
  That rent Jerusalem, and tore her skies?

Our journey from the sea was wild and drear:
  Nor company had we save bird and beast.
Yet was it happy in its kind,—since fear
  Of persecution felt we not, at least.
And less I dread the tiger in his lair
  Than frenzied superstition, rage-increas'd.

Those peaceful forests took us back to God:
  We felt His might in loneliness, and wept.
Ah! what a change from where man's iron rod
  Drew down the storm that o'er our homes had swept!
For though it was a wilderness we trod,
  We walked in freedom, and in safety slept!

Oft,—by a sort of instinct led to think
  Our case and theirs of old akin might be,—
Though yet we could not well define their link.—
  We talk'd about the Great Captivity.
This bitter fount our hearts found wholesome drink,
  And strength'ning, in our hard necessity.

We vision'd sweet-wav'd Jordan running down
  Into the dense, asphaltic, thicken'd sea
That lies on blacken'd Sodom,—sin-lost town!—
  And sigh'd afresh o'er that old memory.
'Tis always sad, the grave of lost renown,—
  But most when lost in hoar iniquity.

Such converse shorten'd time and shrunk up space:—
  Less tiresome grew the same eternal wild;
Nor so monotonous seem'd nature's face;
  While rocks that frown'd before, half-grimly smil'd.
Yet we so haggard grew in this rude chase,
  I scarce my father knew, or he his child.

At length we clear'd the trees, and came again
  Reluctantly, and with unnatural dread,
Upon th' unfriendly haunts of lowering men,
  Whose very looks sunk in our hearts like lead.
With fear old Lima's gates we enter'd then,
  While babes and women from our pathway fled.

III.

The Jews drink at a Fountain, and are accused of carrying Poison in their Beards—Then further charged with murder, and arrested.

In Lima stands a fountain call'd of Fame.
  Who rear'd it, had not studied art alone·

He satirised his fellows in the name,—
What more than water's from her trumpet blown?
One moment sparkling in the mid-day flame,
The next sunk down in channels all unknown.

Beside that fountain foot we stay'd to slake
Our husky tropic thirst;—throats dust-inlaid;
Nor deem'd we wrong with hollow hand to take
The common gift that there in coolness play'd.
But soon our simple hearts found cause to ache;—
Such fountains for such lips were never made!

A sun-brown Spaniard,—fierce and snaky-hair'd,—
Exclaim'd, "That Jew-dog will the spring pollute;
He'll mingle poison where he dips his beard,
For melting poison's hidden in the root!"
The rabble thereupon loud war declar'd,
And beat us more than driver beats his brute.

No Jew may turn again—his manhood's gone.
We skulk'd, and cower'd, and fled like cudgell'd hounds.
Yet heavier still the growing crowd press'd on
Until they forc'd us from the city's bounds.
How sunk our spirits then !—Hope had we none
Now we were on more wild and lawless grounds.

The tumult lasted long, till night drew nigh :
And much we wish'd the falling of the gloom.
Protection might be in a darken'd sky,
While daylight only pointed to our doom.
Like baited beasts we rush'd out suddenly
And fled : nor knew to safety or a tomb.

We reach'd the deserts—'twas a race for life ;
A breathless, panting, bloodshot effort, vain.
Less weary limbs gain'd on us in the strife,
Though struggle-sweat roll'd down like thunder-rain.
The one short, kindly pang of shot or knife,
To such a long convulsion had been gain.

Still, haply had we 'scaped, but other noise
Of tongues and hoofs beyond, just then was heard,
Our hot-pac'd hunters slack'd to catch the voice ;
And "*seize the murd'rous Jews !*" was next the word.
We felt a wilder rush of men and boys,
And soon fell pris'ners to that frantic herd.

Lo ! we were charg'd with murder—human death !
A man was murder'd on the way *we'd* come,
And we had done it ! half it stopp'd my breath—
I gasp'd in spasm, as when cold waves benumb.
My heart leap'd like a weapon from its sheath,
To answer ; but, tongue-paralys'd, was dumb.

They roughly seized, and bound us limb to limb ;
Then hurried to the city swiftly back;
Faint grew life's colours as its light wax'd dim,
And doubtful look'd our onward way, and black.
All trust had vanish'd, save alone in him,
The Star unclouded o'er life's stormiest track!

IV.

The Jews are tried and condemned to die, but have a horrible proposition made to them.

Men guide their judgments by their passions ; hence
Awry from justice judgment oft is bent.

A strong desire, with little evidence,
  Is to strong evidence equivalent.
In prejudice they find what fails in sense,
  And for weak facts strong props of lies invent.

The will is but the seed of human acts,
  And wishing but the scattering of the seed;
'Tis will converts ideas into facts,
  And from a simple thought creates a deed.
Hence mind should guard whate'er desire exacts,
  For, like the kernel is the tree, of need.

They tried us for a deed we had not done;
  They question'd witnesses who nothing saw;
False swearing ended well what lies begun;
  In patch'd and broken proof they found no flaw,
And thus convicted they both sire and son.
  Yet this, O man, was justice—this was law!

With brevity indignant we denied
  The charge in gross; and lie by lie repell'd.
'Twas but as wind against a rising tide,
  Which but lash'd up the more instead of quell'd.
Before us stretch'd of death the desert wide,
  And truths lay prostrate, like a forest fell'd.

Then came the sentence, 'twas that both should die,
  Unless in this most dire alternative:
Free pardon should be granted *me* if I
  The death-blow to my father's life would give.
If not, the trade of hangman *he* might try
  Upon his son; and so be free to live.

My father rose, I rose; he bared his breast,
  I bared my breast; he pointed to the skies,
So I; those human fiends might guess the rest.
  But literal lightning flash'd from out his eyes,
"WE BOTH ARE MEN!" he shrieked, "though thus distress'd;
  Who else supposes, from his soul he lies!

"Back with contempt and bitter scorn we fling
  Your villain proposition, hell-conceiv'd;
Nor, did not our own ears the tidings bring,
  In such damnation ne'er had we believ'd.
Inflict your deaths! for us death has no sting,
  To leave this life of horror who'd be griev'd?

"Infernal sons of fathers child-accursed!
  Of worthless sons detested fathers, ye!
Who ne'er upon a mother's lap were nurs'd,
  Nor whose black blood knows aught of sympathy!
Our innocence and virtue dare your worst;
  Though Jews, and poor, the hearts of men have we!"

V.

The Jews deliberate in prison—agree to die together—the multitude drag them forth and hurl them down a mountain precipice.

Before th' accusers thus my father spoke;
  Not so, when back into our cell we went.
Then from their deep and stifl'd fountains broke
  What feelings pride before had closely pent.
His manhood bow'd, as bends some giant oak
  On whose shorn brow a sudden storm is spent.

This break precipitous, this sudden halt—
  This abrupt ending of life's pilgrimage—

This *one* stride from the plain into the vault,
  Shocks lusty youth and pales the cheek of age:
When life expands to one gigantic fault,
  And doubts and terrors all the soul engage.

"My son, preserve thy life," my father said:
  "It is no sin to sin by dire constraint.
No sense of crime shall haunt you when I'm dead,
  Nor from an angry Heav'n be heard complaint.
He's guiltless who to guilt by force is led,
  And on thy hands my blood can leave no taint."

To see each other, men look diff'rent ways:
  To see themselves, must have each other's eyes.
A son should bless his father's latter days,—
  Not say,—"I push'd him where he, fallen, lies."
'Tis time men die when children's love decays;
  And sad to have no rainbows in our skies.

I answer'd,—"'Tis my duty *thee* to save:
  Staffs should uphold, not be upheld by men:
Take back by right, O father! what you gave;
  E'en Heav'n bestows but to resume again.
Thy life shall purchase freedom on my grave,
  And pleas'd I'll quit this blood-stained earthly den."

Thus, and much more, each pleaded unto each,
  And strove in vain the other to persuade:
Our hearts denied the faith our tongues would teach.
  And each to practice what he taught forbade.
Hence, either stood beyond the other's reach,
  And scorn'd that sacrifice he would have made.

Though neither o'er the other could prevail
  To do what each the other most desir'd;—
While on himself his own poor logic fail'd,
  And faintly in his hopeless breast expir'd;—
On this we both agreed—nor blench'd, nor quailed—
  To die together, as their laws requir'd.

This brave decision, though so natural,
  The people disappointed much, and cross'd:
Their harsh barbarian souls, and passions fell,
  Look'd on the sport of parricide as lost.
Loud rose their clamour, like the roar of hell,
  Because we life refus'd at such a cost.

Wall-deaden'd and remote our cell might be,
  Yet to it reach'd that fluctuating sound:
'Twas like the far-off murmur of a sea,
  That snowy drifted breaks on rocky ground.
It seem'd our death-cry; since, at such as we
  The mob snaps ever like a rabid hound.

As night drew near, it louder, wilder grew;
  And saw we, in most painful pleasure, fall
From skies invisible, our grating through,
  Life's last departing sunbeam on our wall.
Blest contrast, to the yells of that dire crew,
  Who loudly now for death began to call.

We heard the crash of yielding doors; the cry
  Of that fierce hate which some call holy zeal.
It made our very eyesight dim and die;
  Till, staggering off, the world began to reel.
Then knew we that our martyrdom was nigh,
  And to our warrants fix'd death's final seal.

Our dungeon, too secure, felt insecure:
  It prison'd us, yet kept not off our foes.
How sharp a conflict we did then endure,
  Beside our own poor souls, God only knows.
They rush'd on us with curses most impure,
  And dragg'd us forth with stripes, and kicks, and blows.

"Off to the mountain!—Hurl them down the height!"
  Such was the chilling cry that then arose.
The haggard sun set anxiously in fright;
  And like a shroud became the upper snows.
Though yet 'twas day, creation sunk in night,
  Made blind and black by our absorbing woes.

It boots not.—Life ebbs out.—My painful breath
  Can scarce conclude the tale: but welcome, soon
The finish will be witness'd in my death;—
  Of all earth has to give, the choicest boon.
To die, is but as 'twere at night to sheath
  The sword of life we bravely wav'd at noon.

They flung us headlong from a mountain steep,
  O'erhung atop as is a leaning wall.
I frantic follow'd with a sightless leap,
  Then, when I heard my shrieking father fall,
Love stronger drew me down into the deep
  Than had a giant clasp'd me in his thrall.

* * * * * *

Sense came at length:—slow, stealthily, afraid.
  That after-death-world look'd sublime and vast.
I dar'd not speak, nor cry, but stilly pray'd
  Such peace, and calm, and light, might ever last.
I look'd to see some angel, gold-array'd,
  Stoop down and smile o'er life's poor sorrows past.

None came.—And with a shudder of regret
  Conviction rose, it was the life-world still.
My broken limbs with earthly dew were wet,
  And 'twas the moon's—not God-light—o'er the hill.
I fainted, thinking I'd to die e'en *yet*,
  And that this thing call'd life 's so hard to kill.

My father lay beside me sweetly dead.
  I wept, and chok'd, yet envied him his lot.
Round on the yellow rocks where lay his head—
  Be witness at the Judgment, thou dark spot!—
I saw with sickly horror how he'd bled;
  But farther of this woe remember not.

The rest is known. One word, and I have done;—
  But be this word a voice in ev'ry clime
From arctic ices to the tropic sun,—
  The Angels shall rejoice when comes the time
From bigotry in mental battle won,
  That deeds, and not beliefs, alone are crime!

"Alas, poor Jew!" the pitying Indian cried,
  "Our darkest of idolatries, no more
Had been in blood and superstition dyed
  Than this perverted faith, God made of yore.
Yet we'll forget not, in itself the tide
  Is pure. All stains are gather'd from its shore."

THE PORTFOLIO.

No. II.

So much as from occasions you may glean.—*Hamlet.*

FRECKLES.

If freckles be deemed an embellishment to tulips, cowslips, and the fair flowers which may be termed God's earth-written poetry, how can they be a disfigurement to a pretty girl, the fairest flower of humanity, and God's living image?

"Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours;"

so was it thought in Shakspeare's time; and if we can no longer assign these natural beauty-spots to the exploded fairies, we may still maintain them to be love-tokens left by the kisses of the enamoured sun; the only kisses ever received, perchance, by their modest exhibitors? This photogenic blazonry, this galaxy that decorates the roses of the cheek and the lilies of the forehead, what are its enamelling stars but relics of sunshine, soul-enlivening memorials of bright days, and of pleasant excursions with smiling companions beneath a smiling sky? To prevent the printing of these celestial mementos, by veils and parasols, is to suppress a delightful register of past enjoyments, as well as to lose a moralising stimulant to gratitude; for what damsel can fail to think of heaven when she traces its hand-writing upon her face? Strange! that spots of court-plaister should once have been thought an ornament, and that the tiny circlets, stamped by the great circle of the sun, should ever have been considered unbecoming. When the pagans affirmed that Daphne and other beautiful damsels were beloved by Apollo, they merely meant to say that they were freckled.

MUMMIES.

These leathern statues will endure, we are told, for two or three thousand years, and many writers have regretted that we have lost the secret of preserving what nature's intentions have consigned to decay. But how evanescent is the result of the gums and liquids that thus, for a limited term, save a man's dead body from decomposition, compared with the ink which embalms his living mind for ever. Gums and spices, and brass and marble, may be securities against immediate oblivion, but "the black liquor with which men write" and print confers an earthly immortality. It might take some of the gall out of an author's ink if he would look upon it as the panoply destined to shield his memory against the shafts of death and the teeth of time.

ODDS AND ENDS.

In the midst of solitude and darkness when we hear and feel and thrill with the awfulness of a night-wind, well may we imagine that we are auntedd by one of nature's mighty spirits which is fanning us with its wings.

Why should old maids be ridiculed for their pet dogs, and birds, and favourite flowers? These substitutes are the companions of the lonely, the husbands of the unmarried, the children of the childless.

Minds are like glass—the more highly polished the better do they reflect: or rather like water, for when troubled they either lose the power of reflection altogether, or present objects in a broken and distorted state.

When we meet with reverses, and friends fall from us, our peccadilloes are like birds'-nests, which become more and more conspicuous as the leaves drop off, tempting every passing urchin to throw a stone at them.

The example of attractive vice is hardly more injurious to morality than that of disagreeable virtue. The wit and pleasant vivacity of our old comedy rakes were, perhaps, provocatives to raking; but the starch austerity of our modern puritans is equally injurious in an opposite direction, by provoking a spirit of anti-puritanism.

The sensibility of the body increases or diminishes with the cultivation of the mind. The girl of fashion, rendered morbidly delicate and fastidious by every refinement and indulgence, can hardly sleep if a feather of her bed be rumpled, and when she perceives any powerful odour seems about to die of a rose in aromatic pain: while the North American savage, hardened by the ignorance and roughness of barbarous life, endures the most aggravated torments without wincing. Let us hope that animals share a portion of this insensibility to pain, for they have abundant need of it; but let us not act upon this trust, for we are quite inhuman enough without it.

The Abbé Coyer, who was often a self-invited guest, and made himself more free than welcome at the houses of his friends, once met with a rebuke not less severe than witty from Voltaire. "Do you know the difference between yourself and Don Quixote?" inquired the philosopher. "He took inns for châteaus, and you take châteaus for inns."

We are not to suppose that the elephant's trunk is incapable of felling a man because we see it toying with a feather: we are not to infer that the oak wants stability because its light and changeable leaves dance to the music of the breeze: nor are we to conclude that a man wants solidity and strength of mind, because he may exhibit an occasional playfulness and levity. Let no man judge of qualities he cannot see by those which he sees. Present appearances are often deceitful. Empty barrels, chimneys in summer, and soldiers in peace, are not to be deemed useless because they are not immediately used. Even empty forms are often representatives of very useful and substantial realities. Like bank-notes, they are of little intrinsic value, but they represent gold. A mere variation of forms sometimes involves essential distinctions. In consuming tobacco, for instance, what a broad difference between the men who take it in snuff, who smoke it in cigars, or who chew it!

A man's own self is like his own walnut-tree—he never throws a stone at it except to bring down something that may be nuts to him. To blame one's own conduct is only to provoke contradiction, and to arrive at praise by a by-road. Rowers go backwards that they may get forwards, and self-eulogists only seem to lower that they may raise themselves in the opinion of their hearers. Fain would they resemble the snow, which rises the higher the more it falls.

PLAGIARISM—CRITICS—AUTHORS.

"*Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*"—death to those who have anticipated our sayings! has been ejaculated by many a disappointed author on discovering that the bright idea on which he had been priding himself was not an original one. Readers are not aware how difficult it is for a writer, especially if he have a treacherous memory, to know what he may call his own. Imputed plagiarism is often unconscious coincidence, and, instead of carping at identities of thought and phrase, we should rather wonder that they do not more frequently occur. So far from participating in the angry ejaculation above quoted, I myself, am rather proud when I find that an idea which I had welcomed as my own belongs to some illustrious predecessor, and that I have had the honour, therefore, of thinking the thought of a great mind. This sympathy puts me in relationship with him, makes him my brother, wherever and whensoever he may have lived. It is another touch of the nature that "makes the whole world kin;"—a mental metempsychosis; a new incarnation of a dead author's brains,—an intellectual resurrection.

How few critics act upon the golden rule of Coleridge—"Until you understand an author's ignorance presume yourself ignorant of his understanding." Happy in self-conceit, they often mistake want of knowledge for the possession of it. Such ignorance may sometimes be bliss, but its exhibitors have very rarely the "folly to be wise."

It has been well remarked that jealousy is the offspring of love, and unless the parent strangles the child, the child will poison its parent. The only love without jealousy, because it is the only one in which we need not fear any rivals, is self-love, an insidious passion which is the more to be guarded against because it assumes so many disguises. Indulgence of children, for instance, is only an alias for self-indulgence; but, alas for the weakness of authors! the children of all others to whose feelings their parents are most blind, and whose merits, where any exist, are the most absurdly over-rated, are the bantlings of the brain!

MALIGNANT EXHORTATION.

Saint Gille, a grocer of St. Germain, being once invited to a grand feast of the Cordeliers, startled the whole conclave by exclaiming in a sepulchral voice that seemed to proceed from the vaults beneath the refectory, "It were better to pray! It were better to pray!" Under the influence of the panic occasioned by this apparently supernatural rebuke, the whole party hurried off to their prayers and psalms, and it was not till next day that one of them ventured to inquire of the grand prior who, in his opinion, might be the probable utterer of the mysterious words that had so unexpectedly scared them from their banquet. "They must have come from the mouth of Satan," was the reply. "Nobody else could have been capable of such a malignant exhortation!"

A SPECULATION.

May not the human race be destined to undergo the same process of childhood, maturity, old age, decay, extinction, as the individual man? Judging from the history of the animal creation, (and what more proba ble than that there should be an analogy between the two,) the suppo-

sition does not seem altogether fanciful. Geological researches show us that the original forms of organised beings constantly underwent a change of size and type until many of them finally disappeared; while those that have left representatives have bequeathed them to us in a most deteriorated and diminished form, as we may see by comparing the gigantic fossil iguanadon with the modern iguana. When man and the domestic animals were called into existence, it is presumable that these wholesale devourers were materially reduced in size, or altogether annihilated, that they might not claim too large a share of the earth's produce, or become unfitting contemporaries for the new visitants—the destined lords of creation.

Has the physical man gained or lost in stature and personal powers since the days of Adam? Tradition will support both conjectures, for both sacred and profane history assert the ancient existence of giants; while the pigmies and their wars are recorded in classic annals. To stand the wear and tear of a thousand years, Methuselah must surely have required more corporeal bulk than an ephemeral mannikin of our degenerate days. The Israelites who traversed the holy land told their brethren that they had seen giants of Anak's race, in comparison with whom men were as grasshoppers. Moses informs us that the bed of Og, king of Bashan, was fifteen feet four inches and a half long. Goliath was ten feet seven inches high; and these existed after the life of man had been cut down to its present average! Have the moderns been reduced from these Anakim and Rephilim, or have we been enlarged and developed from the monkeys? The latter supposition is without physical support; and though we often disinter the bones of an individual giant, the Egyptian mummies, our most ancient remains of whole races, are rather below than above the average stature of the moderns.

Is mankind then in its childhood, maturity, or declension? Judging from geological evidences of the world's infinite antiquity, and of the long-enduring cycles before any of the former animal races underwent any material alteration of type, or became finally extinct, and recollecting also the comparative recency of man's appearance upon the globe, analogy will support the inference of his being only in the outset of his career. That he should undergo any corporeal changes seems to be a hardly tenable conjecture; but as the instinct of animals is fixed and immutable, remaining the same now as it was at the creation, leaving their frames alone to be modified and changed, we may infer that while the human form remains unaltered, man's development will be confined to his distinguishing attribute, his reason. Assuming him, then, to be in the outset of his career, and summing up the mighty conquests in science that he has already achieved, and his general advancement in civilisation, what imagination can set bounds to the glorious destiny that awaits the youngster, as he wins his triumphant way towards maturity? Let every man believe in these exalting aspirations, and he will do much to realize them. Let every man find his own happiness in depositing upon the altar of human improvement an offering suitable to his means and opportunities, and he will best fulfil the purposes for which he was intended, best propitiate the benevolent Deity who called him into existence that he might best enjoy it by becoming an instrument of good to his fellow-creatures.

H.

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory Remarks—Birth-place of the Poet—Family of Campbell—The Poet's Parents—Placed at Glasgow Grammar School—Character as a Scholar—Juvenile Compositions—His own Statements of his Early Verses—School Anecdote—Obtains a Bursary at Glasgow University—Great Progress in Study—Attachment to Classical Learning—Attends the Lectures of Professor Millar—His Character of the Professor—Early Friends—Leaves Glasgow for Argyleshire—Arrival in Edinburgh—The Pleasures of Hope—Sale of Copyright—Dr. Anderson and Dugald Stewart—Character of Dr. Anderson—Mode of Composition—Singular Oversights—High Tone of Feeling—Consciousness of his Own Position.

THE real biography of a literary man is the history of his works answering to that of the achievements or adventures of other extraordinary individuals, or occupying the place of the petty details of business in the short lived memoirs of persons merely professional. The mental peculiarities of such, all that is linked with sensation, serve in place of stirring incident to attract notice and interest the heart. If less exciting, the effects are more lasting, from being allied with intellect, and while more instructive enlisting powerfully on their side the better sympathies of human nature. In this view the biography of the imaginative writer, above all that of the poet, has a peculiar hold upon the attention.

There was as little of extraneous incident in the career of Campbell, as is encountered generally in the lives of other literary men. The foundation of his poetical fame was deeply and early laid; his verse will represent itself to posterity, but a complete knowledge of the man can only be handed down by detailing the mode in which that verse was achieved, and snatching from oblivion some traits of the make and disposition which worked out its peculiar character and merits. Two years have passed since the poet belonged to the living, and endless have been the misrepresentations propagated regarding him. It is time that some attempt should be made to remove them, and exhibit him as he was. This cannot be done efficiently by any individual who was unacquainted with the man before senility laid its hand upon him, rendering more than customarily feeble a frame of considerable activity, until the last three or four years of life bore upon it, pressing down the powers of a mind once sensitive and yet vigorous, highly endowed and yet full of touching simplicity. The likeness which is to remain the lasting portrait should be taken from life during the maturity of character and being, which constitute the acme of existence, in reputation as well as physical organisation.

The correspondence of the earlier years of the poet's life might do much to illustrate an interesting portion of his existence; but all men to be properly described must be thoroughly known, during those years when acting their most conspicuous part. The present writer was intimate with the poet, as is pretty well known, for the space of nearly thirty years. For twelve years of that term, from 1820 to 1832, as the sequel will show, he was, owing to particular circumstances, so situated in relation to the poet as no other individual ever could have been before or subsequently. His intercourse was confidential during the time Campbell was in the

zenith of his reputation; and reserved as the poet was in those days in disposition, it may be imagined it required a certain time to work out a confidence that never diminished, to judge by the latest interviews that took place between them during the three or four last years of the poet's life—interviews unavoidably very few to what they had previously been, arising solely from obstacles connected with distance of residence and the imperative demands of laborious occupation. Yet was the loss scarcely to be deplored by the living from sparing friendship the spectacleof a decay sufficiently painful to contemplate.

The present narration from 1819, has been drawn up from personal knowledge, from documents and notes exclusively the writer's own, and partly from a correspondence with the poet, when he was occasionally absent from town between the years 1820 and 1832. A correspondence could only occur under such circumstances. When both were in town, not more than two or three days ever elapsed without a meeting, generally rendered necessary by matters of business. These letters, the present writer's own property, so the law declares, could not be published in the present state of that incomprehensible jargon of self-styled wisdom, without the consent of other parties, of whom the owner has no knowledge. He has, therefore, referred to them only as guides, to keep up the continuous chain of his recollections.

The present publication is that most fitting for such a record. It is that which for ten years was intimately connected with the poet himself as its editor during the better portion of his life. The *New Monthly Magazine* stood alone among periodical works. Then, as now, the widest circulated at the highest price of all the works of its class here; it was reprinted in America, and eagerly sought wherever English was spoken or read. Its contributors were the first among the literary men of the time. Many have paid with Campbell the debt of nature, others survive, some of whom have been distinguished in the senate, at the bar, and in state offices. In no periodical work, therefore, could any recollections of the poet be more suitably ushered into the world.

The biographical statements regarding the poet have been drawn, as the reader will perceive, from various sources, and some of the circumstances thus stated for the first time, are in themselves curious. The narrative will sufficiently explain the time when the writer speaks from his own personal knowledge. He trusts he has not suffered truth to be anywhere overlayed by panegyric, nor, as is too often done, made a demi-god out of a mortal and fallible nature, but rather endeavoured to exhibit one of the common family of mankind rising above himself and creating out of his own perishing nature a being indestructible.

From the date of his marriage the poet was eminently a domestic man, fond of solitude at intervals, and given to abstract studies, which were attended with no practical result. Yet the muse of Campbell, when she did take wing soared on the track of the bird of Jove in advance of the time, bearing all the promises which futurity realises—those hopes of which imagination excites genius to the realisation, by untiring efforts under new impulses for that end. The muse of Campbell appealed to the noblest feelings of humanity, unpolluted by immoral imagery, unstained by sycophancy, unmarked by that puling sentimentality which degrades the poet's art, while in some qualities his verse remains unsurpassed in the circle of British poesy.

Those details which in the memoir of one whose life is a continual change

of incident, and which in an extreme instance of living adventure, would be thought trivial, cannot be deemed out of place, where the endeavour is more immediately to discriminate between physical differences and the superior and more refined attributes of human nature. The rough hand of the ploughman can ill appreciate the delicate touch of the finger that constructs the almost magical time-piece destined to direct the proud vessel along the depths of the ocean. Trivial, and apparently insignificant as the last may be to the ignorant, who cannot comprehend its use, that use is evident to the professional and cultivated. The nice shades of mental difference are sometimes to be observed through analogy only, or are to be read by the medium of this or that symptomatic expression of feeling, oftentimes sufficiently insignificant. Hence there is nothing said or done by the man of genius that is unworthy of record, and upon this sound principle it will be hereafter seen much is retained, trivial in itself, relating to the present poet, eminently contributive to the means of forming a conception of the character of the individual.

The truth is, too, that writers of imagination furnish still less events for the memoir writer, because they live in an ideal kingdom of their own, in which "the shows of things" are accommodated to the "desires of the mind." The pursuits of every day life not being included in the poet's category of adventure, and his not belonging to the coarser part of human action, unless the reader take a pleasure in analysing delicate intellectual distinctions, he may not find gratification in biographical details relative to such men. Still there are a sufficient number who do this, and who will feel pleasure at being made acquainted with the minutest circumstances attaching to those whose productions they have been accustomed to admire.

The present memoir being arranged in the order of time in which the circumstances occurred, or nearly so, as far as memory permits, will still exhibit instances where association has recalled an event of the past and attached it to one more recent, or the last has been had recourse to for the illustration of the first. There can be no necessity for that formality in such a memoir as the present, which properly belongs to a life of the poet compiled from every possible source that was accessible when no more remained to be told, and the perfected and last classic biography of the poet was to be completed. The first memoirs of distinguished men coming from various sources, each with some contributions unknown to the others are but accessories to the last, who may avail himself of the aggregate of all to work out at some coming time that which it was impossible to render equally complete so soon after the subject had departed from among the living.

Correct views of fact are the great duty of those who put together narrations similar to the present, and that without regard or favour to the living or the dead. It has been too frequently the custom to disguise errors in men of genius as if they were not, in all besides, members of the common family of man. It has also been too much the habit to make memoirs of the dead burn the incense of flattery to the living—in the present case it is hoped both these faults will be avoided.

Thomas Campbell was born at Glasgow on the 27th of July, 1777. His ancestors appear to have resided in Argyleshire, which indeed may be gathered from the beautiful lines upon his revisiting a scene in that county. A statement has appeared, apparently upon authority, that the parish of Kilmartin, North Knapdale, in Argyleshire, was the poet's birth-

place. This statement was strengthened by its author's declaration that he had made a pilgrimage there a few years ago, and visited the hamlet where the poet was born, that it was situated at the bottom of a valley, and beautifully sheltered on either side by the birch, the mountain ash, and the pine tree; the whole scenery being much esteemed for wild and romantic beauty.

There must be some mistake in the foregoing statement. Campbell often spoke of Glasgow as his birthplace, and in one of his public addresses alluded to it expressly as the "spot" of his birth, a word he would not have used in a general sense for any locality at a distance from that city. Sometimes in the way of joke at the expense of the lowlanders he would extol the inhabitants of the Highlands and generally draw an inference to their advantage, but by this he did not allude to himself immediately, but to his descent; no other inference could be drawn from what he said on such occasions.

He was the youngest of ten children, all of whom he survived, and he came into the world after a considerable interval from the preceding addition to his family, the last of whom that rested with her fathers, before he departed himself, was a sister at the advanced age of eighty-six. He stated to the present narrator that his father was born in 1710. A picture lay on its edge one day upon his study floor which he said was the portrait of his father. It bore the resemblance of a venerable man in a wig and old-fashioned costume, but there was not the least trace of the poet's likeness in that of his parent, which he admitted he did not see himself. It was remarked to him that from his father having lived to beyond ninety, it was probable he himself inherited a long life. "If that were a rule," he remarked, "I might expect long life with some reason, for adding my birthday to my father's, we want but a year or two, of dividing four generations between us, reckoning them at thirty years, and I am only forty-eight."*

The name of his mother was Mary Campbell; she is said to have been an intelligent clever woman. The poet rarely mentioned her, although he often spoke of his father as a sensible, shrewd man of the old school, and any thing but a churl. His father was a merchant of Glasgow, and it may be inferred was a native of the country rather than the city, from the poet's saying one day that he was informed by his father that his grandfather had said they drank no wine but claret in Scotland in his day, and that the quantities consumed were so great as to be out of comparison with all the other kinds of wine united, for that they used to fence their gardens and orchards with the staves of the claret hogsheads.

It it is melancholy to reflect how quickly time places human action beyond the reach of oral testimony. The poet, had he lived until July in the present year (1846), would be but seventy, yet of whom can inquiry be now made respecting his earlier years and the relations of his youth! His celebrity may make some friends in Scotland disclose what others may, in a few instances, have told about him, but there is a natural desire to know more than this, and to gratify curiosity to the same extent as we are enabled to gratify it, respecting those individuals in the full vigour of existence whom we see around us.

Of the childish days of Thomas Campbell very little is upon recollec-

* In 1825.

tion; but it is agreed upon every hand that he very early displayed poetic talent. Several of his boyish compositions are extant among his Scotch friends. These are in no other way remarkable than as exhibiting the early bias of his mind to the worship of the muses.

At school there is reason to think that, like the majority of those subsequently most distinguished for excelling in other qualities besides poetry, he could not be brought exactly within that mechanical routine of learning which the pedagogue delights to honour. He is reported to have been, if not an idle boy, which from his progress could hardly be credible, though it is said to be on record, yet one who would only learn by fits and starts as he felt it congenial to his inclination—in fact, capable of any thing under unfettered application. Dr. Alison was celebrated for his assiduity and improved mode of teaching the classics. Campbell was placed under his care in 1785. To one of his temperament, mechanical routine could not but be uncongenial, if he might be judged of regarding his youth by his habits of study when a man. To apply when the mental bias is against application, at the will of a controlling authority, has long deprived of the character of "good boys" at school, those who have had a capacity for any kind of learning. Genius is a free plant, and will not be forced. Byron was idle, but could make up three days work in one at any time when inclined. Sheridan would not work at all. "He was an enemy to all constraint," it was said of Cowley, "so that his master never could prevail upon him to learn the rules out of book," yet at ten years of age he wrote the "History of Pyramus and Thisbe." Campbell's progress was triumphant, but the mode in which he worked it out with his superior talent was no doubt a consequence of his being left in a great measure to take his own way in imbibing the elements of learning; the sagacity of Dr. Alison, who had broke away from the old and strict system of teaching, discovering his pupil's peculiar disposition. Campbell was therefore no exception to the rule that has been observed to hold good with so many great names.

Some verses of Campbell, on a parrot's death, mentioned as his first, will at least bear a comparison with those of Johnson upon the duck; the last, indeed, conclude with a piece of very boyish information, but the lexicographer was no great poet. The concluding lines of Campbell's juvenile performance have not a much higher claim to poetical merit. They were composed in 1788, and were long extant in the large boyish hand of their author at ten years of age. It is a singular coincidence that Campbell's first, and one of his last compositions, amid bodily and no slight decline of poetical efficiency, should be lines on a parrot. The last thus produced showed that, unlike Waller, it could not be said of him, that "it was impossible to distinguish between what he wrote at twenty and what he wrote at eighty"—such are the diversities of genius! Here are the lines written and circulated in 1788.

ELEGY ON POLL.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A SCHOOLMASTER'S FAVOURITE PARROT.

Melpomene, thou Queen of Tears,
  Attend my dirge of woe,
Nor blush with harmony to deck,
  My numbers as they flow.

Poor Poll was but an hourly joy,
  A gift soon to decay—
Emblem of all our earthly bliss,
  That only lasts a day,

The dust of death is poor Poll's heart,
  Poor Irvine he doth cry :
" O, may the day of the year be dark
  On which my Poll did die!"

* * *

&c. &c.

What a vast interval in merit between these lines and the " Pleasures of Hope !" yet they serve to show the changes genius and ten years may effect in the day-spring of life.

Campbell himself stated that he began his poetic career with some Ossianic verses, which were printed at the joint expense of his schoolfellows, when he was thirteen years of age; that at fifteen he wrote a poem on the " Queen of France," which was published in the *Glasgow Courier ;* that at eighteen he printed his elegy called " Love and Madness ;" and before he had completed his twenty-second year, his " Pleasures of Hope." There is a story current on the authority of Galt, an authority very dubious, owing to his general inaccuracies, that the boys paid some ridiculous trifle in order to have their schoolfellow's poem in print, and that the " Pleasures of Hope" was first published by subscription, he, John Galt, being one of the subscribers. The utter want of truth in the latter part of this statement will presently be made manifest.

At school Campbell was not a little inclined to boyish mischief upon his own testimony. Talking on one occasion of school days, when he was spending an hour at the house of a mutual friend, Dr. Evans, at Hampstead, he said that at school both himself and his comrades wrote songs, and sometimes lampoons, and used to sing them after their own fashion to any tune that would apply. This was considered very objectionable in those days, when the Scotch were more " rigidly righteous" than they find it convenient to be in these innovating times. The boys were much tormented by the length of the sermons of a grave divine, who not only bored them into weariness upon points of doctrine of which they could comprehend nothing, but spun his discourses out to an unbearable longitude. At length the whim came into their heads to turn him into ridicule out of revenge. In his sermons there was no end to the repetition of the phrase, " the good old way," in the manner of recommendation to his hearers " to keep in the good old way," to remember " the good old way." Whatever was the text, the preacher was certain to get in these words over and over again. This was so prominent a feature in the good minister's delivery, that no one could misunderstand his identity upon repeating the phrase. The poet and his schoolfellows therefore wrote a song—most probably the whole was his own—in which seizing upon the obnoxious phrase, they made it the burden of their verse, and identified the minister with the ridicule. There was a sort of chorus appended to each stanza, that terminated with the line—

There's nothing like the merry, merry good old way.

From the boys of the school the chorus soon spread over the city ; that in those days was nothing in extent and population to what it is at present. The minister was greeted with exclamations about the " merry

good old way" where he little expected the salutation. "But," added the poet, "it did not suffice to turn him out of the 'old way;' he continued to annoy us as much as ever with his long sermons and wearisome repetitions. A great noise was made about our want of duty towards the godly man, and we were pronounced incorrigible, profane scoundrels altogether, because the authors of the song were not given up. We repaid this censure by an increased impatience at long sermons, and by other boyish revenge of the same nature."

At thirteen Campbell gained a bursary in Glasgow university, on Leighton's foundation, in competition with a candidate double his own age. Thus successful, he was excited by a spirit of emulation to exert himself still more. He annually bore off prizes, while his efforts in the Greek tongue were fully as successful as those in the Latin had been. He bore off one prize for a translation of the "Clouds" of Aristophanes. His success here was most probably the reason that induced him to publish subsequently the translations from Tyrtæus, Alcman, and Medea, which appeared in his works following the "Pleasures of Hope," in the earlier editions of that poem. Though as youthful efforts, they are of a character to merit praise; yet in comparison with what he gave to the world in English poetry, they cannot be estimated proportionably high. The versions of Polwhele and of Pye are equal to them in merit, and in some parts more literal. When the first collected edition of his poems was published by Mr. Colburn, which took place during the last illness of his wife, it was proposed to place these translations last of all in the two volumes, of which that edition was composed, but their author would not agree to it, and they were placed at the end of the first. When the cheap edition, published by Mr. Moxon in 1839, was put together, Campbell brought them back himself still nearer to the "Pleasures of Hope." It is probable that they dwelt strongly and agreeably on his memory, and he felt no inclination to treat them slightingly, for he was governed in such cases by his sensibility rather than by his reason, however sufficing. The value set by authors upon their literary progeny is no criterion of sterling worth. Milton preferred "Paradise Lost" to "Paradise Regained," and Campbell may therefore stand excused for cherishing impressions which had gathered strength by time, and were of an enduring character. This might be judged from his frequent allusions to the Greek lyric poets both in writing and conversation.

The time he passed at the university the poet always mentioned with affectionate feeling in later life. There, no doubt, the season of study depending more upon his own volition and the moment when the mind is in a proper tune, than upon compulsory efforts, when labour is under the constraint of another's will, he made a progress proportionably rapid, particularly in the ancient classics. His success seems to have given him a predilection for that kind of learning. When he had acquired the German, he read all the German writers upon the classics of Greece and Rome, and continued to read all that was published new regarding them, to the very last of his reading at all. Except metaphysics and biblical literature, he at one time neglected almost every other topic. The geography of the ancients, for example, he knew more accurately than that of the moderns. A continued attachment to that which in early life was most gratifying to us, is natural to our self-love as well as to our general humanity.

It is on record though not perhaps singular, that the poet kept so

close to favourite studies as to neglect many branches of information, in which it would not be expected he was so little versed. He did not, therefore, acquire the species and general properties of things, which Imlac says, in "Rasselas," should be in possession of the poet through all their varieties. He was ever more inclined to metaphysical research than would be expected in a writer whose fame reposes upon works of imagination. At the time he was a student at Glasgow university, where he remained between four and five years, he attended the lectures of Dr. Millar, a professor of extraordinary merit and of liberal opinions, who had the art of making the driest studies captivating. That a poet could be enraptured with lectures upon Roman law, seems in itself convincing that the attractive power of the lecturer was something very much out of the common way. Almost equally attached to Jardine, the professor of logic, it is not wonderful that, with all his poetic bias, Campbell should have too often forgotten his muse, lovely and attractive as she was to others, for the speculative studies to which education had too much bent his mind. His admiration of Millar he has left upon record.

"Whether John Millar's doctrines," he said, "were always right, is one question; but that they were generally so, and that right doctrines could not be expounded by a better teacher, I believe is questioned by none who ever listened to him. His writings always seem to me to be imperfect casts of his mind, like those casts of sculpture which want the diaphanous polish of the original marble. I heard him, when I was but sixteen, lecture on Roman law. A dry subject enough it would have been in common hands; but in his hands Heineccius was made a feast to the attention. His eyes, his voice, his figure, were commanding; as if nature had made him for the purpose of giving dignity and fascination to oral instruction. Such was the truth, cheerfulness and courage, that seemed to give erectness to his shapely bust, he might have stood to the statuary for a Roman orator; but he was too much in earnest with his duty, and too manly, to affect the orator, but keeping close to his subject, he gave it a seriousness that was never tiresome, and a gaiety that never seemed for one moment unillustrative or unnecessary. His cheerfulness appeared as indispensable as his gravity, and his humour was as light as his seriousness was intense. But he was the contrast of those weak men, who suffer either their gaiety or gravity to run away with them—he was master of both. His students were always in the class before him, waiting as for a treat. It was rumoured that he was coming. There was a grave look of pleasure on every face when he began; and I thought—it might be imagination—that there was a murmur of regret when the time was at an end. Once, when he was lecturing in his best style and spirit, an English student, though perfectly sober and meaning no offence, was so carried away by interest in the subject, that, forgetting himself, he made a remark aloud to the professor. It was as much against etiquette as speaking to a parson in church. A look from John Millar was sufficient to bring any man to his recollection, and the face of the student who had offered the involuntary compliment, was instantly covered with blushes."

Under teachers who thus secured to themselves the love as well as respect of the students, it is not wonderful that Campbell should have made great progress. "Professor Millar has been dead these twenty-eight years," Campbell said, in 1829, showing me one of his works. "This

is Millar's 'Historical View of the English Government;' it is full of information, and well worth reading. How he would have rejoiced, had he been alive, at the triumph of free principles after the war he saw begun to put them down." It was said that Campbell's undeviating liberal principles were imbibed from the zealous Whig politics of Professor Millar, most probably at the time of which mention is now made.

When Campbell quitted the university, he went into Argyleshire, where for a short time he resided as a tutor, and while thus employed, wrote his verses on visiting a scene in that county. On the same spot the branch of the Campbells from which he sprang had once resided. It is in the vicinity of Loch Awe, twelve miles north-west from the Crinal canal, the locality, in fact, already alluded to, as supposed by some to be the poet's birth-place. Of the dwelling of the Campbells, now—

All ruined and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree.

While at the university, Campbell formed several friendships. Among them was that of the Reverend Hamilton Paul, of Broughton. Paul was a poet, too, though of a different degree from his friend, and he said to Campbell when the poet went to Edinburgh, "Thomas, I see from the way poetry is coming upon you, that whatever other profession you try, it will be the one through which you will be most distinguished in the world. I am about to leave verse for another pursuit—yours be the laurel, the kirk mine."

It was towards the close of the year 1798, that Campbell reached Edinburgh, the world before him and his place of rest as yet unsettled, as indeed the object of his journey seems to have been. Attached to solitude, and resident in a romantic district, it was in Argyleshire that he first thought of composing the "Pleasures of Hope," and there he sketched the outline of the poem, and, indeed, completed a draught of it. There was no originality in the name. Akenside's "Pleasures of Imagination" had long before been published, and Rogers' "Pleasures of Memory" had preceded that time by nearly six years. Which of these suggested the title it is now of little moment to examine, since, that it was not original must be evident. It is probable, indeed almost certain, that the rough copy of the "Pleasures of Hope," yet existing in manuscript, was all that the poet brought to Edinburgh. In later times he seemed to fling a veil of mystery over the history of his earliest performance. Hence, it is likely, arose so many conflicting statements about its origin and publication. When the copyright expired in 1828, the poet mentioned to a friend the circumstance of his parting with it, and said that the booksellers had made two or three hundred a year of the sale of the poem, from the commencement, he had very little doubt; that Messrs. Longman had applied to him for leave to sell off a part of an edition which they had upon hand. "How do I know that they may not, having a selling book, have printed the last edition with a view to the expiration of the copyright? Shall you be passing that way," he said to his friend, "to-day or to-morrow? I cannot go under these distressing circumstances." Mrs. Campbell was then lying in a hopeless state. On receiving an affirmative reply the poet requested he would call on Messrs. Longman, with a positive refusal of the request; the matter of the copies upon hand might be settled some other way.

He determined, at the same time, to collect and publish all his poetical

works. The present narrator asked him whether it was true that he got but fifty pounds for the copyright of the "Pleasures of Hope," and he replied that was the correct sum. Upon which he remarked to him that it was an unlucky adventure in publication; but that no London bookseller would have given such a sum to a young stranger for the best tragedy of Shakspeare at a venture. "Oh," replied the poet, "I did not go to mine unrecommended;" alluding, it is probable, to the recommendation of Dr. Anderson, who must have had considerable influence with Mundell and Son, from their being his own publishers.

The supposition was that the sum of fifty pounds had been paid to the poet in the usual manner; but the following statement of facts, ascertained since his decease, shows that Campbell, as already observed, was not, for some unknown reason, at all inclined to be communicative in more than was absolutely necessary respecting the copyright of his poem. There were some circumstances of novelty attaching to it, which he could hardly have forgotten, especially as he was free enough in his communications of incidents of an earlier date.

Campbell did not receive fifty pounds in money for the copyright of the "Pleasures of Hope," but he parted with the copyright of the poem altogether for two hundred printed copies, to be received of the publishers. This is shown by the following documents belonging to Mundell and Son, in the course of the business transacted between them. It must be observed that the dedication of the first edition bore a date three months antecedent, or April 13, 1799.

Exempt from a letter, dated July 13, 1799.

"As the 'Pleasures of Hope' are now published, it is proper that it be expressed in writing what bargain I made with you about the copyright of the work. It was settled that, for two hundred copies of the book in quires, Mundell and Son should have the entire copyright of the poem.

(Addressed) "THOMAS CAMPBELL."

Exempt from letter, dated July 15, 1799.

"I acknowledge having sold you the copyright of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' for two hundred copies in quires.

(Signed) "THOMAS CAMPBELL."

Now, two hundred copies in quires would be above fifty pounds, and supposing the sum of fifty shillings for boarding, and selling at six shillings, he must have received fifty-seven pounds ten shillings for the copyright. He also received from his booksellers, of their own free will, twenty-five pounds for every edition of a thousand copies, or, if two thousand were printed, fifty pounds, which sums were sometimes remitted to him in London, through Longman and Co. On this score his receipts were one hundred and fifty pounds more. Some misunderstanding taking place between the poet and Mundell and Son, these free payments were discontinued. Besides these payments, Campbell received permission to print by subscription a quarto edition, the seventh, for his own benefit. This edition yielded him at least six hundred pounds more, or, in all, eight hundred and seven pounds. Campbell did not receive less than nine hundred pounds for the copyright of the "Pleasures of Hope" alone.

Nearly half a century ago, such a profit upon a poem of eleven hundred lines, was equal to that of Byron, in a more vaunted literary era,

a poet whose writings had a prodigious run, even, as it is well known, to the utmost of profit that the most popular author could expect to receive who does not retain his copyright. The "Pleasures of Hope" brought its author fifteen shillings and a fraction a line; and Byron, in receiving two thousand five hundred pounds for "Manfred," the "Prisoner of Chillon," and the third canto of "Childe Harold," got no more. It is true that the booksellers, their heirs, executors, and assigns, may quintuple such sums, but the author can have no ground to complain. The bargain made by the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," proved that he had no reason to censure the time in which he published, which appreciated his poem more correctly nearly half a century ago, and with half the present reading population of the British Isles, than it would have done had he written later; seeing that Byron, with his astonishing popularity, and driving the bargain of a well-known author, got no more than Campbell received, in the way of overplus, through a concession of his publishers.

Mundell and Co., therefore, behaved with extraordinary generosity, and they were rewarded by the public of those times proportionably. It must be confessed, that when the poet years afterwards, at a public dinner, astounded the company by proposing the health of Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French, in an assembly where that wonderful man was in those days looked upon as little other than his Satanic majesty, and being asked how he could give such a toast, replied, "He shot a bookseller," the experience of the past ought to have whispered him, that he showed a lapse of taste. This statement, now for the first time given, rests upon competent authority.

The first edition of "The Pleasures of Hope," was dedicated to Dr. Anderson, to whose friendly aid the author was deeply indebted. Dr. Anderson possessed a highly cultivated literary taste, and to him it is probable that the original draught now in existence was submitted. It is not possible to say what numerous changes and alterations the poem underwent before it reached its last point of refinement. The original copy, it appears, consisted of no more than four hundred lines. In the manuscript, at the end, was appended "The Irish Harper's Lament for his Dog," at present printed in Campbell's poems as "The Harper." This manuscript belongs now to a gentleman who obtained it from Dr. Murray, in his day professor of Oriental languages in the University of Edinburgh; it stands in Campbell's handwriting.

It is probable that Dr. Anderson made so many suggestions in the way of alteration and emendation, that the poet set about the recomposition of the whole poem. Campbell being once asked if such a manuscript copy were not in existence, is stated to have replied in the negative. This was not unlikely. When I put the question to Campbell separately about several of his poems that I had obtained in manuscript, in order to add them to his first collected edition, there was one which he could not tell whether he had written or not. His carelessness about papers, too, that were not in immediate use, those who knew his habits can easily imagine. The last copy of "The Pleasures of Hope," completed, any rough copy that preceded, fragments of his composition, or unperfected verses, would have been left to their fate about his study-floor, or flung into the grate. The poet's sincere belief in the non-existence of such a copy is, therefore, not at all to be doubted; perhaps the faintest shade of it remained no longer in his memory.

How very different the first poem began, may be judged by comparing the opening lines of "The Pleasures of Hope," as they now exist—beginning

At summer eve when heaven's etnereal bow,

with the following opening in the original draught. Those who are enraptured with the unfinished emasculated verse of the present hour, and treat the labour of such as polish and condense their poetical compositions with affected scorn, will prefer the original opening of the "Pleasures of Hope" to that which was finally attached to it. Yet even these are no every-day lines.

Seven lingering moons have cross'd the starry line
Since Beauty's form, or Nature's face divine,
Had power the sombre of my soul to turn—
Had power to wake my strings and bid them burn.

The charm dissolves! What Genius bade me go
To search the unfathom'd mine of human woe—
The wrongs of man to man, of clime to clime—
Since Nature yoked the fiery steeds of Time—
The tales of death—since cold on Eden's plain
The beauteous mother clasp'd her Abel slain—
Ambitious guilt—since Carthage wept her doom—
The patriot's fate—since Brutus fell with Rome?

The charm dissolves! My kindling fancy dreams
Of brighter forms inspired by gentler themes;
Joy and her rosy flowers attract my view,
And Mirth can please, or Music charm anew;
And Hope, the harbinger of golden hours,
The light of life, the fire of Fancy's powers
Returns:—Again I lift my trembling gaze,
And bless the smiling guest of other days.

So when the Northern in the lonely gloom,
Where Hecla's fires the Polar night illume,
Hails the glad summer to his Lulean shores,
And, bow'd to earth, his circling suns adores.

So when Cimmerian darkness wakes the dead,
And hideous Nightmare haunts the curtain'd bed,
And scowls her wild eye on the maddening brain,
With speechless horrors thrill the slumbering swain,
When shapeless fiends inhale his tortur'd breath,
Immure him living in the vaults of death;
Or lead him lonely through the charnell'd aisles,
The roaring floods, the dark and swampy vales,
When rock'd by winds he wanders on the deep,
Climbs the tall spire, or scales the beetling steep,
His life blood freezing to the central urn,
No voice can call for aid, no limb can turn,
Till eastern shoot the harbinger of day,
And night and all her spectres fade away.

If then some wand'ring huntsman of the morn
Wind from the hill his murmuring bugle horn,
The shrill sweet music wakes the slumberer's ear,
And melts his blood, and bursts the bands of fear;
The vision fades—the shepherd lifts his eye—
And views the lark that carols to the sky.

By a close comparison it will be discovered what lines are altered from the original draught, and what are altogether omitted; nor is it an unpleasing task thus to follow the refinement of the cruder expression of the thoughts up to their highest polish. An idea of the extreme care and laborious finish given by young Campbell to his compositions can only be formed in this mode. The accident of the poet falling thus early into the hands of such an accomplished critic and man of kindly nature as Dr. Anderson, was one of those lucky circumstances that befall the favoured of fortune in early life, and contributed greatly to the poet's success. He ever spoke of Dr. Anderson as one to whose judgment he should bow on any literary question, notwithstanding the experience he had himself subsequently attained.

It would be interesting and curious to know all that took place between the poet and his lettered friend, who had then the chief weight of literary authority in Edinburgh. How the labour of the author was taxed by the fastidiousness of the critic; how the poet's efforts, stimulated to exertion, produced the consecutive portions of the poem to his delighted friend; what was said, and still more what was felt; how the poet was at one time elevated at the prospect of success, at another depressed, his imaginary lack of merit in his own view discouraging him, while it was the criterion of the greatest; how his heart secretly exulted at the prospect of success, for he ever strove to conceal his emotions—but all this and more is now as a buried and lost treasure. That he must have enjoyed his first residence in Edinburgh, is hardly doubtful. Few anecdotes of him made public relate to that time. It appears, that while there he was much given to solitude. He was often seen wandering alone over the bridge or in the vicinity of the city, perhaps mentally working up the verses of his poem, and nurturing flattering visions of the future. At times he hummed a tune as he went saunteringly along unobservant of all around him, as was his way in later years.

When Dr. Anderson died, Campbell, after having enumerated the particulars of his life, and his various literary labours, terminated some remarks upon his friend as follows:—

"Dr. Anderson's habits were so regular, and his disposition so cheerful and animated, that his old age stole upon him almost imperceptibly. For the last winter he had been more than usually confined to the house by a succession of bad colds; but the disease which proved fatal and terminated very speedily, was a dropsy in the chest. Yet to the last he retained the possession of his mind, together with his habitually quiet and social temper. On the close approach of death he displayed affecting and exemplary resignation, and spoke of his dissolution with tender remembrances of lost and surviving friends, as well as with pious hopes of futurity. His remains were taken to his native place, Carnwath, and deposited, as had always been his wish, beside his father and his mother. As a literary critic, Dr. Anderson was distinguished by a warm and honest sensibility to the beauties of poetry, and by extreme candour. His character was marked by the most urbane manners, the most honourable probity in his dealings, and by unshaken constancy in friendship. He was an encouraging friend to young writers, and to him the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," who was long and mutually attached to him, dedicated his first production."

This is at least declaratory of the poet's recollection of past obligations

of which he was never unmindful to show his acknowledgment, when they occurred to him, for it is necessary to premise this. From his habit of abstraction, he often stood in need of a flapper. No one was more ready to do what was kind, agreeable, or useful to others, than he was, but his omissions at times gave ground to those who did not know his way, for the supposition that his neglects were wilful. This was not the fact; no man existing had a better heart, or was more ready to perform a friendly action. He spoke, too, in the kindest manner of Dugald Stewart, who was one of his first Edinburgh acquaintance. In referring to Stewart's works, and his account of the "Life and Writings of Dr. Reid," who had christened the poet, he said that the profound character of Stewart's writings on the "Philosophy of the Human Mind," he felt almost too much for him, that it was a continued object of his admiration; that his theory of mind was wonderful; that he was one of the greatest men Scotland ever produced in his estimation. "He was one of my best and earliest friends, too," said Campbell, "whom it is not possible for me to forget. He gave me rules for thinking, and much excellent advice."

It is not to be supposed that Dugald Stewart was of much assistance to Campbell in the composition of poetry. Dr. Anderson, whose acquirements were more directed to judge works of an imaginative character, not merely to criticise, but to suggest and prompt improvements was his main aid. Dr. Anderson lived in John-street, Edinburgh, and thither Campbell used to carry his alterations and additions, in manuscript, to receive the judgments which were often to renew corrections and alterations. To the united attention of both author and critic was the poem ultimately indebted for its perfection. It was read and re-read, and the result was proportional to the pains which had been taken. The sale of this lasting monument of taste and poetical excellence affords a very high idea of the literary public of that day.

"The Pleasures of Hope" appeared in the author's twenty-second year, in the month of May, 1799. The poet had sojourned in Edinburgh at that time about seven or eight months, and he had acquired during his residence the friendship of every distinguished individual in the University.

Referring to "The Pleasures of Hope," one day, the poet asked a friend which he preferred, that or the "Gertrude." Upon the reply that the last was the preferable poem, although there were passages in "The Pleasures of Hope" that were superior to any in his "Gertrude," he said, "I am glad you agree with me. I prefer 'Gertrude' myself."

It was thought that in composing the "Pleasures of Hope" he completed the sections separately, but not in the order in which they now appear. This was the most facile mode, as there is no continuous story, the poem being didactical. He said that it was composed much in that way. Each attribute or invocation being sometimes continuous in sense, and sometimes not with the paragraph which follows, he could thus compose, then select and arrange, as his taste or fancy might dictate. When a new idea came into his mind he could follow it out to completion, and afterwards perfect others that he had begun before and not completed, leaving the work of arrangement to the last. It has been said that the opening lines were intended for the conclusion, and this is very probable.

Almost faultless as well as being exquisitely beautiful, the "Pleasures of Hope" has some trivial errors, which on that account appear the more remarkable, and these errors, too, though small, are of a very obvious character. With all the graces of execution and elaborateness of workmanship that they should have escaped both himself and Dr. Anderson, the last so recognised for his critical acumen, is wonderful. The remark was once ventured to him that the introduction of tigers to the shores of Lake Erie—

On Erie's banks where tigers steal away.

was an error that might easily be corrected in future editions. He admitted it was an error, but he would not alter it because it had gone through so many editions. It really was, perhaps, that his pride would not permit him the admission of the error, and that it would be thought he used it being of opinion it was a legitimate poetical licence. When he wrote it he had read little, perhaps, of natural history. Indeed, to the last of his life this was a subject of which he knew next to nothing—out of his line of study altogether. Nine or ten years afterwards he committed similar errors. In the same paragraph, unless the word "curfew" be disconnected from its character and used metonymically, which, perhaps, was the poet's design, he is almost equally unfortunate, as the epithet recals a crime against freedom which the poet could never connect in his mind with the desired advance of Canadian civilisation. In the lines referring to Commodore Byron we find hyænas in South America, equally out of place. But these are only specks on a beautiful disc. What does it matter that in one place for the sake of a rhyme he uses the singular for the plural, or borrows a line with the exception of one word verbatim, unperceived by himself or his critical guide. The poem is so full of the choicest flowers of poetry—it is such a garland of rich odours, and of "colours dipt in heaven," exquisitely arranged, that it becomes us to enjoy the sweets rather than set about discovering here and there a faded leaf that may only set off the gorgeousness of the mass, in a production which it seems difficult to expect will be surpassed, and of the superiority of which there was little doubt of the author's consciousness.

There was a high tone of thinking about Campbell. He never spoke of his own poetry but on very rare and unavoidable occasions. His feeling was of the right kind; he experienced that sort of pride which is utterly wanting in the tribe of writers of the hour who act so differently. He had been visiting a vain author one day who displayed upon his drawing-room table a number of elegantly bound books, two or three volumes among which were his own productions. On coming away walking towards home, he said to me:—"Did you observe the works of —— just now, displayed upon his own table with so much ostentation? it is beneath a writer of merit; if they had been worth sixpence they would not have been perked up under our noses in that way."

During the last year or two of his life a qualified exception may be made to this, but no one in his better days possessed so much of that just propriety of feeling which can have no existence except in an organisation of great sensibility, conscious of innate power, fearful of the degradation of its renown through its own actions, ambitious of fame and exceedingly solicitous about the preservation of the place it had attained by the productions of its genius.

Telling Campbell on a particular occasion that he had been abused by a party, from whom an attack though of no great importance was somewhat annoying, he replied, "I don't care what they say of *me*." He appeared to lay a stress upon the last word, indicating "if they do attack me personally they cannot injure the reputation of my poetry—that is secured." The apparently unintentional emphasis on a word will sometimes explain what is passing in the mind, as the key unlocks the latent meaning of the cypher.

The various and magnificent range of English poetry presents no example of early excellence to equal the "Pleasures of Hope." The "Vathek" of Beckford, written at the same age, is perhaps, the most striking specimen of early prose writing we possess, coupled too with the fact of its having been written in a foreign language. Both productions are remarkable for bearing marks of the highest possible mental culture. The laborious polish in the verses of the " Pleasures of Hope" are among the best proofs to what an extent the English is capable of being refined, and how far the capabilities of the language will go in that species of poetical composition which can alone be expected to attain in the eyes of true taste a classical and healthful longevity—but to make further comment upon the merit of that which has received the plaudit of the world for half a century would be superfluous and out of place, stamped as it is with the impress of permanent endurance.

THE NIGHT IS COME, BELOVED!

BY F. A. B.

Go forth, beloved, into the dim night,
 Take thou thy way; oh! cheerless is the dark,
And fiercely doth the savage north wind bite,
 And threat'ningly its surly voice doth bark.
Oh! that I were a star to shine upon thee,
 A gentle moonlight break in the black sky,
A bright hearth blazing through some casement on thee,
 Which thou should'st bless as thou goest lonely by!
I listen as the gathering storm doth blow,
 First faint and far, then deep, and loud, and near,
And think where furthering still thy footsteps go,
 And stretch my arms, and wish that thou wert here.
The curtain'd couch, with folded draperies,
 And pillows soft, invites my drooping brow;
Sweet dreams lay their light fingers on my eyes.
 The night is come, beloved, where art thou?
Thou art not here, how in that lonely bed
 Thy thought will haunt me through my wishful sleeping;
Shall I not hear thy voice, and then thy tread,
 And see thee steal from me, and wake with weeping.
Good night, good night; oh! that my love might be
 An everlasting blessing wrapping thee.
Oh! that I were but God, that I might see
 Thine eyes, oh! my beloved, eternally.

IBRAHIM PASHA IN SYRIA.

By W. Francis Ainsworth, Esq.

I.

THE CONQUEST OF SYRIA.

Mohammad Ali, born in 1769 at Cavala, took with him to Fgypt from his native country one wife, Amina Khanum, who bore him four children, of whom two, viz., Tussun and Ismael Pashas are dead, and two living, viz., Ibrahim Pasha, aged fifty-five years, and Nazly Khanum, widow of the Deftardar Mohammad Bey. Some persons assert that Ibrahim is only the son of Amina by a former marriage, but no statement of the pasha's, who has ever manifested towards Ibrahim the anxious affection of a father, has ever given countenance to this opinion, which is disbelieved by the majority, although there is no doubt that it has obtained so generally as to be a serious obstacle to his authority.*

Ibrahim's education was better attended to than his father's, and hence he is a more civilised man. His powers of discrimination are the same, he is equal to him in talent, firmness, and perseverance, and if he has less tact and cunning he possesses more generosity and principle, without any of the sordid avarice and selfish implacability which mark the conduct of Mohammad Ali. His personal courage is so great as to frequently merge into rashness, and this feature in his character has been a frequent source of anxiety to his father, from the fear of his son's being drawn by it into military failures or into some fatal scrape. As a youth, Ibrahim was thoughtless, proud, and cruel. Many anecdotes have been related illustrative of these faults in his character. The most remarkable were his tilting with his jarid, in the square of the Usbakiya, against a number of defenceless English prisoners. This was when eighteen years of age. Others were his practising with his rifle from his window at the leather-skins of the water-carriers as they passed along from the Nile, and the making the prisoners of Missolonghi salt their comrades' ears; but all these are mere reports, and have but a very slender foundation to repose upon.

Certain it is that when he returned from his successes in Peninsular Arabia, followed by a band of ignorant ruffians as wild and hot-headed as himself, he was flushed with his victories and ambitious of further military distinction; but the campaign in Greece, which was terminated by the battle of Navarino, taught the impetuous young soldier that Franks and Wahabis were very different persons, and that their system of military tactics was also different; in fact, that he knew little or

* Upon this subject Dr. Yates, an excellent observer, says, "The likeness to the pasha is too well marked to be mistaken." ("Modern History and Condition of Egypt," vol. ii. p. 108.) Fontanier tells an incredible story of Drovetti, the French consul, having been insulted by Ibrahim, and that to revenge the affront he affirmed over and over again, with such untiring perseverance, that Ibrahim was merely an adopted son of Mohammad Ali, that the assertion gained ground in Europe, and what is of more importance to that prince, was credited by many Mohammadans.

nothing of the art of warfare, and had much to learn. He was humbled, and from that time forward he courted the acquaintance of those who had taught him so salutary a lesson, and he carried to a greater extent than ever his father had done the introduction of European officers and European discipline into the Egypto-Syrian armies.

Mohammad Ali had made the assistance lent by him to the sultan in the Greek war, and the subjugation of Nubia and Peninsular Arabia, especially of the holy cities (previously held by the Wahabis) a pretext for strong claims upon the Porte. The pashas of Acre and Damascus were at war with one another, and he of Acre was at variance with the sultan himself, without the Osmanlis having it in their power to control either. Mohammad felt himself, to use his own words, "richer, stronger, more powerful than the sultan." He demanded the pashalics of Acre and Damascus. He was refused, and Candia was offered instead. This so angered him that he left the Porte to fight its own battles with Russia, while he prepared for the invasion of Syria. Abdallah Pasha of Acre, had refused to send back certain Arab families that had taken refuge in his territories, and the insurrection of the Christians and Druses, throughout the whole of the mountain districts of Palestine and Syria, called the Egyptians to a country, which from the days of Ptolemy Philometer to those of Mohammad Ali, has been always looked upon (chiefly from the absence of wood in the long valley of the Nile) as a necessary appendage to the establishment of any strong or permanent power in Egypt.

Ibrahim Pasha appeared before the walls of Acre on the 27th of November, 1831, at the head of 24,000 men and forty-eight guns, supported by a fleet at sea, which was rendered the more efficient by the presence of a British frigate, under Captain Prissick, while Abdallah Pasha had to oppose these forces, not quite 2000 men. Yet with this small body of troops, he defended the place so resolutely that the greater part of the Egyptian fleet was obliged to return to Alexandria after throwing some 23,000 hollow shot and shells into the devoted city, and Ibrahim Pasha, disgusted at the duration of the siege, left 11,000 men before the walls, while with the remainder of the army, reinforced by 12,000 mountaineers and 4000 Bedwins, he scoured the mountains and extended his conquests along the coast by Tyre, Sayda, and Beïrut, as far as to Tripoli.

The sultan, terrified by the rapidity of these movements, despatched Osman Pasha to raise up the whole Mussulman population against this usurper, as Ibrahim Pasha was designated in the angry manifestoes of the Osmanlis, "of the legitimate authority of the shadow of God on earth;" but one of the pasha's characteristics has always been a sad want of proper respect for such sublime shadows, nor if the report of those intimate with him is to be believed, is he much more particular in regard to realities ; the pilgrimage to Mecca or that to Jerusalem having always stood in the same predicament with him, as things to be encouraged for financial reasons only. Ibrahim accordingly hastened to the support of Idris Bey, who was opposed to the Turks at Tripoli with an inadequate force, and had been worsted in an affair of little consequence. The approach of Ibrahim was sufficient, the Osmanlis fled precipitately, abandoning artillery and baggage, and the pasha pursued them across the mountains, where he took possession of the town of Homs. Reinforced

by troops under the pashas of Kaiseriyah and Dyarbekir, Osman Pasha resolved to give battle to the Egyptians in the valley of the Orontes. Ibrahim, nothing loth, led his small brigade, composed only of two regiments of infantry, two of cavalry, and a few Bedwins to the onslaught, and he charged the Turks so vigorously as to put them to almost immediate flight. This was the 14th of April, 1832.

There were no longer any hopes of relief for Abdallah Pasha after this definite engagement. Ibrahim hastened to rejoin his camp, and the very day of his arrival began his preparations for a general assault. The astrologers declared that the 27th of May was the day appointed by destiny for the fall of Acre. It is possible that an intimation from the commander-in-chief had more influence in this prophecy than the sidereal aspects. Three breaches had been opened, one at the tower called Kerim Burju, the other in front of the sepulchral chapel of Nabi Saleh, and the third at Zaviyah, near the Treasury. A brisk cannonade was kept up the whole of the 26th, and at four o'clock the following morning an escalade was attempted at the tower, but without success. The troops were more successful at the breach of Zaviyah, they carried the outer wall and gained the Treasury-gate, when Abdallah Pasha made a *sortie*, sword in hand, and drove the assailants back till they were exposed to the fire of the batteries, which caused them to retire with some confusion. The vigilant eye of Ibrahim soon detected the disaster, and he hastened forward in person, and sword in hand, to rally his discomfited troops, and re-animated by his presence they returned to the charge and regained the parapet. Abdallah Pasha and his little band of brave followers had established themselves in a tower between the breach and the Treasury, and issuing from thence they once more drove the assailants from the ramparts. Ibrahim was obliged to bring up the reserve to their assistance, and the besieged were at length obliged to give way to numbers, the Egyptians having also made good their footing at the breach opposite to Nabi Saleh, and at four o'clock in the afternoon the city surrendered and the firing ceased. Acre presented a fearful spectacle to the conquerors. Famine and disease had long since combined to ravage the city. Abdallah's troops were reduced to two hundred in number. The town was one mass of ruins, and the ramparts were covered with the dead, sometimes half buried in the sands, the pestilential odour rendered the air insupportable, and the ground was covered with vermin that put rest or repose out of the question. The Egyptians had lost since the commencement of the siege, now of three months' duration, 512 killed and 1429 wounded. The Arabs have immortalised the fall of Acre by the following chronogram :—

"When the lord of Acre became a rebel, God struck him with his arrow. By refusing a voluntary submission, his fall has given celebrity in the annals to the epoch of his forced surrender (the year 1247.")*

In the evening Selim Bey went to fetch Abdallah Pasha from the city, and he was conducted at midnight to Ibrahim's tent, where he was hospitably received, and on the 6th of June he and his harem were embarked for Alexandria, where Mohammad Ali received him with all the honour due to his rank, his bravery, and his misfortunes.

* Abdallah Pasha was a rebel against the sultan when attacked by Ibrahim. The letters of the last line in the above verses or "the epoch of his forced surrender," indicate in Arabic numerals the year of the Higira 1247.

The key to Syria was now in Ibrahim Pasha's possession, and he was of too ambitious and too impetuous a disposition not to follow up his advantage. Acre was left in charge of an officer with the pompous title of Vakil-urdi-al-Mansur, or "Lieutenant of the Victorious Camp," while the pasha pushed on with an army of 28,000 men, among whom were 10,000 mountaineers, and 8000 Beduins, towards Damascus. He arrived by the 12th of June at Kanater, not far from the Holy City, and the 13th, at three o'clock in the morning, Ali Pasha, of Damascus, was observed advancing at the head of a body of horsemen to attack the left flank of the Egyptian camp, while the right was to be engaged at the same time by a body of Damascene infantry. Ibrahim resolved to anticipate these movements, and he advanced to the encounter of the left wing himself, while he at the same time despatched a body of cavalry and the Bedwins to engage the infantry. These manœuvres were followed by complete success, and the Damascenes were put to flight.

The next day the Egyptians approached the city in two divisions, one under the Emir Beshir, the other in an opposite direction under Ibrahim's own control. The same evening the pasha's nephew took possession of the citadel; and the next day, the commander-in-chief made his triumphal entry. Ali Pasha having previously evacuated the city and fled in the direction of Aleppo, with about 1500 horsemen. In this emergency, the Turks strained every nerve to collect an army in northern Syria, that should be able to resist the progress of the daring Ibrahim. Hussain Pasha, the renowned destroyer of the Janissaries, was despatched from Constantinople with four regiments of Nizam, or regular troops, to act as generalissimo of the Osmanli forces, and he was joined by the defeated army under Osman Pasha, and by Mohammad Bairakdar, "standard bearer," Pasha of Aleppo.

Ibrahim Pasha marched at once to give battle to the Turks, but no sooner had he reached the valley of the Orontes, than the Osmanli Pashas fled without striking a blow, and he advanced at the head of a detachment of cavalry to take unopposed possession of the city of Aleppo.

In this extremity, the Osmanlis entrenched themselves in the formidable pass in the Amanus, through which the road is carried that leads from the plain of Antioch, in Syria, to the sea-side in Cilicia; and the neighbourhood of which has been the chosen scene of sanguinary combats from the days of Xenophon and Alexander to the times of the crusades, and those of Ibrahim Pasha. But it was of no avail. The Egypto-Syrian army penetrated into the rocky defile in the middle of the day of the 5th of August; the guns of the Egyptians soon destroyed the entrenchments of the Turks, and, after two hours' useless resistance, they were glad to seek safety by flight, leaving the pass encumbered with their dead and wounded. The Bedwin and Egyptian cavalry were sent in pursuit; eighty-three guns and part of the baggage of the enemy fell into their hands near Alexandretta, and forty guns and 3000 men were further captured at Bayas. Abbas Pasha of Adana would not receive the fugitives who were then forced to continue their flight through Taurus, by the renowned Cilician gates, the wondrous natural capabilities of which tempted them to make another stand in front of Olu Kushlu, which cost them 400 men and 500 horses, and Ibrahim Pasha entered unopposed into Harakli on the 26th of October, and on the 15th of November arrived at Koniah, the capital of Karamania.

The grand vizier himself was now forced to quit his silken couch, and place himself at the head of an army destined to chastise the bold rebel and assure the safety of Constantinople, which was seriously threatened by an invasion of such unexampled rapidity and success. Six regiments of cavalry and seven of infantry, making upwards of 30,000 men, with nearly a hundred guns were brought to re-inforce the discomfited and trembling pashas of Syria, and after some trifling diplomatic intercourse, Ibrahim Pasha, having been obliged to gain time in order to bring up all the disposable forces that remained in his rear, by the 21st of December; he was enabled to deliver a great and decisive battle, which, fought in a peculiarly dense fog, was concluded by the capture of 10,000 prisoners, among whom was the grand vizier himself, and ninety-two guns.

The prestige of the Ottoman empire was now gone. All the pashalics of Anterior Asia gave in their submission to the fortunate soldier, and nothing could have prevented his preparing Smyrna for the reception of Mohammad Ali's fleet, or marching to the gates of Constantinople, but the interference of the European powers. By the active representations of the ambassadors, the Egyptians were kept in check, till by threats and positive insistances, they were ultimately obliged to retire to the other side of Taurus.

II.

IBRAHIM, PASHA OF ALL SYRIA.

Thus driven back into Syria, by the armed interference of Europe, Ibrahim Pasha established his head-quarters at Antioch. There was evidently in this selection, a latent idea of reviving the pomp and power of the kingdom of the Seleucidæ. Elated by his successes, Ibrahim looked upon himself as a hero. He thought, that if he was not Napoleon's equal, he was little less, and his naturally frank character made him intimate as much. The massive western walls of the ancient city of Antioch were tumbled down to erect a palace close by the shady banks of the Orontes, and spacious and commodious barracks arose not far from his own residence. All the cities of Syria were garrisoned, and the Pasha entered with characteristic energy upon the laborious task of ameliorating the condition of the country, bringing its resources into play, and consolidating his rule. Mohammad Ali became suspicious of the extent of power so suddenly attained by his son, and he appointed Sheriff Bey, governor of all Syria. The Sheriff was left to reside at Damascus, where Ibrahim, out of respect for his father, invested him with the trappings, but took good care that he should have none of the substance of power.

The Euphrates expedition arrived off the coast of Syria in the month of May, 1835, that is to say, little more than three years after the establishment of the pasha's rule. By that time the pasha had disarmed the greater part of the natives and civilians, and had rendered all Syria nearly as safe to travel in, and as free from acts of violence or rapacity, as one of the olden civilised states of Europe. The mountaineers who had befriended him, were excepted from this disarmament, as were also the pastoral Turkomans, whose ancient liberties and privileges he knew how to respect, while, with regard to the Bedwins, the thing was impos-

sible. Many tribes, indeed, of the latter, were never subjugated, but to the last carried on their life of predatory vassalage, and took refuge when pursued in the trans-Euphratic dominions of the sultan.

All the old Osmanli abuses and tyrannical practices were overthrown. The system of avanias or forced loans was done away with; the feudal system which prevailed among the adherents of certain families was abolished; the system of administration was so modified as to secure practical justice to all classes and religions alike, and a tribunal called the Divan Mushwara, was founded, at which the mufti, or other learned men presided, and the members of which were composed of the most influential inhabitants, whether Mohammadan, Christian, or Jew; bribery and corruption were put an end to, and the rapacity of the authorities was effectively curbed. Were it for these acts of judicious and enlightened administration alone, Ibrahim Pasha's name ought to be for ever rescued from the obloquy with which some still continue to regard him for his severities to delinquents, and his never-to-be-forgiven rebellious conquests. But Ibrahim did more. He was always in the habit of saying, that the system of monopoly, advocated, and what is more, practised by his father, was like cutting down a goodly tree which promises a rich harvest in due season, for the sake of obtaining an inconsiderable quantity of the ripe fruit for present uses, and he not only did away with the *mere altasam*, or government monopolies, but he reduced the commercial tariff in all cases one half, in many more, than which it was before, or than what it is now under the restored government.* Barracks and hospitals were erected in every town. Quarantine establishments were founded along the coast. The skilful agricultural tribes of the plain of Dana were induced to extend their field of utility to the rich but neglected lands of the valley of the Orontes (the pasha cultivated his own private garden close by Jisr Hadid, the renowned "iron bridge" of the Crusades). The Turkomans of the plains of Umk were induced to abandon their annual migrations across Taurus to the plains of Cappadocia, and to adopt sedentary, and in many cases, even agricultural habits. The mines of Taurus were re-opened. The gall-nuts of the Amanus were brought to compete with those of Kurdistan, and the forest trees of the same mountain chain were felled to be transported to the coast by bullocks, and shipped for Alexandria. While ever and anon, excursions were made to subdue rebellious tribes in Cilician Taurus, or to hunt down the predatory hordes of Bedwins who infested the outskirts of the desert.

But the work accomplished by Ibrahim Pasha that surpassed all others in magnitude, were the defences of the Kulek Boghaz, or Cilician gates. These defences were composed of no less than eight detached batteries or forts, each with its bomb-proof magazine, and surrounded by a fosse hewn out of solid rock. These forts occupied the summit level of the pass where it was about a mile in width, and at an elevation of about 3812 feet.

But at the same time, in the accomplishment of these works, the forced labour system, as regarded both man and beast, was pushed to its direst extent, and the terrible conscription laws deprived whole families of all means of subsistence, and left the land without hands to cultivate it.

* For a valuable comparison of the old and new tariffs, the reader can consult Mr. Charles Fiott Barker's excellent Memoir on Syria, published by the Syro-Egyptian Society.

Ibrahim Pasha never denied the magnitude of this latter evil, but he as constantly said, that it was an evil forced upon him by the pressure from without, and that it was the hostile attitude of Europe, and not the fear of the Osmanlis, nor the demands of the subjugated districts, that caused this loss to the financial and general resources of the country.

The reception given by the pasha to the Euphrates expedition was cool in the extreme. This arose from various causes. In the first place, Mohammad Ali was opposed to the opening of any communication with India that would interfere with the Alexandria and Suez line;* in the second place, although from Seleucia to the Euphrates, the line of transport lay through the pasha's territories, still the great river itself had continued, with some trifling exceptions, to be in the sultan's dominions; and lastly, Colonel Chesney, as a soldier and a man of honour, was bound by the terms of the treaty of Kutayah, to look upon Ibrahim simply as one of the sultan's pashas and satraps,† and to insist upon the due performance of the provisos of the sultan's firman, rather than upon the interest of the actual ruler—a line of conduct which was more respectful to the Sublime Porte, than useful to the expedition.

Nevertheless, the interviews of the officers with his highness, chiefly on matters connected with the details of the transport, became so frequent, that after a time a more friendly footing was established. The writer having been for three months stationed in the town of Antioch itself, had especial opportunities of noticing the pasha's habits of life, and the system he pursued. The punctilio of first visits, the janissary of the consul (the never-to-be-forgotten Giorgio Dibb), with silver-headed cane, and the sheepish dragoman, pompously preceding three or four officers with close-buttoned vests and starched cravats, and formal receptions in an antechamber, were soon sent to the right about, and gave way to extemporaneous visits, and comparatively cordial and unceremonious receptions. Upon these occasions, Ibrahim was generally seated in Oriental fashion, upon a carpet and cushions, with a secretary or scribe at his elbow, but there was always a chair or two for the Franks. The pasha's demeanour was always frank, simple, and natural; he had lived too long amidst pomp, not to have acquired that air of confiding simplicity and dignified ease of manners which sits so well upon high-born Orientals. He would often begin the conversation by some joke at the expense of the toiling transport, but more generally it referred to himself, his doings, and his position in reference to other powers. He often spoke of his campaigns, and the fatigue he had undergone; he would talk of the barracks, hospitals, and military schools that he had founded, and parade his intentions for the future. One of his favourite subjects was to talk about his soldiers. A genuine soldier himself, he was naturally both proud of, and very much attached to, his companions in arms.

* "The conversation," says M. Fontanier, in relating an interview with Mohammad Ali, "turning upon the expedition of Colonel Chesney, the Pasha exhibited that feeling of opposition and distrust which ignorance renders so natural to Mahometans." Curious to have to quote this testimony, as an unbiassed authority, of a French consul who himself showed infinitely greater distrust of the expedition!

† A few days before the battle of Nizib, Ibrahim sent an officer to the Seraskier of the East, Hafiz Pasha, to complain of an invasion of his territories. Hafiz pretended to be very indignant at this. "Why does he take upon himself," he said, with an unusual degree of emphasis, "to send envoys to me, he is only a Pasha like myself!"

"What are they about at the Kulek Boghaz?" he inquired one winter's day upon my return from visiting that pass.

"Bustling about, collecting fire-wood, repairing their huts," was the answer.

"Ah!" he said, exultingly, "my men are not like the Osmanlis, always with a pipe in their hands, they will work even in the snow."

He entertained the somewhat unfatherly notion that those were the best soldiers who had the fewest wants, and could endure most. He was surprised to find that this theory, which was not unfrequently broached in conversation, did not meet with sympathy. It is but just to say that Ibrahim was always ready to participate in the privations and toils of his men. In the brief campaign of Nizib neither he nor any officer or soldier in the army had a tent. He had promised to his men those of the luxurious Osmanlis, and he kept his word! When in campaign he moved about with great rapidity and secrecy, conversing and sympathising with his troops, and encouraging them in their privations. He would sit down, making himself as one of them during their supperless bivouacs, without forgetting his rank, and he has often been known to sleep on the bare snow as an example to others. On the other hand he was a strict disciplinarian, and would punish the theft of a loaf of bread with death. Yet was he in full possession of the hearts of his soldiers, who always designated him as Abu Halil, "the father of goodness." He raised those who distinguished themselves by bravery or aptitude from the lowest ranks, and he never allowed the sick or wounded to be overlooked or disregarded. On one occasion, in 1839, that grievous and insidious poison the zizan, or ray grass seed, had got mixed with the corn, and the effects were fearful to behold. Soldiers were passing every five minutes beneath the consul's windows, supported by two or three comrades on the back of a donkey on their way from the barracks to the hospital. Many were perishing in the streets—the women were wailing and some dying by the road side, and for twenty-four hours there was a continuous procession to the grave. Ibrahim Pasha met the visitation with his customary energy. When the cause was found out the contractor was punished, and the remainder of the afflicted troops were sent for change of air to Aleppo, and absolved from all duty for a month.

Whenever the French newspapers arrived, an aide-de-camp familiar with that language used to translate to him more particularly such passages as related to himself or to his father, and he would frequently comment, freely and openly upon what he deemed to be the false ideas entertained in Europe both with regard to his position and to the peculiarities of the country and the people whom he was called upon to govern. A portion of his time was also devoted to the reception of petitions and hearing complaints, but he would also receive these when riding out. Upon such occasions he appeared to rely upon the eye as much as upon the judgment. A soldier was one day brought before him charged with wounding a comrade. He looked sternly at the culprit without saying a word. The man met his searching glance without a wink.

"You had reasons for striking your comrade," he at length said, slowly and deliberately.

"Your highness, he wronged me," answered the accused with respectful firmness.

The pasha then listened to the tale of his wrongs, and sent the accused back to his barracks with an admonition.

"Do I not do justice to you all," he said, "that you should revenge yourselves and not appeal to me?"

The pasha laid great stress upon his powers of discrimination, and where education consists in reading men, not books, there is no doubt that this intellectual qualification attains a higher degree of perfection than with us. Every pasha will tell you that he knows a Rayah from a Frank at once by the tremulous eye of the former. A tale is told of Ibrahim's unmasking the treachery of some Arab sheikhs by similar means. The wily chieftains had waited upon him pretending to offer their services. Ibrahim fixed his keen eyes upon them; they did not meet his look, but bent their eyes downwards towards the ground. The pasha was satisfied of the duplicity of their proceedings.

"I accept your services," he answered, "but until I prove your fidelity your sons remain with me as hostages."

There was often a leaven of suspicion however about this supposed power of unmasking guilt or treachery. He was, for example, never satisfied but that there were some secret objects connected with the Euphrates expedition, and he was so filled with this idea that he one evening got a young gentleman who had accompanied the expedition from Malta in charge of some natives of that island, into conversation, and primed him well with champagne, in order to obtain from him secrets that had no existence.

The pasha knew that he was constitutionally hasty and irascible, and often when his wrath was kindled he would walk up and down, take snuff, and call for a pipe, which he would deliberately smoke before giving an opinion or returning an answer. This was not, however, always the case. When the transport was going on slowly, bullocks not to be obtained in sufficient numbers, and camels nowhere to be found, the complaints and representations that were ordered to be made to the pasha became very trying to his patience. He sent out his officers to lend a helping hand, which one of them did with so much vigour as to carry back a bullock's ear as a trophy of his exertions. At length one day a superior officer was sent to remonstrate.

"Why do you not go?" he said, "to the civil governors and their village deputies. I know nothing about bullocks; if you want soldiers, I will provide you with ten thousand," and seizing his sabre, which reclined against the window-sill, and twisting his moustache, he added, "I am a soldier, and not a herdsman."

Yet was the pasha by no means wanting in the finer attributes of humanity. A poor woman came to Antioch in the summer of 1837, to entreat persons to intercede for the recovery of an only son, who had been taken from her by the conscription. This was a task that no one would undertake, the pasha having made it a rule never to assent to such petitions; but still the poor woman's case was so peculiarly hard, having lost her eldest son in battle, and the only support which remained to herself and a little girl of eight years of age having been taken from her in the person of the new conscript, a petition was drawn up for her, and she was advised to present it to the pasha herself.

The next morning, at about ten o'clock, the poor woman was seen

tremblingly advancing towards the palace, with her child walking by her side. Her heart failing her as she drew near, she handed the paper to her little girl, whose extreme youth stood her in need at such a crisis, and bade her enter the palace and present it to his highness. The little girl advanced boldly up the flight of wide steps that led to the portico of the building, and thence gained a landing-place immediately before the entrance of the hall of audience, where Ibrahim Pasha was holding a private conference, and where she was stopped by the guards. The pasha was pacing the hall with huge strides, as was his custom, apparently seeing nothing, but observing all things, when suddenly his eye rested upon the child, and he motioned to the soldiers to allow her to pass. The poor little petitioner, shrinking within herself, kept close to the wall as she advanced, her timidity increasing at every step. The pasha approached her and encouraged her to come towards him, which she did, but still with caution, when he said to her "Don't fear! Why be afraid? What is it you want?"

To which the child innocently replied,

"I have a paper to give to Ibrahim Pasha, but I am afraid to give it."

"Why," said his highness, "Ibrahim won't eat you! Why do you fear him?"

"Because he is a brute—a beast!" she answered, the big tears rolling down her cheeks as she spoke; "he took away my eldest brother, who is killed, and has now taken my other brother."

Ibrahim tried to laugh, and appeared for a few moments amused, but casting a look over the contents of the petition, the feelings of the man so overcame the firmness of the warrior, that he rushed into his private room, where he was heard to sob like a child, and where his aide-de-camp hastened to him,

"Look here!" he said, "see the miseries which my father occasions, and yet it falls on my head."

It is almost needless to say that the pasha ordered the youth to be immediately released, but it is doubtful if his orders would have been carried into execution, had not the surgeon, a generous-hearted Pole, asserted that the youth was unfit for the army.

One of the pasha's hobbies was the construction of railroads to Jerusalem and Mecca, to facilitate pilgrimage. He used frequently to ask opinions as to their feasibility, and fancied that they would pay well. He also devoted much attention to improving the natural resources of the country. Mr. Barker, who had introduced silk-worms from Italy, and had introduced an infinite variety of fruits and vegetables into the country, was, in consequence, an especial favourite of the pasha's, while he did not cease to express his dislike of the luxury and vanity of Mr. Farren, now ex-consul at Damascus. An admirer of European customs, the pasha resolved upon having his table served by a proper artist; and to effect this he obtained a cook at a high salary from France. The experiment, however, did not answer. The vegetables of the country, the pods of the edible mallow, and the perpetual bydanjam or egg-plant, refused to lend themselves to the refinements of art or the skill of the artist, the pods remained as glutinous and tasteless as ever, nor could flavour be imparted to the watery and tasteless bydanjam. The black fish of the Orontes, so much prized by the Roman epicureans, filled the Soyer of Syria with despair and indignation. In vain were the best wines

of Lebanon, and the *vin de Commanderie*, beloved by crusading knights, evaporated *en matelôtte*, the thing did not answer. At length, a dozen of champagne was asked for. The pasha winced in agony, but could not refuse a cook who was as much the gentleman as the artist. Two days afterwards, another dozen was demanded.

"Why," said the pasha, astonished, "what have you done with the dozen you had the other day?"

"It has been consumed in rendering that obdurate black-fish presentable to your highness."

"I get champagne," said the pasha, irritated at the loss of his wine, "from France, at an enormous expense, to drink, and not to cook fish with."

The discomfited cook retired perplexed and dispirited, he issued forth to narrate his wrongs to the circle of *oisifs*, French *instructeurs* of cavalry, infantry, and all the military sciences, German doctors and Italian pharmaceutists, who sat in daily conclave at Georgio Dibb's, and after a short time he left the pasha to his pilau of fowl and rice, to his eggs swimming in butter, and to native pastry and sweatmeats, to be washed down by his favourite beverage.

The pasha's favourite toast, when imbibing the forbidden juice of the grape, was "Success to liberty"—of conscience, we suppose, was understood. It is related of Captain Prissick, who commanded one of Mohammad Ali's ships, that the pasha having, on the occasion of starting for Syria, drank "success to the expedition," and called for another bottle of champagne, the captain refused to drink any more. The pasha was for a time very indignant, and struck the table with his fist, declaring that he did not think that there was a man in the fleet who dared to refuse him; but when his anger was over he made apologies to the captain, and said he was in the right.

The toleration shown to opposing religious beliefs and a general absence of bigotry, are among the most favourable characteristics of the prince. Being determined to undermine the fanatical prejudices of the Damascenes, in order to promote civilisation, it was under his rule that Franks were first allowed to wear hats, and ride in the streets of the Holy City. The people did not like it, but they did not dare to resist the authority of the pasha. Some of the more bigoted ventured, however, to represent that, "if these things were permitted, there would be no distinction between Giaours and true Believers." Ibrahim replied, "Let the true Believers ride on dromedaries; as the Christians will not imitate them, there will be a distinction!" The more bigoted Mohammadans also objected to the employment of Franks, and sagely pointed out the evil of innovation, but he only answered, "I trust and favour Europeans because I find them intelligent, learned, and experienced, far more than you; and they perform faithfully whatever they undertake, which you do not." One of the pasha's first and noblest acts, as ruler of Syria, was to issue a proclamation, that "people of all countries, of whatever religious creed, should be treated with equal justice."

III.

THE BATTLE OF NIZIB.

Yet this is the man whose wise and efficient rule Great Britain united

with the other European powers to overthrow, in the fear of weakening the ability of the Osmanli to resist the Muscovite. The enlightened measures which he had put in force were beginning to work well, and the country was becoming tranquil and prosperous, when the first dark cloud burst from the Euphrates, and a large army of Turks, directed by skilful Prussian officers, and commanded by the Seraskier of the East, advanced into northern Syria. Sultan Mahmoud had, between the interval of the treaty of Kutayah (1833) and the epoch we have now arrived at (1839), never ceased to labour in the steps necessary to the recovery of his lost possessions—the levying of an efficient army of regular troops, and the organisation of an efficient artillery. A great mistake prevails in Europe in supposing that the Orientals are slow in availing themselves of the extensive use of any new or deadly weapon of war. On the contrary, they have introduced the use of artillery in their campaigns to a greater extent than Europeans have done. The Anglo-Indian army was as much surprised as it was made to suffer by the well-served batteries of the Sikhs, but while on the Sutlej never more than two hundred guns were used in the same conflict, upwards of three hundred pieces of artillery were, at the same moment, thundering away on the battle-plain of Nizib.

Ibrahim Pasha is by no means insensible to the dramatic character of heroism. He had, during his residence in Aleppo, in the spring of 1839, frequently spoken to Mr. Werry, jun., then acting English consul in that city, of his wish to possess a certain plant from England. I do not remember the identical species, but the morning that he quitted Aleppo at the head of his well-trained legions to give battle to the Osmanlis, the last thing he said to the consul on taking his leave was, "Do not forget that plant!"

The Turkish fleet was betrayed into the hands of Mohammad Ali by the Capudan Pasha, on the 14th of July, 1839. Various were the epithets applied to the admiral, and the explanations given of his conduct by European diplomatists and quidnuncs. Some called it treachery, and others bribery, but the pasha himself deemed Mohammad Ali and his son to be the real bulwarks of Islamism, and his apparent treachery was no bar to his subsequent restoration to favour with his royal master. Some have attributed the move of Ibrahim Pasha to orders received to that effect from Mohammad Ali after the delivery of the sultan's fleet (Yates, vol. ii., p. 425), but the battle of Nizib took place nearly a month before that occurrence. The circumstances that led to Ibrahim Pasha's advance from Aleppo were most decidedly the surrender of the castle of Aintab to the Turks. While in their intrenchments at Nizib, the Turks had not passed the frontiers of the pasha's territories as conceded by the treaty of Kutayah, and although several acts of invasion had occurred on both sides, as they were in all cases acts of irregular troops, and partook more of a predatory than of a warlike character, they had been only followed by urgent remonstrances ; but when on the 18th of June Aintab surrendered to the Turks, and the garrison was marched to the Osmanli encampment, there was no longer an excuse wanted to vindicate open hostilities. The same day that Ibrahim received intelligence of this event he reviewed 40,000 troops on the plain of Abu Bekr, immediately after which they started on their march to Nizib. So rapid was he in his movements, his army unencumbered by baggage or tents, with only a little bis-

cuit for all supplies, that the second day from his departure from Aleppo he had driven the Turkish advance-guard before him, and taken up his position in a village in front of the Turkish lines.

On the 21st of June the Egyptian army, which had been grouped all night like a huge dark tortoise upon the dusky brown land, defiled in three columns, and advanced slowly along the rising ground south of the plains of Nizib. At the same time a small party was detached towards the foot of the hills on a diversion, to cover the intended reconnoissance. In the Turkish camp all was bustle and anxiety. The infantry were ordered to arms, the cavalry were in part grouped at the extreme left, while to the right long lines of glittering banners indicated where other squadrons were defiling through the olive groves, dim even at noon-day. On every side staff-officers and pashas were galloping up the hills or sweeping along the forest of tents, bearing further orders for precaution against surprise, or to reconnoitre the approaching enemy. In the meantime skirmishing began between the irregular cavalry to the left, and the firing of musketry made itself heard in the groves to the right. Ibrahim moved forward three regiments of infantry in columns, having each a small park of artillery in front, to support the irregular troops; the Turks on their part sent out reinforcements to the right, which were supported by a small battery on the hill side. A few guns were also fired from the intrenchments, but the shot fell short of the enemy. At length the grass, withered by a hot sun and a long drought, caught fire, and burning with vast rapidity, formed a dense mass of fire and smoke, amidst which nothing could be distinguished save now and then a horseman in stern pursuit of an enemy, and the Egyptian army retired behind the smoke of the conflagration, but not till many on both sides had been laid low on the green sward.

It has been pretty generally averred, that Ibrahim wished either to draw the Turks from their intrenchments, or with his customary impetuosity to attack them within their lines, but that he was induced by Solyman Pasha to await till he had turned their position. Be this as it may, there is every probability that he would have beaten them in the one case as well as the other, only with severer loss.

The next day, June 22nd, the pasha started with his indefatigable troops upon a long circuitous march, and a little before sunset his wearied army defiled into a ravine scarcely a mile and a half from the Turkish camp, and on the other side of these intrenchments. Here the Egyptian gathered up his troops within the smallest possible space, and lay like a lion with his whelps, allowing them to repose a whole day (June 23rd). The Turks in the meantime had left their encampment, and had occupied a narrow strip of hilly land above the ravine, and which alone separated the ravine from the camp. Heavy guns were dragged up the hill side. Armenians were set to dig new intrenchments, the moon shone brilliantly over the arduous labours of the night, and early in the morning the new distribution of troops was effected. Both armies now rested a whole day almost within musket range. At sunset, the troops thus in presence of one another, were called to arms, two guns were fired, and the name of Allah was shouted with a solemn warlike melody. Three times the name of God resounded along the lines taken up by one regiment after another, a glorious hymn chanted by 70,000 voices. After this all retired to apparent rest, till the still silence of midnight was suddenly interrupted by

the loud booming of cannon, and rapidly succeeding flashes of light sped athwart the obscurity. One of the Turkish generals, tempted by the close proximity of the Egyptians, and their close huddled position, had advanced a few guns, and opened fire upon them in the darkness; but his guns were soon silenced, by an effectual rejoinder.

Early the ensuing morning the Egyptian army left its quarters, and advanced steadily up the ravine, trying to get as much as possible to the left, and in front of the Turkish lines, before coming to an engagement; but in doing this they were so severely galled by the Osmanli batteries, that they were at length forced to turn round and march upon the enemy, a manœuvre which they accomplished amidst a tremendous cannonade, with the greatest coolness and intrepidity. The greatest military authority in this country has expressed his doubts concerning this movement, but it scarcely appears that the Egyptians could have advanced up the ravine, and then turned to face the enemy without going through some such manœuvre. Certain it is that the extreme right of the Turks was attacked at the same time, and from the commencement of the engagement, while the extreme right of the Egyptians advancing to the head of the ravine, drove the irregular cavalry from the olive woods before them, and descending to the village and camp of Nizib, were already in the rear of the Turks before the battle was half over. The fate of the Osmanlis was now decided; a few regiments of guards kept up a well-sustained musketry fire for a few minutes more, and then gave way with the crowd. Nothing now remained but a grievous retreat through the rocky Taurus, peopled by Kurd enemies, and affording neither food nor shelter to the harassed and discomfited soldiery. Ibrahim Pasha did not follow up this decisive engagement by an invasion of the Turkish territory, with the exception of the occupation of some unimportant districts in Mesopotamia. It is said that he was glad to hear that there were Englishmen as well as Prussians and Frenchmen in the enemy's camp to witness the overthrow of the Turks. During the battle, a report had gone abroad, and had been industriously circulated, that he was severely wounded, but before mid-day, he had taken his seat and his pipe scatheless and triumphant in the tent occupied the day before by the Seraskier of the East.

IV.

EXPULSION OF IBRAHIM PASHA FROM SYRIA.

Syria was once more restored, by the results of the battle of Nizib, to a state of peace and security. Whatever, indeed, may be the opinions entertained with regard to the rebellious character of the conquest and occupation of Syria by the Egyptians under Ibrahim Pasha, or with respect to the advantages or disadvantages that resulted from that occupation to the balance of European power, it is universally conceded by all who witnessed the state of Syria under the contrasted rule of the Osmanlis and Egyptians, that there existed a degree of security to prosperity during the rule of the latter, exceeding what was known before, and which has not been equalled since. The advantages derived to commerce and to all the essential elements of prosperity, as well as to general intercourse under the Egyptian chieftain's rule, were acknowledged by every European resident and traveller,—I believe, indeed, by every British

consular agent, even at the time when ponderous blue books were arriving by each successive mail, to intimate in a manner not to be misunderstood, from the correspondence of the Foreign Office with the British Consul-General in Egypt, that government at home was resolved to support an inefficient sovereign against the tried benefactor and the efficient ruler of the country. But this is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that the events attendant upon the conquest of Syria, and its actual condition under the Egyptian rule, were never thoroughly appreciated in this country. The policy of Great Britain being supposed to be necessarily involved in vindicating the integrity of the sultan's dominions, the warrior was reviled, and the ruler calumniated by the press and by public men, without a hearing or a reply, and ultimately in the preference given to the abstract policy of the minister, over the results obtained by observation and experience, and communicated to government by her own officers in the East, an efficient rule was suppressed to be supplanted by an inefficient one, a capable bulwark to Russia was overthrown to make way for an incapable one, and by a curious freak of fortune, the same man became the victim of two great political errors—the battle of Navarino and the destruction of St. Jean d'Acre—both events so notoriously impolitic, that their absurdity was made manifest, almost contemporaneously with their accomplishment. Had Great Britain made common cause with Mohammad Ali, as the Thiers' ministry wished to do, and strengthened that alliance by the combined navigation of the Euphrates and the Red Sea, it would have been in a far stronger position than it at present is, to await the dismemberment, or the overthrow of the Osmanli empire.

Sultan Mahmoud terminated his mortal career almost simultaneously (for the date of his demise is not precisely known) with the battle of Nizib. His death was not officially announced till the 1st of July. He was succeeded by Abd'ul Medjid, a delicate youth then sixteen years of age; the veteran Khosra Pasha was appointed bash vakil, or prime minister, and orders were despatched, both to Hafiz Pasha and to the Capudan Pasha to cease hostilities. At the same time (July, 1839), Khosra Pasha wrote to the viceroy of Egypt, that at the new monarch's desire, and in order to spare the effusion of Mussulman blood, the march of the imperial army had been suspended, the Pasha Mohammad Ali had been pardoned, a decoration similar to that worn by other viziers had been conferred on him, and the province of Egypt had been conceded to him with the hereditary right thereto to his descendants. Mohammad Ali despatched Akiff Effendi to Constantinople with letters of submission, but at the same time insisted that the late sultan had, through Sarim Effendi, offered to him the hereditary reversion of Syria as well as of Egypt, and that unless that reversion was confirmed, it was not his intention to deliver up the Ottoman fleet. On the 18th of October, the consuls of the four allied powers had an audience with the viceroy, and by order of their ambassadors at Constantinople, remonstrated with him upon his obstinacy. But this and other intimations of hostile intentions, had no effect upon the old man, aided by French engineers he continued to strengthen himself, and the French who were immediately about his person, assured him of the assistance of France, if force were resorted to to expel Ibrahim from Syria. On the 30th of March, 1840, the English intercepted several hundred Albanian volunteers, who were proceeding to Alexandria in Ionian vessels.

This circumstance so irritated the pasha, that he threatened Colonel Hodges, the British consul-general, "to produce a revolt in Albania." To which the colonel answered, by informing the pasha that it was in the power of England to pulverise him before the lapse of three months. The dispute now ran high, and in a short time the "Gorgon" steamer made her appearance off the coast, bringing a formal demand for the immediate restitution of the Turkish fleet. The pasha controlled his anger, and he received the British envoy with respect; he said that he was ready to deliver up the fleet, if Syria were granted to him. A specious answer was returned, the demand was repeated, plausible excuses were made, complimentary letters were exchanged, but still time passed away without coming nearer to a pacific arrangement.

At length, the gallant commodore, Sir Charles Napier, appeared off the coast of Syria, and issued a proclamation, stating that Great Britain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, with the Sultan, had decided that the rule of Mohammad Ali should cease in Syria, and that he had been sent there with an advanced squadron to assist in throwing off the yoke of the Pasha of Egypt. When Ibrahim Pasha heard that the English fleet was off Beïrut, he wrote to Suleyman Pasha the following words: "I have no commands to give you. I know your bravery, and your devotion to all my family. I will only observe to you, that we have but one ditch more to leap over, and that on the other side of this ditch there is *repose*."

On the 10th of October, 1840, a battle took place between the allies and the Egyptians near Beïrut, in which the latter were so completely routed, that their leaders retreated to the mountains with only 200 cavalry. Beïrut was taken possession of the same night, and the Druses, always ready to espouse the cause of the strongest, went over to the allies. Kaifa was taken on the 20th, after a slight resistance; and on the 26th, Sidon was captured by assault. This was the pasha's chief depôt of arms, ammunition, and stores. On the 3rd of November occurred the terrible bombardment of Acre, in which 20,000 shot and shell are said to have been fired into that unfortunate city in the course of three hours and a half. The allies suffered very little owing to a very extraordinary circumstance. Captain Boxer, of the "Pique," went over-night to take soundings. He laid down buoys, and the garrison supposed the squadron would anchor outside of them; but, to their surprise, they brought-to within the buoys, close under the walls. The smoke prevented them altering the bearing of the guns; "otherwise, although this must be considered as one of the most splendid achievements of modern times," the Duke of Wellington subsequently remarked, in the House of Lords, "it is not *usual* to combat stone-walls so successfully."

Emboldened by the success of the allies, the whole of the mountain was in revolt, the inhabitants of Nabluse and the Haouran rose against the Egyptians, and the Bedwins were plundering all parties alike. Syria was no longer tenable. Before the bombardment of Acre, Ibrahim had written to his father, "I cannot hold my position till the end of Rhamadh'an, and in case your highness should desire to abandon Beri Sham (Syria), I shall not be able to take away the cannon. Our enemies receive assistance from Constantinople and Malta. Ships, soldiers, and ammunition arrive daily, and they over-run the coast of Syria in as many hours as I could do in days."

The retreat of the Egyptians from Syria was accompanied by unusual and terrible disasters. Selim Pasha made his way to Egypt with one division by the Desert, and all would have perished if they had not fallen in with a caravan of pilgrims. Suleyman Pasha followed with another division, which is said to have lost two thousand souls from hunger, thirst, and sickness. Menikli Pasha, with the third division, was attacked and nearly cut to pieces by the Metoualis. Ibrahim Pasha made a circuitous march, at the head of a single regiment, round by the Dead Sea and the plains of Jordan to Gaza. Their sufferings, without refuge or resources of any kind, were indescribable. Ibrahim arrived at Gaza so ill as to be obliged to be carried on a litter. A division of the Turkish army under General Jochmus, made a last and most discreditable attempt to annihilate the small remnant of the army that had reached Gaza, and had not the English interfered the pasha and his companions in suffering would certainly have been destroyed.

Syria was evacuated, the Thiers ministry—Mohammad Ali's last hope—was defunct, the pasha had nothing to do but submit or prepare for war in Egypt. For some time he made signs of resisting to the last, and numerous were the protocols and counter-protocols, messages and counter-messages, understandings and misunderstandings (in which latter the British admiral and his commodore played a prominent part) that took place, till at last, Sunday, the 10th of January, 1841, the "Sakudar" steamer arrived, with Captain Walker (Yawer Pasha), and Maslum Bey, to receive the fleet, to see Syria fairly evacuated, and to take possession of Arabia and the Holy Cities in the name of the Sublime Porte.

Mohammad Ali's anxiety for the welfare of his son had, in the meantime, become poignant in the extreme. Hearing that he had arrived at Gaza, and that he was exposed to the Turks, who were panting for revenge, a large reinforcement was immediately sent to his assistance, with money and provisions, and the pasha's steamer "Nile," was despatched to bring the prince himself to Alexandria. But Ibrahim had been protected by the English, and attended by the surgeon of the "Benbow," he had sufficiently recovered to embark in the Hadji Baba steamer, which carried him safe to Damietta, where he landed on the 21st of February.

Thus ended Ibrahim Pasha's resuscitation of a Syrian monarchy, the form and substance of which had existed under the title of a pashalic for now nearly nine years.

The policy which wrought this great change was eminently one of expediency. It can only be compared to the practice of a surgeon who is satisfied by affording temporary relief, without attempting to eradicate the cause of the evil, although he sees that the constitution of his patient is rapidly sinking. To talk of preserving the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, when its authority as a nation is crumbling to dust, is a farce. No sooner had the Egyptian troops left Aleppo, and the Turkish authorities taken possession, than irregularities of every description began, and have ever since been going on increasing. Repeated incursions have been made into the pashalic by the Bedwins without their being any power adequate to oppose them. The mountain regions have fallen into a complete state of anarchy and confusion, the various tribes that inhabit them wishing to rid themselves of all sort of restraint, and to recover the

state of wild freedom to do mischief in which they lived before Ibrahim Pasha stopped their intestine broils. To the furdi or wurghi—the capitation-tax of Ibrahim Pasha—has been added the hudmi, or an additional impost of seventy-five per cent.; the governors have not power to collect this, and outbreaks ensue which the pashas themselves have not sufficient troops at their disposal to quell. The system of Avanias and Jurums, forced loans and extortions, have been brought into full play again, and bribery and corruption restored in full plenitude, the rich Turks purchasing of the pashas the government of their own districts. The tariff has been doubled, and commerce in consequence brought to the lowest ebb; the monopoly system has been re-established and coin depreciated in value. Fanaticism and bigotry again reign triumphant, and the Christians are once more a degraded and proscribed race; the blood feud between the Maronites and Druses has been fostered for the most ignoble purposes, and insecurity is general. Unless European powers interfere once more, especially in giving protection to the Christians, it is the opinion of those who are most conversant with the country, that the reinstatement by the Sublime Porte of Ibrahim Pasha to his old government will be the *denouement* of the campaign of 1840.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since the above was written, Sir Charles Napier has publicly acknowledged at the anniversary meeting of the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, that with respect to his recent services in Syria, he would say nothing of the justice of the war in which we were engaged. "His duty upon that occasion lay one way, and his feelings the other; but his feelings of course had to give place to his duty. *But if there was one act of his life he regretted, it was that, having freed the inhabitants of the Lebanon from the tyranny of Mehemet Ali, he had subjected them to a tyranny ten times worse than that."—Times, June 18th*, 1846.

THE OPERA.

LALLAH ROOKH.

Let Cerito have one of those steps that suggest the notion of a teetotum made of feathers, or let some happy swain have his arm round her waist, and both together come down with a force that would sweep a row of figurantes into nonentity, and you have secured a *furore*.

Well do we remember the beginning of the Cerito-mania, when critics put their sober senses into their pockets, and began to sing in a sort of lyrical prose—half rhapsody, half metaphysics. Some of the older school looked doubtingly at the enthusiasts, thought they went too far (and very far, to be sure, they *did* go), and declared they missed a certain grace in Cerito, which they considered requisite to a perfect *danseuse*. Taglioni's graceful floatings, and the intellectual piquancy of Elssler were in their minds, and they would not join in the acclamation. But Cerito went on a-head—the applauders gained new strength of lung, and bought addi-

tional *bouquets*. Cerito was a sensation; and who can discuss about sensations. You might as well have asked folks why they liked champagne as why they liked Cerito.

The *Pas de neuf*, with which the new ballet terminates, much reminds us of the old days of *Alma*, when in that gorgeous scene, which put out the eyes of wondering spectators with its gas, Cerito used to soften all hearts by the voluptuous *poses* in the *pas de trois*, and then shake them out of their proper locality by her astounding "variation." There is much pretty dropping into attitudes, and vigorous bounding, and quietly, ardent glancing, with which Cerito is able to recall the image of the glories of 1842 (are we right?) Then we have a pleasing *pas symbolique*, in which the principle of the Viennen dancers is adopted, and applied in a new fashion, and all sorts of groups are formed with the aid of pink scarfs, representing—

No, reader, our conscience checks us—we confess we were going to impose upon you hideously. We were going to pretend that we knew the meaning and significance of those mystic groups, formed by Cerito and the *corps de ballet*. We will be honest, and declare that if we know why the first symbolic *tableau* is called "Hermes," we are willing to be twisted into a "caduceus," and that if we can detect why another is called the "Pine-apple," we are willing to be cut into as many slices, as ever the luxury of that name, when brought cheap from the West Indies, was carved into by the knife of the small-salaried clerk.

An ancient writer, more talked about than seen, named Joseph Miller, narrated the legend of a showman, who used to exhibit various crowned heads, and when asked which was the Emperor of Germany, which the chief of the Hong Kong, and which the Czar of Muscovy, used to reply, "Which you please." We fear some of our readers have heard the tale before. No matter, they will see the moral we point at.

But we understand the "pedestal"—yes, we understand the "pedestal." When Cerito stands some eight feet from the ground, and scarfs are placed like steps about her, *that* is the "pedestal." We fancy we can detect the "morning breeze" (or "evening breeze," we forget which), yet will not commit ourselves, but with respect to the pedestal we are positive.

What a splendid court was that of Aurungzebe at Lahore! He sat under the very best canopy that ever was seen, and his throne fashioned after the likeness of a peacock, broke with envy the hearts of half-a-dozen oriental potentates—at heart it ought to have broken them, if the representation of it in the first scene of the *ballet* is correct. But there was one fault in the internal policy of Aurungzebe—he did not patronise railroads in his empire. If he could but have accelerated the passage of Lallah Rookh from Lahore to Cashmere, he would have conferred the greatest benefit, both on those luckless Mussulmans, who ingeniously creep under a mass of sand-like carpet, and also on those spectators, who delight to see Cerito dance, and value her *tours de forces* and her *poses* far more than the banners which are carried through the desert to the sound of David's music.

Give us the court of Aurungzebe—give us the feast of roses—give us light—give us *danseuses*—give us *pas*—but oh spare us the darker side of oriental life, let not the simoon enliven us during this very hot weather!

MEMOIRS OF A FEMME DE CHAMBRE.*

"WHO will deny," says the witty Lady Blessington, "that the memoirs of Madame de Motteville furnish some entertaining and instructive anecdotes and information relative to her royal mistress, Anne of Austria, the suspected wife of Louis XIII? And without the memoirs of Madame de Staël, formerly Mademoiselle de Launy, of how many amusing facts connected with her haughty mistress, the Duchess of Maine, should we have remained ignorant?"

Why not, then, avail oneself of the privileges of an imaginary *femme de chambre* to unfold the secret life of aristocracy, is the natural corollary to the above premises; and the sprightly authoress has wrought out the idea to perfection, multiplying the supposed confidences with the variety and brilliancy of a kaleidoscope, and displaying in the treatment of each that unrivalled intimacy with her subject, and especially that skill in dissecting the follies and the foibles of high life which has ever distinguished her popular and piquant pen.

The post of private secretary to a spendthrift bachelor lord appears to be no sinecure. His labour is incessant, his pay irregular and inadequate, and his repasts frugal almost to insufficiency. The noble lord, who almost habitually spends a guinea upon a bouquet, is frequently without a shilling for household expenses, creditors become clamorous, bills are renewed only when the secretary adds his endorsement, and failing payment when due, the peer being secured by hereditary privileges, the secretary takes his place in the debtor's cell, and worse than all, if he chance to have a beautiful wife, she is left by that very incarceration exposed to the most grave and serious inconveniences. Enough to break the heart of the strongest; but more than enough for two suffering delicate persons, who, by a premature death, leave Selina Stratford, the future *femme de chambre*, an orphan at a tender age, protected only by a humane and generous old grocer.

"The first lessons in the school of adversity," remarks the countess, "are ever acquired with pain, and this pain is always in proportion to the native goodness of the scholar." Tolerably intense then must have been Selina's wondering grief at finding herself, as a first experience, tumbled to the earth by the redoubtable heads of an establishment for young ladies, and actually rifled of every trinket and valuable in her possession! Such a first and painful experience of the world is followed by a moment of repose, a few days of halcyon happiness too bright to last, at the good and gentle Lady Almondbury's; but here, again, the rudeness and neglect of the lord and master snap the frail cords of existence asunder, and once more cast upon the world the unlucky Selina, whose beauty and goodness are her greatest crimes.

The translation from Grosvenor Square to Allsop Terrace, New Road, is a removal from one scene to another of a perfectly opposite kind. Admitted by that appendage of a moderate establishment denominated a page, clothed in a faded suit of green cloth made in the form of a close

* The Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre. A Novel. By the Countess of Blessington. In 3 vols. Richard Bentley.

vest, and trousers, the jacket ornamented with three rows of brass sugar-loaf buttons, which had long lost their lustre, Selina is introduced to a middle-aged lady, with whom "a red circle occupied the place of eye-brows, while the scanty eye-lashes, few and far between, were nearly white, and lent a very disagreeable expression to the light gray eyes beneath them, which peered with almost feline slyness on the face of Selina."

The lady with the red circle above her eyes, after deducting twenty pounds from Selina's salary because she cannot paint in oil-colours, and because she herself wanted some pictures for her apartments, then further intimates her kind consideration for governesses.

"You will dine with me when I have no company," said Mrs. Jefferson, assuming a dignified air, "and when I have, you will be expected to play and sing to amuse the party."

While the mother was speaking, both the little girls were closely examining the countenance of their new governess; the elder one, with a stupid stare of wonder, and the younger with a cool effrontery, with which no inconsiderable portion of slyness and cunning were mingled.

"Look, mamma," exclaimed she, "what a pretty gown Miss Stratford has, and what a nice collar and cuffs; why she is much smarter than you are, mamma."

"Hold your tongue, child! Have I not told you that you are not to make personal remarks?"

"But you said at lunch that she was much too smartly dressed, and that her gown was better than yours."

At dinner Selina gets a large lump of mutton-fat as her share of the repast, and a post-prandial exhibition of the boisterous consort of a vulgar city dame, on his knees before the beautiful governess, puts a hasty finish to a lively and effective sketch of the manner of a peculiar, but by no means limited class of society.

Ridiculous as is this picture of vulgar life, it is surpassed even in that particular by the sketch of an uneducated but worthy and unpretending couple, who are transferred by the chances of fortune to the proprietorship of a country park and mansion. The position is one naturally provocative of fun, but few except the accomplished authoress could have worked out in so graceful and harmless a way the account of all the mistakes and errors that can be supposed to arise to persons suddenly thrown into the midst of a most aristocratic and exacting society.

The jealousy of a corrupt nurse drives Selina from her new home. A false charge is brought against her of having received an annuity from Lord Almondbury, the good people—the Buxtons of Heathfield Park—are at first disinclined to listen to the slander, but too truly does Lady Blessington remark in her worldly wisdom, "How often does the *qu'en dira-t-on*, that dread of common minds, take the place of judgment in influencing their decisions, and urge them to adopt a conduct very different to that which their own better feelings would dictate!"

The trials and discomforts which had everywhere awaited Selina as a governess, had by this time so firmly convinced her that no situation could offer less chance of peace, that she determined to offer herself as *femme de chambre*, and accordingly she enters in that quality into the service of a Mrs. Fraser, a good-tempered, gentle person, who has married a rich but old, sickly, and morose Anglo-Indian. Among the bilious nabob's other fancies, is one of entirely detaching his wife from the society of

a beloved mother and sister, which his jaundiced fastidiousness could not tolerate. In the hour of sickness Selina unfortunately connives at the mother's soothing her daughter's bed of suffering, disguised as a nurse, for which act of humanity she is rewarded by an instantaneous dismissal.

The barometer rises after the storm is over, and we are suddenly transferred to the glittering saloons of the Duke and Duchess of Glenallen—the former "the leader of the ton," "the glass of fashion"—the latter the still young and beautiful heiress of Oakhampton. The glitter and the parade of princely establishments appear, however, according to Lady Blessington's experiences, to be but too frequently the glare that dazzles from the gloom and sorrow pervading the interiors. The beautiful young heiress had been entrapped by the paid-for persecutions of a lady companion, into an unequal marriage with a titled senior. She had, therefore, unfortunately, a heart to give away, and she disposes of it apparently with the same want of discrimination as she did her person to the selfish and unfeeling Glastonbury, whose guinea bouquets are no longer forthcoming in the hour of trouble and remorse.

But enough of these interiors of fashionable life. Let us hasten with Selina to join company with Lady Caldersfoot, a character slightly caricatured, but evidently drawn from the life. Selina waits upon her ladyship in consequence of an advertisement.

"Of course," remarked her ladyship, after a few preliminary observations, "you know my writings?"

"I have not that pleasure, madam," replied Selina. "Hitherto, my reading has not included works of fiction."

"How very strange! I had thought that a person could not have been found in this country, or indeed Europe, unacquainted with my writings. Of course you have heard of my literary reputation?"

Poor Selina bowed an assent for which her conscience reproached her, but prudence dictated the course, and fifteen pounds a year having been deducted from her salary, for the honour of serving so distinguished a literary person, and for the lustre that would thereby be reflected upon her, her ladyship and "suite," as she loved to term her two attendants, start for the continent. "The old story," said Lady Caldersfoot, "the sword has worn out the scabbard, hard studies passing through the alembic of my mind have impaired my health, and I must seek a more genial clime to renovate my frame."

Arrived at Dover, Lady Caldersfoot proceeded to the Ship, where she instantly summoned the landlord to her presence.

"It may be as well, sir," said she, "that you inform the civil and military authorities here of my arrival. They probably may wish to mark their respect by some of those attentions usually paid to persons of distinction, and might feel hurt if left in ignorance of my being here."

"Who shall I say, madam?" inquired her host.

"The Lady Caldersfoot. Of course you know my name."

"I can't say I do, your ladyship; but so many lords and ladies pass through here, that I can't remember names."

"Do you never read, sir?"

"Oh, yes, your ladyship, the newspapers. I havn't time for any thing more."

"But, surely, in the newspapers you must have seen reviews of my works, or extracts taken from the evening papers."

The answers being still unsatisfactory, her disappointed ladyship, after

devouring three-fourths of a chicken, leaving the fragments for Selina, and putting the remainder of a half-pint of sherry into one of the flacons of her dressing-box, sauntered forth in search of circulating libraries. She was not long in finding one.

"Pray, sir, have you got the 'Delicate Dilemma?'" inquired Lady Caldersfoot, as she addressed the librarian, assuming an air of mingled dignity and condescension.

"Yes, ma'am, I know we have it; but it is so little inquired for, that I really hardly know where to put my hand on it."

At length Lady Caldersfoot and suite were embarked, the captain had been called and informed with due dignity, that he had on board "one of, if not *the* most distinguished authoresses of England," to which the captain had answered, *sotto voce,* "What a rum old 'un it is!"

"You will now have an opportunity of observing the effect of mind over body," said Lady Caldersford to Selina, who she kept in close attendance near her, "I never suffer the slightest inconvenience from the sea. Intellectual people, I believe, never do. My secret is to keep my thoughts fixed on some elevated point."

"That accounts for the old lady's looking up at the top of the mast ever since we got out of the harbour," observed a plain old man *sotto voce* to his companion.

Having communicated to the captain the preservative from sea-sickness as a service to humanity, Lady Caldersfoot bade Selina take her note-book and record her thoughts as she elevated them above the sublunary sphere.

"Even as the sun disperses the clouds, so will knowledge disperse the mists of ignorance, and enlighten those who now dwell in darkness. Oh! how my heart swells and exults at the thought," and the lady pressed her hand to her heart and became dreadfully pale. "Hold me, Selina, hold me," exclaimed she.

Poor Lady Caldersfoot! and when prostrated by suffering, with a pallid face, crushed bonnet, and dishevelled locks she urged in vain that Sir Walter Scott's property had been allowed to pass the customs free, and that she was entitled to the same mark of respect, she still found strength to utter her indignation in the language of the land she now trembled rather than stood upon.

"*Monsieur,*" she said to the douanier, "*je dirai au roi comme vous vous êtes mal conduisé envers moi—moi qui suis considerée la Staël, la Corinne même, de la Grande Bretagne.*"

It is impossible to follow her ladyship's attempts to gather laurels in the capital of the civilised world, to tell how she baptises her servant Thomas Theodore, mounts up to the *cinquième* of the hotel Bristol, with a request for the use of a *salon au premier,* to receive princes, ministers, and ambassadors, and above all how she puffs herself in bad French in the newspapers, and how our lively neighbours find they have caught another *précieuse ridicule* in their meshes. Suffice it that Selina is rescued from such an association by Mrs. Vernon, now a widow, and with this last change terminates a chequered career, which, while it strongly interests, conveys a wholesome moral lesson.

LITERATURE.

MRS. GORE'S DEBUTANTE.*

An arduous task falls to the lot of the reviewer who attempts to keep pace with Mrs. Gore's prolific pen. It is, however, somewhat facilitated by the fact, that that industrious lady's voluminous productions, though fertile in poignant sarcasm and witty repartee, exhibit no great variety of either character or plot.

Worldly mothers, artful daughters, silent, shy heirs-apparent, dissolute, accomplished younger sons, worn-out *roués* and vulgar *parvenus* constitute, with one or two exceptions, her entire stock in trade, from whose mouths she pours forth that flood of clever, reckless, fashionable slang which renders her works so popular amongst the novel-readers of the day.

This mass of social iniquity she slightly leavens by the occasional introduction of some meek, fair-haired girl, who endures rebuke, injustice, and calumny with ultra-Christian forbearance, and after having cut a very subordinate figure in the story through two volumes and a half, is dragged forward in the last few chapters either to die cheerfully of consumption, or to marry some lubberly young marquis, who also in the last few chapters "comes out" wonderfully, distinguishing himself in Parliament as a free-trader and a friend of the poor, and exhibiting virtues and qualities for which no woman of *ton* who had ever previously polked with him would have given him credit. Her worldly mothers are, of course, ultimately baffled; her detrimentals marry her artful daughters, and are heartily sorry for themselves to the last day of their lives, and her *roués* die of obesity and remorse in the bay-window of White's Club in St. James's-street.

If the above, *mutatis mutandis*, be not an exact analysis of the "Debutante," and of most of Mrs. Gore's other fashionable novels, it is very nearly so.

Her worldly mother is in this case illustrated by Lady Heriford, her artful daughters by Eleanor Maitland and Lady Alicia de Capell, her lubberly, shy heir-apparent by Lord Clandon, her detrimentals by Charles Barrington and Lord Henry, her *roué* by Lord Mortayne, and her *parvenu* by Sir Meshech Bernardo; Maria Brandon and Lady Sophia are her much-enduring Biondinas, one of whom inherits largely, and marries her loutish but improvable lord, whilst the other is buried alive in the country as *souffre-douleur* to a grandmother preternaturally tenacious of life and jointure.

We are sorry to be compelled to observe that Mrs. Gore has, in one instance in the work now before us, grievously overstepped the licence which in these excitement-loving days we are willing to concede to novel writers. She has shed around her hero, Lord Mortayne, a dim halo of incest, from which, both for his own credit and for hers, we shall be happy to see him relieved in a second edition, should the public call for one. Slander, adultery, murder, and even parricide, if convenient, we readily place at her disposal, but when she permits herself to deviate from the Decalogue into those complicated naughtinesses hitherto scrupulously

* The Debutante; or, the London Season. By Mrs. Gore. R. Bentley.

shunned by every author save the holy and prurient Peter Dens, we must seriously and sternly recall her to order.

She contemplates human nature with acute but morbid vision; she spies out the vices and weaknesses of a character with marvellous dexterity, but is blind to its beauties and its virtues; she evidently conceives that energy of mind and amenity of manner are almost incompatible with moral worth; that a worthy man is seldom a good waltzer, and that the majority of people whom one meets in London society are worthless and wicked in proportion as they are well dressed and witty.

Now with all reasonable deference to Mrs. Gore's experience and clairvoyance, we disagree with her *in toto*. We conceive it to be unfair and unphilosophical to conclude that because there must be a good deal of scum on the bubbling surface of the *marmite perpetuelle* of London life, there cannot be much sound wholesome stock beneath that surface, that because a few painted harridans impudently angling for heirs with daughters gaily dressed, heartless, deceitful, and dangerous as Tweed salmon-flies, and a few good-looking selfish scoundrels openly squabbling for wary heiresses first arrest one's attention on entering a Mayfair ball-room, the whole mass which crowds it must necessarily be equally contemptible and corrupt. We maintain that it would be as absurd to judge of the general tone of English society from the characters which Mrs. Gore delights to delineate, as it would be to form one's ideas of the aristocracy of England from the columns of the *Satirist*, or of her orators from the speeches of Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Newdegate.

THE UNITED STATES.*

In every respect a well digested and satisfactory work. Of the realities and resources of the United States there can be no doubt, but the supremacy of the democratic principle has rendered their manifestations, their utility, and their very existence, so obscure and unavailable, that it requires ever and anon a new, complete, and methodic work like the present to keep up with the progress of the national policy and feeling. Who would think of emigrating to the United States when he learns that the well known policy of the American people, unreasonable hostility to Britons, and selfish and jealous apprehension of an undue rivalry of European emigrants upon their own soil, has been carried to such an extent that associations have been organised in many parts of the republic to put an end to emigration altogether?

Democratic power has become with the progress of time in the United States neither more nor less than the expression of the narrowed prejudices of a large proportion of the American people who are uncontrolled in this respect by the natural and common influence of education, or softened down in the virulence of their antipathies, by any generous principles emanating from a general intercourse with the rest of

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* America, its Realities and Resources; comprising important details connected with the present Social, Political, Agricultural, Commercial, and Financial State of the Country; its Laws and Customs, together with a Review of the Policy of the United States that led to the War of 1812 and Peace of 1814—the Right of Search, the Texas, and Oregon Questions, &c. &c. By Francis Wyse, Esq 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

mankind. These are the evils of this system which would apply themselves to most other democracies, but to which are superadded in this instance the circumstance of a transatlantic and distant position, and not only does the pernicious and demoralising influence of such a state of things manifest itself in foreign policy, as in the late attempt made to disavow international relationship or interference, but also in every most minute domestic event. It extends its influence to the remotest part of the republic, and finds its way to the domicile of every individual, interfering to a certain extent with the social and moral duties of every citizen. It is that which has made American justice a by-word of sinister and ominous signification, for as Mr. Wyse justly points out from the same perpetual pressure of the democratic principle from without we might as reasonably hope for a fair and impartial administration of justice in the United States as from the veriest and most corrupt tribunal of the most intolerant despotism.

It is impossible for us to sketch even an outline of the now rapidly progressing pernicious influence of the democratic principle. The details are depicted in Mr. Wyse's work in a manner that presents but an inevitable prospect to the nation, a slender guarantee of the future domestic peace and harmony of its citizens, and still fewer promises of peace to the world at large; sincerely do we hope that he may be mistaken, that the dark colours are too strong in his pictures, that disappointment or irritation has made him unjust, but the tone of his work indicates nothing of the kind, and most painful it is to feel that every step taken by the great republic is one of greater contempt of moral and national obligations and responsibilities, and of a daily less controlled selfishness and ambition.

CAPTAIN O'SULLIVAN.*

WELL may the gallant captain start with the burden,

> And, oh! I feel there is but *one*,
> *One* Mary in the world for me!

When, with genuine Hibernian drollery, that one is the last of four or five; his matrimonial adventures having carried him that number of times, and with as many different Marys, to the brink of the Hymeneal pond, before he was finally swamped. There is Mary of the rival tower and pagoda, a sea-side vision of a maid with a black and white spaniel; Mary the cook; Mary the maid; Mary the colonel's relict at Leamington, Adelaide Mowbray; Mary the relict over again; and the last Mary, Mary O'Sullivan.

A most morose and little to be envied disposition must the reader be embued with who can peruse these narrow escapes without danger to his sides, even though relieved by the pathos of the painter's wife, or the melodramatic solemnity of the somewhat long confessions of an outcast. But the duelling propensities of the sub-sheriff of Ballysallagh and the historical qualifications of Sir Cæsar O'Sullivan, lead the way to those sunny pastures in which our adventurer cordially basks with most genial glow, and which have most contributed to render this last of his works the most lively, racy, varied, and amusing of the whole series.

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* Captain O'Sullivan; or, Adventures, Civil, Military, and Matrimonial, of a Gentleman on Half-pay. By W. H. Maxwell, Esq. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

SYBIL LENNARD.*

Beautiful but frail Sybil,—your sin and its consequences so ably narrated, cannot but prove a warning! Truly they constitute a sad story of the fall from the path of virtue and duty. Yet never could we have imagined a beautiful young wife, even though trained like you, so readily and so strangely plunge from wedded and domestic felicity into fatal crime and error. Your's is the story of beauty wooed by the beast. But the savage, Hardress Fitz-Hugh, like most creatures of his class, has peculiar moods, that are always captivating in this Manfred and Lara loving epoch of a young lady's life. His conversation, although unconventional, is original and full of genius. An ardent enthusiast in painting and sculpture, he is described as electrifying the house by torrents of eloquence so overwhelming, as to sweep every thing before him like a pent-up torrent. Strange that such gifts of nature should be united to such a person and such manners, but Mrs. Grey tells us that this is the usual state of things.

But even gifts of nature and wondrous powers failed to accomplish what French novels effected at once. "French novels—exciting poetry—questionable works of imagination—dread sounds! How many a soul has been blighted by their poisons—beneath their influence how many a heart, once pure and spotless, is tainted with sore disease." Yes, this dread poison is so made to contaminate a previously pure and educated mind, as to induce Sybil Lennard, with scarcely an erring love, as an excuse, to quit the husband of her affections, and abandon a family of young and beautiful children for the artistic and gifted, but remorseless savage.

It is a sad and most soul-harrowing work to be employed upon, to portray the sorrow, the sufferings, and the afflictions, so surely brought down by a false step of such irretrievable magnitude, upon the wife, the husband, and the children. Mrs. Grey has properly placed the grief of the abandoned husband, lover, and father, in the first place, but not less poignant is the remorse that inevitably succeeds to crime in the wife and mother, and the governess of the third generation depicts with minute details the distresses that are also caused to the young children. Mrs. Grey had a meritorious object in view. It was that the history of sin and its consequences should be made use of as one of the warnings of life to the succeeding generation. "A generation," she says, "alas! now needing such warning. An age, when, if fewer acts of flagrant sins, such as hers, startle the ears of the public, it is to be feared the general tone of laxity of morals renders the crookedness in these days less conspicuous." So ably and effectively is this task accomplished, that we feel morally certain that no one will peruse Mrs. Grey's history of Sybil Lennard without profit.

LLEWELYN'S HEIR.†

Llewelyn's Heir professes to rely more on the delineation of the manners, customs, and superstitions of North Wales during the last cen-

* Sybil Lennard. A Novel, in three volumes. T. C. Newby.

† Llewelyn's Heir; or North Wales: its manners, customs, and superstitions, during the last century. Illustrated by a story founded on fact. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

tury than on its story, which is merely made a connecting link to description, although sufficiently closely interwoven with the latter, and quite tragic enough in its *denouement* to excite and sustain the reader's interest.

They were, indeed, remote and simple times, when Herbert Gladstone journeyed from London to visit his Welsh cousins, when mules and ponies were the ordinary means of conveyance, and the post arrived safe at Conway once in ten days in summer, and once a month in winter. Herbert is, however, too transparent a foil to the wonders of a sea-girt mountainous country. The fears he is made to entertain of the rude and boisterous familiarity of the peasants on the occasion of the Easter revels, and his horror of the pass of Penmaen Mawr, where two men could even then walk abreast, are so overdrawn, as to betray at once the writer's sex. The cicerone to the cockney of a century ago, who must have appeared fantastic enough to the mountaineers attired in velvet brocade, with fringed gloves and boots, cocked-hat, and elaborately curled wig, is Howel Llewelyn, heir to the "noble lignage and ancient lyne," of Llewelyn the Great. Llewelyn, the father, is, however, still alive, and fills up a pleasant sketch of an irascible and patriotic country gentleman, insatiably greedy of strong ale, and perpetually warming his throat with hot flummery. Then there are also, as descendants of the same princely line, a haughty and revengeful daughter by a first wife, Eleanor, a young and Hebe-like girl, Wenefrede, with whom Herbert necessarily falls in love, a cousin Eva Wynn, the betrothed of Howel, and a most malignant monster, Owen Trevor, a weird woman, called Catryn Hen, and the last of the Llewelyn dogs; Tywysog, or the "chieftain," all of whom play important parts in this national history.

Plas Conway and Glyn Llewellyn can be readily imagined to have still presented features of great interest a century ago, notwithstanding the squalid poverty that clung to the gates of royal palaces at the period; and we have, as necessary accompaniments of a detailed description of each of these renowned places, trophies of the chase, weapons offensive and defensive, the elevated daïs, and curiously carved oaken furniture, the turf fire, the Hirlas cup of ales of various ages, strength, and names, together with the last of the ministrels who played to the fairies, David Rhys, and his successor Roderic.

At such delightful sites we are also soon introduced to the enjoyment of mountain rambles with hounds, to which Theseus's dogs, though bred out of the Spartan race, could bear no comparison, to a love-spinning day, to the wonders and superstitions of Capel Llochwydd, with an accessory rescue of Wenefrede from a watery grave by Herbert, to a still more adventurous search for birds and eggs in the cliffs of Holyhead, and to all the strange and credulous mummeries practised at Holywell a century ago.

But at length Llewelyn's heir and Herbert Gladstone quit the wonders of North Wales, to join the gallant followers of the victor of Blenheim, and it is not afterwards made out clearly enough why Herbert does not do justice to the love borne to him by the fair Wenefrede, but Howel Llewelyn is taken prisoner by Algerine pirates, and on his return is disowned by Eleanor, who, with Owen Trevor, has made herself mistress at the Glyn, and he and his faithful dog, the one, the last of the royal race of Llewelyn, the other, the last of the noble race of Gelert, are foully and basely murdered. The fine old hall then passes into the

hands of a stranger, who allows the pride of an old and noble race to fall into decay, and "the grass has now long waved where the mead-cup was poured." The author writes with a warm and zealous regard to our ancestral practices in regard to the mead-cup, the almost incessant appeal to which could only have been adapted to a more out-of-door life than is led by the present generation; yet we heartily agree with the mountain fair one, that he is a degenerate Briton "who can step forward and harangue on the vices of ale, and the virtues of tea, coffee, and the pure element—with a flag waving over his head, gaily adorned with a gigantic male figure, holding a Brobdignag tea-cup in his hand, and with 'Temperance' written in letters of gold around his head."

SCENERY AND POETRY OF THE LAKES.*

Is there no nook of English ground secure
From rash assault?—

exclaimed Wordsworth, on the projection of a Kendal and Windermere railway, and it would certainly appear not—not we rejoice to say to either pen or pencil—and albeit there may still remain many a glade and nook of solitude, where the poet may elude the poor intruders, without losing, in the words of Monckton Milnes, "one golden dream of all their homely gain;" still every year the lakes are visited by greater numbers of tourists. Already the shrill whistle resounds through the hills, and steamboats puff and blow upon the bosom of the no longer respected waters, and as the railway system is more and more developed their numbers will still further increase. Nor is this to be wondered at. The very name of the lake districts, as Dr. Mackay justly proclaims, is suggestive of poetry and romance, and calls up visions of natural beauty and recollections of the gifted men whose genius has left a lasting impression upon the literature of England. There could scarcely be a more appropriate field for the united labours of the poet and the artist, who have, indeed, combined to produce a guide-book of rare excellence and most inviting beauty, and that, too, at a season when temptation is strongest and most difficult to resist. We felt grateful to the Messrs. Gilks for having last year awakened many a dormant pleasure associated with picturesque Snowdonia, and we feel equally grateful this season for being able to enjoy an imaginary summer ramble amid the more placid beauties of the English lakes.

Dr. Mackay favours us with reminiscences and personal conversations with the geniuses of the locality, and we avail ourselves of the opportunity of making an abstract which appears to us to be justly and feelingly conceived. The conversation was with Wordsworth, and the subject was the fate of Southey. Doctor Mackay noticed the prevalent opinion that he had tasked his brain too severely by study. Mr. Wordsworth denied that such was the case. "Though Southey's labours were almost superhuman, and were varied in a wonderful manner, they seemed, he said, rather to refresh and strengthen than to weary and weaken his mind. He fell a victim, not to literary toil, but to his strong affection

* The Scenery and Poetry of the English Lakes. A Summer Ramble. By Charles Mackay, LL.D., &c., with illustrations from original sketches drawn on wood by W. Harvey, J. Gilbert, D. H. M'Kewan; D. Cox, Jun., W. C. Smith, G. Fennal, W. Dickes, W. P. Smith, and G. Gilks; engraved by Thomas Gilks. London: Longman and Co.

for his first wife, which led him night after night, when his labours of the day were ended, to watch with sleepless anxiety over her sick bed. The strongest mind, as he observed, will ultimately give way under the long-continued deprivation of the natural refreshment of the body. No brain can remain in permanent health that has been over-tasked by nightly vigils, still more than by daily labour. When such vigils are accompanied by the perpetually-recurring pain of beholding the sufferings of a beloved object, and the as perpetually-recurring fear of losing it, they become doubly and trebly injurious; and the labour that must be done becomes no longer the joy and solace that it used to be. It is transformed from a pleasure into a pain—from a friend into an enemy—from a companion into a fearful monster; crying, like the daughter of the horse-leech, '*Give! Give!*' It is then that the fine and delicate machinery of the mind is deranged. It is then that it snaps; then that the 'sweet bells are jangled and out of tune'—that the light is extinguished, and the glory hidden under a cloud, that Eternity may lift and not Time. Such, it appears, was the case with Robert Southey; the grand if not the great poet; the accomplished scholar and the estimable man in every relation of life. So was it, also, in the more recent fate of the equally amiable and estimable Laman Blanchard, whose sad story I recalled to Mr. Wordsworth's recollection, as a parallel case. To the free mind, untouched by grief, literary toil, however great, is scarcely a burden; but when one engrossing sorrow comes, and the brain must work in spite of it, the conflict begins, in which sorrow not only gains the mastery, but destroys the battle-field, and blasts its fruit in this life, for ever."

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

It grieves us exceedingly that pressure of matter should prevent our giving such notices this month of several books as can be at all commensurate with their merits and importance. Foremost among these stands a work upon "Costume in England: being a History of Dress from the Earliest Period till the close of the Eighteenth Century, to which is appended an illustrated Glossary of Terms for all Articles of Use or Ornament worn about the Person," written by F. W. Fairholt, and published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. Luckily the book speaks for itself. Six hundred engravings appeal to the eye as illustrative of a subject of very general interest, and with the glossary render it the future indispensable manual and efficient authority upon an equally curious and amusing branch of knowledge.

II.—Mr. Sharpe's "History of Egypt, from the Earliest Times till the Conquest by the Arabs, A.D. 640," published by Mr. Moxon, is an important work, that will confer an enduring reputation upon its author. But a few years ago no materials existed for such a book. The history of the Jews is dear to us as that of our religion, of Greece and Rome as that of the great poets, historians, and artists; and that of Egypt claims equal regard as the birth-place of art and science. Modern ingenuity, toil, and skill has extracted the mysterious dates for such a history from the strangest places, from sculptured symbols and monstrosities, from the tombs of the dead, and from the heart of the pyramids, and the results are striking in the extreme. The impenetrable veil of obscurity that lies over the old valley of the Nile may now truly be said to be rent asunder; and no one can pretend to keep pace with the progress of knowledge

who is not possessed of that history which has resulted from the united labours of many inquirers, but which has been co-ordinated by the industry, ability, and research of one individual.

III.—The time is passed by when Bertha spun, or Bertha lace-tippets were fashionable articles of dress; but the time is not gone by when we can sympathise with the fortunes of the good queen of trans-Jurane Burgundy, nor when we can peruse without interest tales of sufferings, and achievements of nobles and their serfs, and of warlike nuns and abbots, when narrated in connexion with existing monasteries, villages, and castles, and derived from veridical chronicles contained therein. And truly such are to be found in the "Historical Pictures of the Middle Ages," published by Messrs. Longman and Co.; a work in which the most picturesque legends are related in connexion with the most picturesque sites in Europe.

IV.—We would wish to draw the attention of our readers to "A Year and a Day in the East," by Mrs. Eliot Montauban, as containing light and amusing sketches of society in the East, and the narrative of a journey by the little frequented route from Bombay through Guzzerat and Rajpootana to Delhi, and thence through the protected Sikh states to Loodianah and down the Indus through Scinde.

V.—Reference in gardening matters is wanted directly, and not through the circuitous channel of elementary treatises. Hence in such eminently practical branches of knowledge, dictionaries are the most useful books. We have still greater pleasure in recommending the "Dictionary of Modern Gardening," by George W. Johnson, published by Mr. Robert Baldwin, as the most scientific and rational as well as the most modern epitome of the science—*the* Gardening Dictionary, in fact, of the day.

VI.—"Views and Reviews in American Literature, History, and Fiction," published by Wiley and Putnam, are well worthy of perusal by all who take the slightest interest in American literature. The consideration of the epochs and events of American history as suited to the purposes of art in fiction is a most elaborate and well digested critical essay. "Americanism in Literature" is also written in a patriotic and yet very sensible spirit.

VII.—The translation of Auerbach's "Dorf Geschichte" under the title of "Village Tales from the Black Forest," published by Mr. Joseph Cundall, has been admirably performed by Mr. Taylor. As annals of village transactions and scenes of old fashioned Germanic customs, they have attained and deserve popularity.

VIII.—"Abel Massinger; or, the Aeronaut," by Thomas Tod Stoddart, published by Mr. J. Menzies, Edinburgh, is a tale of great power, energy, and interest, and is in every respect worthy of the reputation of its author.

IX.—To Captain Roll Burslem's "Peep into Turkistan," published by Mr. Richardson of Cornhill, we will turn next month.

X.—We must still be behindhand with our poetry, merely noticing the reception of "Lays and Legends of Germany," translated from the German by Ella Louisa Harvey, and published by Mr. How, and "Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," published by Aylott and Jones, which wants a preface. Mr. Newby has issued the third volume of his remarkable publication on "Eastern Europe," and Mr. Bohn, in addition to a work of high and standard qualifications, "Schlegel's Dramatic Literature," has issued a volume of a more amusing description, combining the celebrated "Memoirs of Count Grammont" with the "Personal History of the Merry Monarch."

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VALERIE.

A TALE.

By Captain Marryat, C.B.

AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," "THE PRIVATEER'S-MAN," &c.

Chap. IV.

About an hour afterwards Madame d'Albret, who had left me on the bed while she went down to her sister, came up again, and spoke to me, but from weakness occasioned by the loss of blood and from excitement, I talked for many minutes in the most incoherent manner, and Madame d'Albret was seriously alarmed. In the meantime the colonel had come home, and his wife explained what had happened. She led him up to my room just at the time that I was raving. He took the candle and looked at my swelled features, and said,

"I should not have recognised the poor girl. Mort de ma vie! but this is infamous, and Monsieur de Chatenœuf is a contemptible coward. I will see him to-morrow morning."

The colonel and his wife then left the room. By this time I had recovered from my paroxysm. Madame d'Albret came to me, and putting her face close to mine, said, "Valerie."

"Yes, madame," replied I.

"Are you more composed now? do you think that you could listen to me?"

"Yes, madame, and thankfully," replied I.

"Well, then, my plan is this. I am sure that the colonel will take you home to-morrow. Let him do so; in the morning I will tell you how to behave. To-morrow night you shall escape, and I will be with a *fiacre* at the corner of the street ready to receive you. I will take you to my house, and no one, not even my sister, shall know that you are with me. They will believe that you have thrown yourself into the Seine, and as the regiment is ordered to Lyons, and will leave in ten days or a fortnight, there will be no chance, if you are concealed till their departure, of their knowing that you are alive."

"Thank you, thank you, madame, you know not how happy you have made me," replied I, pressing my hand to my heart, which throbbed painfully with joy. "God bless you, Madame d'Albret. Oh, how I shall pray for you, kind, kind Madame d'Albret!"

Madame d'Albret shed tears over me after I had done speaking, and then wishing me good night, told me that she would see me in the morning and let me know what was going on, and then give me further directions for my conduct. She then left me, and I tried to go to sleep, but I was in too much pain. Once I did slumber, and dreamt that my

mother was beating me again. I screamed with the pain that the blows gave me and awoke. I slept no more that night. At daylight I rose, and, as may be supposed, the first thing that I did was to look into the glass. I was terrified; my face was swelled so that my features were hardly distinguishable; one eye was closed up, and the blood had oozed out through the handkerchief which had been tied round my head by the surgeon. I was, indeed, an object. The servant brought me up some coffee which I drank, and then remained till the colonel's wife came up to me. It was the first and only time that I ever beheld that good woman angry. She called from the top of the stairs for her husband to come up; he did so, looked at me, said nothing, but went down again. About half an hour afterwards Madame d'Albret and the surgeon came up together. The latter was interrogated by her as to the effects of the injuries I had received, and after examination, he replied, that although it would take some days for the inflammation and marks of the blows to go away, yet he did not consider that eventually I should be in any way disfigured. This gave me great pleasure, as I suspect it would have done any other pretty girl in my situation. Madame d'Albret waited till the surgeon was gone, and then gave me some further instructions, which I obeyed to the letter. She also brought me a black veil in case I had not one of my own. She then left me, saying, that the colonel had sent for my father, and that she wished to be present at the interview.

My father came, and the colonel, after stating the treatment which I had received, loaded him with reproaches; told him his conduct was that of a coward to allow his wife to be guilty of such cruelty towards his child. Then he sent Madame d'Albret to bring me down; when I entered, my father started back with surprise; he had answered the colonel haughtily, but when he beheld the condition I was in, he said,

"Colonel, you are right; I deserve all you have said and even more, but now do me the favour to accompany me home. Come, Valerie, my poor child, your father begs your pardon."

As my father took my hand to lead me away, Madame d'Albret said to the colonel,

"My dear Allarde, do you not incur a heavy responsibility in allowing that girl to go back again? You know what she said yesterday."

"Yes, ma chère, I have been told by your sister, but it was said in a state of excitement, and I have no doubt that kindness will remove all such ideas. Monsieur de Chatenœuf, I am at your orders."

I never said a word during all this interview. Madame d'Albret tied the black veil round my head and let it fall to conceal my features, and I was led home by my father accompanied by the colonel. We went into the room where my mother was sitting. My father lifted the veil from my face.

"Madame," said my father, in a severe tone, "do you see the condition to which your barbarity has reduced this poor girl? I have brought Monsieur Allarde here to tell you before him, that your conduct has been infamous, and that mine has been unpardonable in not having protected her from your cruelty; but I now tell you, that you have bent the bow till it has broken, and your power in this house is ended for ever."

My mother was so much astonished at this severe rebuke before witnesses, that she remained with her mouth open and her eyes staring. At last she gave a sort of chuckling laugh.

"Madame, I am in earnest," continued my father, "and you shall find that in future I command here. To your room, madame, immediately!"

The last word was pronounced in a voice of thunder. My mother rose, and as she retired burst into a passionate flood of tears. The colonel then took his leave, saying to my father,

"Tenez-vous là."

My father remained a quarter of an hour with me consoling me and blaming himself, and promising that in future he would see me done justice to. I heard him without reply. The tears started in my eyes at his kind expressions, but I felt there was no security for his adhering to all he promised, and I trembled as I thought so. He left me and went out. My mother, who had been watching, as soon as she saw that he had left the house, hastened down stairs from her room, and came into the one where I was sitting alone.

"So, mademoiselle," said she, panting, and apparently striving to contain herself, "my power in this house is gone for ever, and all through you. Ha, ha, ha! we shall see, we shall see. D'ye hear me, creature?" continued she, with her clenched hand close to my face. "No, not yet," said she, after a pause, and then she left the room.

If my father's kindness had somewhat staggered my resolution, this conduct of my mother's confirmed it. I felt that she was right in what she said, and that in a month she would regain her sway and drive me to desperation. During the whole of that day I made no reply to any thing that was said to me by my brothers and sisters, who came in by stealth to see me. In this I followed the advice of Madame d'Albret, and at the same time my own feelings and inclinations. The servants who offered me dinner and coaxed me to take some nourishment, could not get any answer from me, and at last one of them, who was a kind-hearted girl, burst out into tears, crying that mademoiselle was *folle*. My father did not come home to dinner; my mother remained in her room till he came in in the evening, and then she went up to her. It wanted but half an hour of the time that I had agreed to meet Madame d'Albret. I waited that time, during which I heard sounds of high altercation above stairs. I was quite alone, for my mother had prevented the children coming to me, and as the clock struck I dropped my veil over my face and quietly walking out of the house, made for the rendezvous agreed. I found the *fiacre* with Madame d'Albret waiting for me, and stepping into it, I was in a few minutes safely lodged in her splendid comfortable apartments. Madame d'Albret put me in a little cabinet inside of her own room, so that no one except one servant whom she could trust knew of my being on the premises. There I was left to recover from my bruises, and regain, if possible, my good looks. On the following day she repaired to the barracks, and remained with her sister till the evening, when she returned, and came up to me.

"All has happened as I wished," said she, as she took off her bonnet; "you are nowhere to be found, and they have not the least suspicion that you are here. When you were first missed, they thought you had returned to the colonel's, and your father did not think it advisable to make inquiry until the next morning, when to his surprise he learnt that you had never been there. The dismounted hussar, who was sentry during the evening, was then examined; and he replied, that about half-past eight o'clock a young person, who by her figure he presumed to be Made-

moiselle Chatenœuf, had gone out of the gates, but that she had a thick veil over her face, and he could not see it. When your father and the colonel had interrogated the man and dismissed him, my poor sister burst into tears and said, 'Alas! alas! then she has kept her word and has thrown herself into the Seine. Oh, Monsieur Allarde, my sister said you would incur a heavy responsibility by sending that poor girl back, and now it has proved but too true: poor dear Valerie!' Your father and the colonel were almost as much distressed as my sister, and it was just at that time that I came in.

" 'Sister,' cried Madame Allarde to me, 'Valerie has left the barracks.'

" 'What!' exclaimed I, 'When? oh my fear was too true!' said I clasping my hands, and then taking out my handkerchief I covered my face and sobbed. I tell you, Valerie, that nothing but my affection for you would have induced me to be so deceitful, but under the circumstances I hope I was justified. My assumed grief and distress quite removed any suspicion of your being here, and shortly afterwards the colonel made a sign to your father, and they both left the barracks; I have no doubt they went down to the Morgue, to ascertain if their fears had already been proved correct."

" What is the Morgue, madame?" said I.

"Do you not know, my child? It is a small building by the side of the Seine, where all bodies which are found in the river are laid out for the examination of the friends of those who are missing. Below the bridges there is a large strong net laid across, which receives all the bodies as they are swept away by the tide; that is, it receives many, if not most of them, but some are never found again."

Madame Allarde did not fail to return to the barracks on the next day, and found that a general excitement prevailed, not only among the officers but the men. My supposed suicide had been made known. My father had visited the Morgue a second time, and the police had been on the search without success. My mother dared not even show herself at the window of her apartments, and found herself avoided even by her own children. As for my father, he was half mad, and never met her but to load her with reproaches, and to curse his own folly in having so long submitted to her imperious will.

" At all events, one good has arisen from your supposed death, Valerie," said Madame d'Albret, " which is, that your father has completely resumed his authority, and I do not think will ever yield it up again."

" My poor father," replied I, shedding tears, " I feel for him."

" He is certainly to be pitied," replied Madame D'Albret, " but it is his own conscience which must be his greatest tormentor. He was selfish enough not to feel for you during your years of persecution, and rather than have his own comforts invaded by domestic brawls for a short period, he allowed you to be sacrificed. But observe, Valerie, if you have still a wish to return to your parents it is not too late. The regiment does not leave Paris till next Thursday."

"Oh, no, no," cried I, " my mother would kill me; don't mention that again, madame," continued I, trembling.

" I will not, my child, for to tell you the truth, you would not appear in so favourable a light, if you were now to return. You have caused much grief to my sister and her husband, and they would not receive you with cordiality after having thus trifled with their feelings. It would also be

a victory for your mother; and I doubt not but that in a short time she would again recover that power which for the present she has lost. You never can be happy in your own family after what has passed, and I think that what has been done is for the best. Your father can well spare one child out of fourteen, having little more than a long sword for their support. Your supposed death will be the cause of your father retaining his lawful authority, and preventing any of the remaining children receiving such injustice as you have done; and remorse will check, if it does not humanise your mother, and I trust that the latter will be the case. I had well weighed all this in my mind, my dear Valerie, before I made the proposal, and I consider still that for your sake and for the sake of others, it is better that you should be the sacrifice. Nevertheless, I repeat, consult your own feelings, and if you repent the step which you have taken, there is yet time for you to return."

"My dear madame, return I never will, unless I am taken by force. All I feel is, that I should like that my father's bitter anguish was assuaged by his knowledge of my being still in existence."

"And so should I, Valerie, were it possible that the communication could be made, and the same happy results be arrived at; but that cannot be, unless it should please Heaven to summon your mother, and then you might safely inform your father of your existence."

"You are right, madame."

"Yes, I think I am, Valerie; for, after all, your father duly deserves his severe penance, which is, to visit the Morgue every day; but painful as is the remedy, it is necessary for the cure."

"Yes, madame," replied I, sobbing, "all you say is true, but still I cannot help weeping and pitying my poor father; not that it alters my determination, but I cannot command my feelings."

"Your feelings do you honour, Valerie, and I do not blame you for your grief. Do not, however, indulge it to excess, for that is turning a virtue into a failing."

There were still three days remaining previous to the departure of the regiment for Lyons. I was sorely distressed during this time. I pictured to myself my father's remorse, and would gladly have hastened to the barracks and thrown myself into his arms, but my mother's image rose before me, and her last words, "We shall see if my power is gone for ever," rung in my ears; her clenched hand was apparently close to my face, and then my resolution remained fixed. The swelling of my features had now subsided, and I had in some degree recovered my good looks; still my eye and cheeks were tinged black and yellow in various places, and the cuts on my head not quite healed. However, I was satisfied that the surgeon of the regiment was correct in his assertion that I should not be the least disfigured by the treatment which I had received.

"I have news for you," said Madame d'Albret, as she returned from the barracks, where she had been to see her sister off on her journey. "Your brother, Auguste, who you know has been away, has returned to rejoin his regiment, but has since obtained his rank in another, which is stationed at Brest."

"Why has he done so, madame? do you know? have you seen him?"

"Yes; he was at the colonel's; he stated that he could not remain in the regiment if his mother continued with his father; that he should never be able after what had happened, to treat his mother with common cour-

tesy, still less with the duty of a son, and therefore he preferred leaving the regiment."

"And my father, madame?"

"Your father allows him to act as he pleases; indeed, he feels the force of what your brother says, and so does my brother-in-law, who has given his assent, as commanding officer, to your brother's exchange. Auguste laments you very much, and the poor fellow looks very ill. I think he has done right, although it is a severe blow to your mother; but for her I have no compassion."

"My mother never liked Auguste, madame."

"No, I believe that; but what annoys her is the cause of his leaving the regiment, as it is open condemnation of her conduct."

"Yes, I can understand that feeling on her part," replied I.

"Well, Valerie, I did not return until the regiment was gone and the barracks cleared. You know the commandant always goes the last. I saw my sister safe off, and now I am here to tell you that you are no longer a prisoner, but may make yourself comfortable by roving through my apartments. But the first affair which we must take in hand is your wardrobe. I am rich enough to furnish you, so that shall be seen to immediately. And Valerie, dear, let me now say once for all, what I do not intend to repeat in words, but I hope to prove by my actions. Look upon me as your mother, for I have not taken you away from your family without the resolution of supplying, as far as I can, not the mother you have lost, but the mother which in your dreams you have fancied. I love you, my child, for you are deserving of love. Treat me, therefore, with that unlimited confidence and affection which your young and pure heart yearns to pour out."

"Bless you, madame, bless you," cried I, bursting into tears, and burying my face in her lap; "I feel that now I have a mother."

Chap. V.

For several days I remained quiet in the little ante-chamber, during which Madame d'Albret had been busy every morning driving in her carriage, and ordering me a wardrobe; and as the various articles came in, I was as much surprised as I was pleased at the taste which had been shown, and the expense which must have been incurred.

"My dear madame," cried I, as each parcel was opened, "these are much too good for me; recollect I am but a poor soldier's daughter."

"You were so," replied Madame d'Albret; "but you forget," continued she, kissing my forehead, "that the poor soldier's daughter was drowned in the Seine, and you are now the *protégé* of Madame d'Albret. I have already mentioned to all my friends that I expect a young cousin from Gascony, whom I have adopted, having no children of my own. Your own name is noble, and you may safely retain it, as there are no want of Chatenœufs in Gascony, and there have been former alliances between them and the D'Albrets. I have no doubt that if I were to refer back to family records, that I could prove you to be a cousin, some three hundred times removed, and that is quite enough. As soon as you are quite well, and I think in a week all vestiges of your ill-treatment will be effaced,

we will go down to my château for a few months, and we will return to Paris in the season. Has Madame Paon been here?"

"Yes, my dear madame, she has, and has taken my measure for the dresses; but don't scold me. I must cry a little, for I am so happy and so grateful. My heart will burst if I do not. Bless you, bless you, dear madame; little did I think, before I saw you, that I should ever cry for joy."

Madame d'Albret embraced me with much affection, and allowed me to give vent to my feelings, which I did, bedewing her hands with my tears. A week afterwards, every thing was ready, and we set off for the château in Brittany, travelling in Madame d'Albret's post-chariot with an *avant courier*, and without regard to expense.

And now I must make the reader somewhat better acquainted with my kind protector. I little thought at the time that she offered me her protection, that she was a personage of such consequence, but the fact was, that her sister having made a very inferior match to her own, she, out of delicacy, while the colonel and his wife were at Paris, avoided any thing like state in paying them a visit, and I supposed that she was much in the same rank and society as they were ; but such was not the case. Madame d'Albret had married into one of the highest and most noble families of France. Her husband had died three years after their marriage, and having no children, had left her a large revenue entirely at her own disposal during her life, and wishing her to marry again, had the property entailed upon her children if she had any, if not, after her death, it was to go to a distant branch of the D'Albret family. I was informed that her income amounted to 60,000 livres per annum, besides her château in the country, and the hôtel in the Rue St. Honoré, which belonged to her although she only occupied a portion of it. Her husband had now been dead more than ten years, and Madame d'Albret had not been persuaded by her numerous suitors to marry again. She was still handsome, about thirty-four years of age, and I hardly need say, was in the very best society of Paris. Such was the person who came to the barracks in so unassuming a manner, and whose protection I was so fortunate as to obtain.

I could dwell long upon the happy days that I passed at the château. There was no want of society, and the *ré-unions* were charming; and being in the country, I was allowed to join them, having been formally introduced by Madame d'Albret to all her visitors, as her cousin. My time was fully occupied. Madame d'Albret, perceiving that I had great talent for music and a fine voice, had procured me good masters, and wishing to prove my gratitude by attention, I was indefatigable, and made so rapid a progress, that my masters were surprised. Music and embroidery, at which I have before mentioned I was very expert, were my only occupations—and on the latter my talents were exerted to please Madame d'Albret, by offering her each piece as they were successively taken from the frame. So far from wishing to return to Paris I was unhappy at the idea of leaving the château. Indeed, if the reader will recall what I have narrated of my former life, he will at once perceive that I could but be in a state of perfect happiness. Until I was received by Madame d'Albret, I had lived a life of persecution, and had not known kindness. Fear was the passion which had been acted upon, and which, I may say, had crushed both mind and body, now all was kindness and love. Praise, which I had never before received, was now lavished upon me, and I felt my energies

and talents roused, and developing themselves in a way that astonished myself. I had not known what I was, or what I was capable of. I had had no confidence in myself, and I had believed myself to be almost as incapable as my mother would have persuaded me, and every body else. This sudden change of treatment had a most surprising effect. In the course of a few months I had grown nearly three inches taller, and not only my figure, but my features, had become so improved, that, although not vain, it was impossible for me not to believe what every one said, and what my glass told me, that I was very handsome, and that I should make a great sensation when I was introduced at Paris. But although I believed this, I felt no desire. I was too happy as I was, and would not have exchanged the kindness of Madame d'Albret for the best husband that France could produce; and when any thing was mentioned by ladies who visited Madame d'Albret, to that effect, and they talked about my future establishment, my reply invariably was, "*Je ne veux pas.*" I had always expressed my regrets that we should be obliged to go to Paris for the season, and Madame d'Albret, who of course had no wish to part with me so soon, and who felt that I was still young enough to remain for some years single, made me very happy by telling me that she did not intend to stay long at the capital, and that although I should appear at her parties, she did not intend that I should be much at public places. And so it proved; we went to Paris, and the best masters were procured for me, but I did not go out with Madame d'Albret, except occasionally in her morning drives, and once or twice to the Opera and theatres. My music occupied the major portion of my time, and having expressed a wish to learn English, I had a good master; but I had another resource from an intimacy having arisen between me and Madame Paon, who, I believe, I have before mentioned as the first milliner in Paris. This intimacy was brought about in the following manner. Being very clever with my needle, and having a great taste for dress, I used to amuse myself at the château with inventing something new, not for myself but for Madame d'Albret, and very often surprised and pleased her by making alterations or additions to her dresses, which were always admired and declared to be in the best taste. On our arrival at Paris, Madame Paon was visited of course, that the new fashions might be ascertained, and she immediately remarked and admired my little inventions. I was therefore consulted whenever a new dress was to be made for Madame d'Albret, and as Madame Paon was a very lady-like and superior person, of a decayed, but good family, we soon became very intimate. We had been at Paris about two months, when one morning Madame Paon observed to Madame d'Albret, that as I was learning English it would not be a bad plan if Madame d'Albret was to drop me at her establishment when she took her morning airing, as she had two highly respectable English *modistes* in her employ, whom she found were necessary for her English customers, and that I should learn more English by an hour's conversation with them than a master could supply. Madame d'Albret agreed with her, I was pleased at the idea, and consequently three or four mornings in the week were passed at Madame Paon's.

But the reader must be introduced to the establishment of Madame Paon, or he may imagine that it was too condescending for a young lady in my position to visit at a milliner's. Madame Paon was the first milliner at Paris, and as is generally the case, was on the most intimate terms with

all the ladies. She made for the court, and, indeed, for every lady to whom she could dedicate her time, as it was almost a favour to be permitted to be one of her customers. Her establishment was in the Rue St. Honoré, I forget the name of the hôtel, but it was one of the largest. The suite of apartments were magnificent. You passed from one room to another, each displaying every variety of rich and graceful costume. In every room were demoiselles well-dressed to attend to the customers, and every thing bespoke a degree of taste and elegance quite unparalleled. At last you arrived at the reception-room of madame, which was spacious and most superbly furnished. There were no men in the establishment except in one room, called the Comptoir, in which were six clerks at their desks, when I add that Madame Paon was elegant in her manners and handsome in her person, very tall and majestic, that she was rich, kept several servants, a handsome carriage, and had a *maison de campagne*, to which she retired every Saturday afternoon, the reader may acknowledge that she was a person whom Madame d'Albret might permit me to visit.

This intimacy became very great. There was a certain degree of *éclat* at my being so constantly in the house, and, moreover, as I had a decided taste for dress, I often brought forward some new invention which was not only approved of, but a source of profit to Madame Paon. Every thing was submitted to my judgment as Madame Paon more than once observed, "What a first-rate *modiste* you would make, mademoiselle; but, unfortunately for the fashions, there is no chance of your being so employed."

At last the Paris season was nearly over, and truly glad was I when Madame d'Albret mentioned the day of our departure. I had very much improved in my music and my English during our residence at Paris. I had not been out except to small parties, and had no wish whatever to go out at all. I was satisfied with Madame d'Albret's company, and had no wish to leave her. I may say that I was truly happy, and my countenance was radiant and proved that I was so. My thoughts would occasionally revert to my father and my brother Auguste, and make me melancholy for the time, but I felt that all was for the best, and I built castles, in which I imagined my suddenly breaking in upon them, throwing myself in my father's arms, and requesting to share the wealth and luxury with which I fancied myself to be endowed.

I was now nearly eighteen years old. I had been one year under the protection of Madame d'Albret, and the old dowagers who visited us at the château were incessantly pointing out to Madame d'Albret that it was time to look out for an establishment for me. Madame d'Albret was, to a certain degree, of their opinion, but she did not wish to part with me, and I was resolute in my determination not to leave her. I had no wish to be married; I had reflected much upon the subject; the few married lives I had witnessed were not to my taste. I had seen my kind-hearted, amiable grandmother thwarted by a penurious husband; I had witnessed my father under the control of a revengeful woman; and when I beheld, as I did every day, the peace and happiness in the establishment of Madame d'Albret as a single woman, I felt certain that marriage was a lottery in which there were thousands of blanks to one prize. When, therefore, any of Madame d'Albret's acquaintances brought up the subject, when they had left the room I earnestly implored Madame d'Albret not to be influenced by their remarks, as I had made up my mind to

remain single, and that all I asked was to remain with her and prove my gratitude.

"I believe you, Valerie," replied Madame d'Albret, "but I should not be doing my duty if I permitted you to act upon your own feelings. A girl like you was not intended by Heaven to pine away in celibacy, but to adorn the station in life in which she is placed. At the same time, I will not press the matter, but if an advantageous offer were to be made, I shall then consider it my duty to exert my influence with you to make you change your mind, but, at the same time, I will never use any thing more than persuasion. I am too happy with you as a companion to wish to part with you, but, at the same time, I should be very selfish if I did not give you up when your own interest told me that such was my duty."

"Well, madame, I thank Heaven that I have no fortune, and that will, I trust, be a bar to any proposals from the interested gentlemen of the present day."

"That may not save you, Valerie," replied Madame d'Albret, laughing, "gentlemen may be satisfied with expectancies; nay, it is possible that one may be found who may be satisfied with your own pretty self, and ask no more."

"I rather think not, madame," replied I. "You have too good an opinion of me, and must not expect others to view me with your partial eyes; all I can say is, that if such a gentleman could be found, his disinterestedness would make me think more highly of him than I do of the sex at present, although not sufficiently well to wish me to change my present condition."

"Well, well, we shall see," replied Madame d'Albret, "the carriage is at the door, so bring me my bonnet and cashmere."

A few weeks after our return to the château, a Monsieur de G——, of an old family in Brittany, who had been for the last two years in England, returned to his father's house, and called upon Madame d'Albret. She had known him from childhood, and received him most cordially. I must describe him fully, as he played no small part in my little drama. He was, I should think, nearly thirty years of age, small in person but elegantly made, with a very handsome but rather effeminate face. His address and manners were perfect. He was very witty, and apparently very amiable. His deportment towards our sex was certainly most fascinating—so tender, so respectful, and so amiable. I certainly never had before seen so polished a man. He sang well, played upon several instruments, drew, caricatured, indeed, he did everything well that he attempted to do; I hardly need say that with such qualifications, and being so old a friend, that he was gladly welcomed by Madame d'Albret, and became a daily visiter at the château. I was soon intimate with him and partial to his company, but nothing more; indeed, his attentions to Madame d'Albret were quite as great as to me, and there was nothing to permit any one to suppose that he was paying his court either to her or to me. Madame d'Albret thought otherwise, because we sang together, and because he talked to me in English, and she as well as others rallied me in consequence. After two months had passed away, Monsieur de G—— was supposed to be paying his attentions more particularly to me, and I thought so myself; Madame d'Albret certainly did, and gave him every opportunity. He was the heir to a large property, and did not require money with his wife.

About this time, an English lady of the name of Bathurst who was travelling with a niece, a little girl about fourteen years old, had accepted an invitation from Monsieur de G——'s father, to pass a few weeks with them at their château, which was about five miles from that of Madame d'Albret, and this lady was introduced. She was apparently very amiable, and certainly very *distingué* in her manners, and we saw a great deal of her as she was a great favourite with Madame d'Albret.

A few weeks after the introduction of this English lady, I was one day on the terrace alone, when I was accosted by Monsieur de G——. After a remark or two upon the beauty of the autumnal flowers, he observed,

"How different are the customs of two great nations, with but a few leagues of water between them—I refer to the French and the English. You would be surprised to see how great they are if you were ever to go to England—in none, perhaps, more so than in the affairs of the heart. In France we do not consult the wishes or the feelings of the young lady, we apply to her parents, and if the match is considered equally advantageous, the young lady is told to prepare herself for changing her condition. In England the very reverse is the case; we apply to the young lady, gain her affections, and when certain of them we then request the sanction of those who are her guardians. Which do you think is the most natural and the most satisfactory, Mademoiselle de Chatenœuf?"

"I have been brought up in France, Monsieur de G——, and I prefer the mode of France; our parents and our guardians are the people most able to decide upon the propriety of a match, and I think that until that point is ascertained no affections should be engaged, as should the marriage not be considered advisable, much pain and disappointment will be prevented."

"In some instances, I grant that such may be the case," replied he; "but still, is it not treating your sex like slaves to prevent no love before marriage? and is it agreeable for ours, that we lead to the altar a person who may consent from a sense of duty, without having the least regard for her husband; nay, perhaps feeling an aversion."

"I do not think that any kind parents would force their child to marry a man for whom she felt an aversion," replied I; "and if there is not much love before marriage, there may be a great deal after; but the fact is, it is a subject upon which I am not able, nor do I wish to give my opinion."

"As you disagree with me, Mademoiselle de Chatenœuf," replied he, "I fear you will not be pleased at my courting you in the English fashion; and previous to addressing myself to Madame d'Albret, making known to you my sincere regard for you, and my humble hopes that I am not indifferent to you."

"I will answer you very plainly, Monsieur de G——; and perhaps it is as well that you have taken this unusual step, as it will save you the trouble of making any application to Madame d'Albret. Flattered as I am by your compliment, I beg to decline the honour you propose, and now that you know my feelings, you will of course not be so ungenerous as to make any application to Madame d'Albret."

"Certainly, mademoiselle," replied he, with great pique, "but on one condition, which is, that you will promise me that you will not mention to Madame d'Albret what has now passed between us."

"That I willingly promise, Monsieur de G——, as I may consider it as your secret."

"And I trust," continued he, "that you will not discard me from your friendship, but receive me as before."

"I shall always be happy to receive the friends of Madame d'Albret," replied I, "and now I wish you a good morning."

I went to my own room and reflected upon what had passed. I was angry with Monsieur de G—— for what I considered the unwarrantable liberty he had taken, the greater as he must have known my utter dependence upon Madame d'Albret; and how unlikely it was that I would form any such engagement without her knowledge and sanction. That I had no love for Monsieur de G—— was certain, although I was pleased with his company and conversation. I was sorry on reflection that I had given my promise not to mention what had passed, but having made the promise, although hastily, I resolved to adhere to it.

I took it for granted that he would gradually withdraw himself, and that we should see little more of him; but in this I was mistaken; he was as frequent in his visits as before, dividing his attentions between Madame d'Albret and me. This annoyed me, and I avoided him as much as I could, and the consequence was, that he was oftener with Madame d'Albret than with me. At first when Madame d'Albret perceived this, she appeared to be vexed, as she had evidently set her mind upon the match, and expected daily to receive a formal proposal from him in my behalf, but gradually, why I know not, it gave her no further concern, and I was permitted to leave the room, and do as I pleased without being subjected to any remarks.

Such was the state of affairs when the Paris season drew near. Madame Bathurst had been induced to remain in Brittany, and was continually with us. She had often asked me to come over to England and pass a few weeks with them, and I had jokingly replied that I would. One morning Madame d'Albret said to me,—

"My dear Valerie, Madame Bathurst has again requested me to allow you to go to England with her. Now if you think that you would like to pass a short time with her, instead of remaining at Paris during the season, I really have no objection, if it would give you pleasure."

"My dear madame, I was only joking when I said so."

"Well, you have made Madame Bathurst think you were in earnest, my dear," replied she; "and I thought so too, and have this morning promised that you shall go with her. I thought you would perfect yourself in English, and it would be a good opportunity of relieving you for a short time of your constant attendance upon me; so, my dear Valerie, I advise you to go. It will amuse you, and a little change will do you good: besides, my dear, I perceive that the attentions of Monsieur de G—— are not agreeable to you, and it is as well to break it off by a short absence."

"I shall not dispute your wishes, madame," replied I, mournfully, for my heart misgave me, why I knew not, "but if I do go, it will be to oblige you, and not because I really wish it."

"My dear Valerie, I think it will be for the best, and therefore you will oblige me. I have promised for you, and I should be sorry to have to recall my promise—so consent, my dear, and I will write to Madame Bathurst, that she may be prepared to receive you."

"Certainly, madame," replied I, "your wishes will ever be a law to

me :" and so saying, I left the room, and going to my own chamber, I threw myself down on the bed, and wept bitterly without knowing why.

About ten days after this, Madame Bathurst called for me to take me to the château of Monsieur de G——'s father, where I was to remain till the next morning, when we were to post to Paris. It was with great pain that I quitted Madame d'Albret, but her kindness to me appeared to have increased rather than diminished after the proposal of our short separation. " God bless you, my dear Valerie," she said, "you must write to me twice a week; I shall be most impatient for your return." I parted from her with many tears, and did not leave off weeping till we arrived at the château, at which Madame Bathurst resided.

I was received with formal politeness by the old gentleman and Monsieur de G——, who was also at home, and in an excessive gay humour. " Alas, mademoiselle," cried he, " what a desert you will leave behind you ! It is too cruel, this travelling mania on your part. We never shall see you again."

There was so much irony in his face as he said this, that I hardly knew what to make of it; but it made me feel anxious and dissatisfied. I would have given much to have abandoned the journey, but Madame d'Albret's wishes were a law to me. To avoid reflection, which was painful, I talked with Caroline, the niece of Madame Bathurst, and as we were to set off at daylight, we retired early. The following morning we set off, and in due time arrived at Paris, where we remained but one day, and then proceeded to Boulogne, where we embarked.

It was now November, and half way across the channel we were enveloped in a fog, and it was with difficulty that we made the harbour. We set off for London, the fog continued during the whole day, and on our arrival at the suburbs it was thicker than ever, and the horses were led through the streets by people carrying flambeaux. I had heard that England was a *triste pays*, and I thought it so indeed. At last I observed to Madame Bathurst, " Est ce qu'il n'y a jamais de soleil dans ce pays, madame ?"

" Oh, yes," replied she, laughing, "and a very beautiful sun too."

The next day we set off for Madame Bathurst's country seat, to pass the Christmas. Before we were three miles out of London, the fog had disappeared, the sun shone out brilliantly, and the branches of the leafless trees covered with rhime, glittered like diamond wands, as we flew past them. What with the change in the weather, and the rapid motion produced by the four English post-horses, I thought England beautiful; but I must say that the first two days were a trial, the more so as I was very despondent from having quitted Madame d'Albret. I was delighted with Madame Bathurst's country seat, the well-arranged gardens, the conservatories, the neatness displayed in every thing so different from France, the cleanness of the house and furniture; the London carpets over the whole of the rooms and staircases, were, in my opinion, great improvements; but I cared little for the society, which I found not only dull but it appeared to me to be selfish. I found a lively companion in Caroline, and we sat up in a little boudoir where we were never interrupted. Here I practised my music, and at Madame Bathurst's request, spoke alternately English and French with my little companion, for our mutual improvement.

I had written twice to Madame d'Albret, and had received one very kind answer, but no mention was made of my return, although it was at first arranged that my visit was to be three weeks or a month. A fortnight after my arrival at Fairfield, I received a second letter from Madame d'Albret, kind as usual, but stating, to my great grief, that she was not well, having had an attack on her chest from having taken a violent cold. I answered the letter immediately, requesting that I might be permitted to return home and nurse her, for I felt very uneasy. For three weeks, during which I had no reply, I was in a state of great anxiety and distress, as I imagined that Madame d'Albret must have been too ill to write, and I was in a fever of suspense. At last I received a letter from her stating that she had been very ill, and that she had been recommended by the physicians to go to the south of France for the winter. At the same time, as she could not put off her departure, she wrote to Madame Bathurst, requesting, if not inconvenient, that she would allow my visit to be extended till the spring, at which season she expected to return to Paris. Madame Bathurst read her letter to me, and stated how happy she should be for me to remain. I could do no otherwise but thank her, although I was truly miserable. I wrote to Madame d'Albret and stated what my feelings were, but as she had, by what she said in her letter, already left for the south of France, I knew that my letter would arrive too late to enable her to alter her determination. All I requested was that she would give me continual intelligence of her health.

I was, however, much consoled in my distress by the kindness of Madame Bathurst, and affectionate manners of her niece Caroline, who was my constant companion. There was a great deal of company not only visiting but staying in the house; but although there was much company, there was very little society. Horses, dogs, guns, were the amusements of the gentlemen during the day. In the evening we saw little of them, as they seldom left the dinner-table before Caroline and I had retired to our rooms, and the ladies appeared to me to be all afraid of each other, and to be constantly on the reserve.

Christmas had passed and I had not heard again from Madame d'Albret, which was a source of great vexation and many bitter tears. I fancied her dying in the south of France, without any one to take care of her. I often spoke to Madame Bathurst on the subject, who offered all the excuses that she could devise, but I thought at the same time appeared to be very grave and unwilling to continue the conversation. At last I thought of Madame Paon, and I wrote to her inquiring whether she knew how Madame d'Albret was, detailing to her how I had come over to England, and how Madame d'Albret had been seriously indisposed, stating my fears from not having received any reply to my last letters. The day after I had written to Madame Paon, Caroline, who was sitting with me in the boudoir, observed, "I heard Madame Corbet say to my aunt that she had seen Madame d'Albret at Paris about ten days ago."

"Impossible," replied I, "she is in the south of France."

"So I understood," replied Caroline, "but she did say so, and my aunt immediately sent me out of the room on a message. I am sure it was to get rid of me that she might talk to Mrs. Corbet."

"What can this mean?" exclaimed I; "Oh, my heart forebodes evil!

Excuse me, Caroline, but I feel very miserable," and I laid my face down on the table, covering it up with my hands, and tears trickled fast through my fingers.

"Speak to my aunt," said Caroline, consolingly; "do not cry, Valerie, it may be all a mistake."

"I will at once speak to Madame Bathurst," said I, raising my head, "it will be the best plan."

I went into my room, bathed my eyes, and then sought Madame Bathurst, whom I found in the conservatory giving directions to the gardener. After a time she took my arm and we walked down the terrace.

"Madame Bathurst," said I, "I have been made very miserable by Caroline stating that Mrs. Corbet had told you that she met Madame d'Albret at Paris. How can this be?"

"I cannot imagine more than yourself, my dear Valerie," replied Madame Bathurst, "except that Madame Corbet was mistaken."

"Do you think it was madame?"

"I cannot say, Valerie, but I have written to Paris to ascertain the fact, which is to me incomprehensible. A few days will let us into the truth; I cannot believe it—indeed, if it were true I shall consider that Madame d'Albret has treated me ill, for much as I am pleased to have you here, she has not been candid with me in proposing that you should remain the winter upon the plea of her being obliged to go to the south, when she is still at Paris. I cannot understand it, and until confirmed I will not believe it. Mrs. Corbet is not an acquaintance of hers, and may, therefore, be mistaken."

"She must be, madame," replied I, "still it is strange that I do not hear from her. I am fearful something is wrong, and what it can be I cannot surmise."

"Let us talk no more about it, my dear Valerie, a few days will decide the point."

A few days did decide the point, for I received an answer from Madame Paon, in which she said:—

"My dear Mademoiselle Chatenœuf,—

"You may imagine my surprise at receiving your letter, and I fear you must prepare yourself for unpleasant intelligence. Madame d'Albret is in Paris, and has never been in the south of France that I have heard. When she first called I inquired after you. The reply was that you were on a visit to a lady in England; that you had left her; that you had a *manie pour l'Angleterre;* and so saying she shrugged up her shoulders. I was about to inquire more particularly, but she cut the conversation short by asking to see a new pelisse, and I perceived at once that there was something wrong, but what I could not comprehend. I did not see her till four or five weeks afterwards, when she called accompanied by a Monsieur de G—, a person well known in Paris, where he bears a very indifferent character, as a desperate gambler and a man of very bad disposition concealed under a very polished exterior; but his character is better known in England, which country, I am told, he was obliged to quit in consequence of some gaming transaction any thing but honourable. I again made inquiries after you, and this time the reply was given by Monsieur de G—, who observed that you were an *ingrate*, and your name must not be in future mentioned by any one to

Madame d'Albret. The handsome face of Monsieur de G— was changed to that of a demon when he made this remark, and fully proved to me the truth of the report that he was a person of very bad disposition. Madame d'Albret made no remark, except that she should be careful how she ever engaged a *demoiselle de compagnie* again. I was struck at this remark from her, as I always considered that you were (and indeed I know you were at one time), viewed in a very different light, and I was quite mystified. About a fortnight afterwards Madame d'Albret called upon me and announced her intended marriage to Monsieur de G—, and requested me to make her wedding dresses. Here the whole mystery was out, but why because she marries Monsieur de G— you should lose her protection, and why Monsieur de G— should be so inveterate against you is more than I can tell. I have now, my dear mademoiselle, given you a detail of all I know, and shall be most happy to hear from you if you will please to write to me, &c., &c.

"Emile Paon,
"Née Mercé."

Here was a solution of the whole mystery. I read the letter and fell back on the sofa, gasping for breath. It was some time before I could recover myself. I was alone in my bed-room, my head and eyes swimming; but I staggered to the washing-stand, and obtained some water. It was half-an-hour before I could recall my astonished senses, and then every thing appeared as clear to me as if it had been revealed. Monsieur de G——'s double attentions; his spiteful look at my refusal; his occupying himself wholly with Madame d' Albret after I refused him; her wish to get rid of me by sending me to England with Madame Bathurst, and her subsequent false and evasive conduct. Monsieur de G—— had had his revenge, and gained his point at the same time. He had obtained the wealth of Madame d'Albret to squander at the gaming table, and had contrived, by some means or another, to ruin me in her good opinion. I perceived at once that all was lost, and when I considered the awkwardness of my position, I was almost in despair.

A POET'S CAREER.

BY THE HON. J. MAYNARD.

Toil without profit, labour without end,
He gains no living and can only spend,
Gets call'd a pedant if he keeps in rule,
If not is dubb'd a blockhead or a fool!
Whilst shrewder heads laugh at his labour'd verse,
He lives on moonbeams whilst they fill their purse,
Yet he strives on bent on his shadowy aim,
He dies a beggar, but—he wins a name!

THE PORTFOLIO.

No. III.

So much as from occasions you may glean.—*Hamlet.*

ILLUSIONS OFTEN THE SEED OF REALITIES.

"CHIVALRY," says Madame de Staël, "is to modern what the heroic age was to ancient times: all the noble recollections of the nations of Europe are attached to it. At all the great periods of history, men have embraced some sort of enthusiastic sentiment as an universal principle of action." Enthusiasm, the presumed prompting of the God within us or above us, may be often mistaken in its object; but it is generally elevating in its result. Even the Crusades were productive of many beneficial consequences. The past golden age is a future one to moralists, as that of chivalry is to warriors and lovers. What signifies the question of fact? To believe in an ennobling illusion goes far towards converting it into a reality, for all lofty retrospections are fore-shadowing. The ever-existing tradition of a former Paradise on earth, is a presumption, if not a foundation, for its future existence. All ideal beauty, whether physical or moral, may be only a dim reminiscence of the native land of our first parents. The sculptures of Phidias, the tragedies of Sophocles, the doctrines of Plato, all the great works of Art, have derived their inspiration from the same source. To believe in a future Golden Age is to sculpture a moral Venus de Medici with the mind; and who shall deny that Time, becoming its Pygmalion, may animate the beautiful image by the aid of Minerva?

NATURE NOT AN UTILITARIAN.

If Nature gave a preference to the useful over the ornamental, she would have produced a drab-coloured, quaker-like, prosaic world, instead of the brilliant, joyous, and poetical globe, which it is our good fortune to inhabit. Flowers, bright hues, sweet odours, music, all the beauty and magnificence of earth and heaven, are the poetry of nature; useless, perhaps, in the opinion of certain rigid economists, but not in the sight of enlightened moralists, who hold that nothing can be more truly useful in the loftiest sense of the word, because we may presume that nothing can be more acceptable to a benevolent Creator, than the diffusion of enjoyment among human creatures. Had Nature thought that the nutritious plants were of the most consequence, would she have left them undecorated, when she has lavished so many charms upon the rose? We recommend the following passage, from a French writer, to the attention of our strict utilitarians. "Proscrire les arts agréables, et ne vouloir que ceux qui sont absolument utiles, c'est blamer la Nature qui produit les fleurs, les roses, les jasmins, comme elle produit des fruits." There are more uses in the apparently useless than are dreamt of in our philosophy; and perhaps fewer real uses in the seemingly useful.

THE SLAVISHNESS OF FREEMEN.

In no country has there been such an incessant struggle for the achievement of political and social independence as in England, and what is the result? Our minds are slaves to opinion, and our bodies and habits to fashion. Not to opinion only, but to the law of the land, en-

forced by pains and penalties, are we mental bondsmen; for, instead of saying or writing what we think, we are obliged to think what we may say or write. Our orthodox faith, for instance, has been repeatedly altered, by Act of Parliament, and if we impugn the last enactment, we do it at our peril. No *habeas corpus* have we for the mind, enabling it to come into court, and demand why it has been placed under restraint. The earthy part of God's image may walk erect and unshackled, but its divine portion must wear chains, and hide itself, if it would avoid persecution. Homicide is punishable, but thought-icide, or the strangling of the reasoning faculty, is legal Burkeing, specially protected by church and state. How fortunate for individuals, and how favourable to general morality, that we may all become hypocrites, and make use of speech to conceal, not to disclose our sentiments!

FATE AND PROVIDENCE.

Fate, in its perpetual contests with mankind, seems to be really as inexorable and ruthless as it is represented in the classical tragedies. It is but the instrument, however, of a higher power, which, so far from being blind or deaf, like its vicegerent, will see into the heart, and listen to the defences of offenders, and judging of actions according to motives and circumstances, will administer justice tempered with mercy.

VARIETIES OF JEALOUSY.

Men are prouder of what others admire, though they themselves cannot see its beauty, than of that which they the most fervently admire, if it be not appreciated by others. Many a husband, for instance, is proud of the wife to whose charms he has been long indifferent. Hence the existence of jealousy where there is no love. Pride, self-love, and even hatred, have each their respective jealousy; for the success of others is often resented as an injury to ourselves. Many dissent from Rochefoucauld's maxim, that there is something in the misfortunes of our friends not altogether unpleasing to us; but few will deny that they feel a certain pain in witnessing the pleasures of their enemies. These feelings are but so many varieties of jealousy.

ASSOCIATION.

Real pleasures are exhausted in the very moment of their enjoyment: we cannot catch the butterfly without destroying it; but in pursuing imaginary pleasures, the delights of the chase never terminate, for their horizon recedes as we advance. Hope is better than fruition. Let no man, therefore, complain of his deficiency in tangible and actual delights, when, by so simple a means as association, he may command an inexhaustible store of enjoyments, rendered the more exquisite by the certainty that they are indestructible. Summoning the absent, and conjuring back the past, how incalculably does this easy process multiply our inlets of pleasure! Who but a dullard would be satisfied with the mere materiality of the objects that surround him, when, however unattractive in themselves, they may be made to suggest ten thousand charming associations? A clod of earth may elevate any man's imagination, as it did that of Hamlet, to "imperial Cæsar." Ye sceptics, who doubt the power and the pleasure of this creative faculty, read forthwith Le Maitre's "*Voyage autour de ma chambre*," although, in decorating your rooms

with pictures, the most companionable and life-like of all material objects, I counsel ye not to follow the example of that writer by suspending from your walls such subjects as Werther's Charlotte cleaning the pistols, or Ugolino glaring on his famished sons. Even these, nevertheless, may furnish us with a solace in the reflection that both represent mere fictions; for though the Italian poets have adopted the latter tale as a fitting vehicle for pathetic descriptions, its authenticity is denied by the best historical writers; and when we are contemplating the delineations of miseries that have actually occurred, we may find a grateful pleasure in recalling our exemption from similar visitations, and in reciting the sonorous lines of Lucretius: "*Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis*," &c.

Away with these revolting paintings, away with sculptures like the dying Gladiator or the Laocoon group, away with every saddening memento, away with sombre colours and gloomy hues, and let us surround ourselves with all that is gay and cheerful, bright, beaming, and happy, in order that our associations may be of a sympathetic quality, for the mind, like the camælion, takes the hue of that which environs it. Foremost among these sweet, joyous, and elevating reminiscences should be portraits or statues of eminent females; not pagan goddesses, not imagined beauties, but the far more fascinating creatures who have honoured and adorned humanity. If the merchant or the manufacturer requires a more effectual remedy than an ounce of civet to purify his imagination, let him ever have before his eyes some representation of that noble and beautiful being, the superiority of whose character arises from her disinterestedness and indifference to money, as the selfishness of man's springs from his devotion to it. Her presence, even by painted or other substitution, will lift him out of his mammonism. Every toy upon his table, winged by a suggestive thought, may soar out of its grovelling materiality; there is, in fact, no object so insignificant, none even so disagreeable as not to be fraught with important and pleasant suggestions, if we will but assist in their extraction. Our children learn history by a *memoria technica;* may not we ourselves learn contentment and cheerfulness by a technical association, which would unconsciously assume the character of a devotional exercise? This mental employment would render us at once more happy and more pious; for, as nothing depresses the soul more than superstition, nothing is so sure to elevate and to gladden it as natural religion.

PRIMOGENITURE.

Man, formed in God's image, exclusively gifted with the divine faculty of reason, and a thousand times more gloriously endowed than any other created being, is yet the youngest born of nature. Our law of primogeniture, therefore, would seem to be as diametrically opposed to the law of nature as it is to reason and justice. There were lords of the ocean for thousands, perhaps for millions of years, before there were any lords of the earth; and these latter gentry, if they wish to know their proper place, according to seniority, in the great family of our heavenly Father, should range themselves at the very bottom of the list, and evince a proper respect towards oysters and the molluscous tribes, who are decidedly their elder brethren. Our most ancient families are upstarts, mushrooms, things of a day, compared to the *terebratulæ*, the real aristocracy of creation, whose shells I am now contemplating with pro-

found reverence, as I gaze upon my marble mantel-shelf. Talk of mummies, indeed! What is their antiquity compared to that of a fossil ammonite?

Hearken to Bancroft, the historian of the United States of America, quoting from one of the Fathers of Massachusetts:

"Where God blesseth any branch of any noble or generous family with a spirit and gifts fit for government, it would be a taking of God's name in vain to put such a talent under a bushel, and a sin against the honour of magistracy to neglect such in our public elections. But if God should not delight to furnish some of their posterity with gifts fit for magistracy, we should expose them rather to reproach and prejudice, and the commonwealth with them, rather than exalt them to honour, if we should call them forth, when God doth not, to public authority."

ENJOYMENTS OF THE HOPEFUL.

Will the editor of the *New Monthly* kindly excuse a Latin quotation from Vincent Bourne, on condition that the offence shall not be repeated? His lady readers, whose brothers have not yet forgotten that language, may apply to them for a translation. The sentiment will benefit the young as well as the old:

"Sperantibus quoad licita et innocua; omnia sunt libera. Et quoniam pleræque in futuro sunt voluptates, optando facimus præsentiores, et conspectui propius admovemus. Contemplatio est quoddam fruendi genus; et expectatio deliciarum absentiæ quodammodo est solatium. Itaque æquissimo jure licebit voto indulgere nec infaceto nec illiberali; quod venientia senectutis incommoda, si non tota repellere et remorari, diminuere certe potest et delinire."

Such reveries, however pleasant, and even profitable to the young, are doubtless more natural to that period of life when the speculative succeeds to the active, the prospective to the present; when our heaven-pointing hopes become not only more actual, but more delightful, as we lose the enjoyment of earth; when we sequester into another and a better world, not as mere visionaries, but as emigrants enjoying the coming beatitudes by a real and assured ante-past.

Am I to be placed among the enthusiasts when I indulge in certain optimist visions, the sweetest of all the "enjoyments of the hopeful," as to the slow but certain moral regeneration of our race, through the influence and example of its female portion? When I dream that, as the fault of one woman lost Paradise, the virtues of many may recover it, and that thus the fall and the redemption of man may spring from the same source? O beautiful, beautiful future! when I thus contemplate thee with my mind's eye, my soul seems to fly heavenward, that it may catch a glimpse of thy dawning glories, the sunrise of the moral world, and pour out its ecstacy in carols of thankfulness and welcome, even as the lark soars into the sky, to salute the uprising God of day with gushes of joyous melody. Oh! how delightful even to gaze upon the horizon, distant though it be, where such splendours are displayed. What, though I myself shall not behold their full development? They shall be manifested to my descendants, so that I am even now present in the time to come, and enjoying *their* delights by an anticipated transmission. There is no extravagance in thus discounting the future, and increasing the immediate, without diminishing the ultimate beatitudes of the world.

H.

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

Chap. II.

Campbell leaves Edinburgh for Germany—Acquaintances at Hamburg—Klopstock—Lines to the Jewess of Altona—Visits Gottingen—Introduction to the Schlegels—Journey to Munich—The Field of Hohenlinden—Return to Scotland—Voyage to Liverpool—Dr. Currie and Mr. Roscoe—Reaches London with Letters of Introduction from Dr. Currie—Anecdote of the Poet—Quarto Edition of his Poems—Love Verses—Letter to the Poet from Mr. Roscoe.

A few months after he had completed his arrangement with Mundell and Son for the publication of the "Pleasures of Hope," Campbell quitted Scotland for Germany, having a strong inclination to visit that country. The Elbe, on account of the war, was then the most facile mode to an inhabitant of England of entering Germany by Hamburgh. It was not wholly the desire to acquire a knowledge of German literature that induced the poet to take this step, he had made several acquaintance among the young men sent over to study medicine in Edinburgh, and this was another cause inducing him to bend his steps in that direction.

Campbell could at that moment have derived little pecuniary benefit from his poem beyond what arose from the sale of the copies given by his booksellers as the price of the copyright, nor could he possibly foresee that his poem would turn out as profitable to him as it ultimately did, because he could not calculate on the sums presented to him by his publishers, nor on his subsequent quarto edition. What were his pecuniary resources to meet a sojourn of nearly thirteen months on the continent, no inconsiderable portion of the time being spent in travelling, does not readily appear. It is possible he was supplied by his family some part of his expenses, or by the offices of friendship. He set sail, in 1800; the precise month, when once questioned upon the subject, he could not at the instant recall to recollection.

His first residence was at Hamburgh, where he remained for some time and made many friends, besides meeting one or two individuals whom he had before known. Long years afterwards he continued to retain a grateful remembrance of his acquaintance there by an occasional correspondence. As late as 1828, he gave me a letter for a particular object, a passage in which bore upon his visit to that city, and afforded a reason for believing that the case of one rather than of the many Irish exiles, at that time in Hamburgh, was the cause of his writing "The Exile of Erin." The writer said:—

"When I quitted Hamburgh, I left all your friends and acquaintance well, with the exception of Dr. S——, whom you may remember to have met at dinner on one or two occasions. He, poor fellow, is dead. You were, I believe, better acquainted with Dr. L——, formerly a student at Edinburgh. He was brother-in-law of Dr. S——. The latter was likewise nephew to the Professor S—— of Göttingen, the celebrated botanist.

Not long before I quitted Hamburgh, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. M'C——, at the house of our mutual friend J——, and I am happy to say that, at the period of which I speak, 'The Exile of Erin' was in excellent health and spirits."

It is most probable that gem in pathetic poetry, "The Exile of Erin," was suggested by the case of this friend of the poet. The severities practised in Ireland by the British government, incredible as they would appear in the present day, cannot be recalled but with indignation by those who yet remember them. A grudge against a neighbour was sufficient, by secret information, to make him a prisoner at home, or drive him a voluntary exile into any foreign land. Many excellent persons of this class attracted the poet's sympathy at Hamburgh, and most justly and feelingly did he afterwards speak of their situation.

While at Hamburgh, Campbell paid a visit to Klopstock, who resided not far from that city, two years before the decease of the venerable author of the "Messiah." Klopstock was then very infirm. Campbell described him, at the age of seventy-seven, as a plain man of unpretending manners, great mildness, and apparent goodness of disposition, and as one of the first great names in the world of letters he ever knew. He said that though Klopstock's works reminded him of Milton, by a scanty image or two, there was no association produced by the German's person or manner that recalled the unbending and lofty ideal of the English bard. There was, he said, an ode of Klopstock to the "Lake of Zurich," which, in the original German, was an excellent specimen of his style in lyric writing, as well as of the temper of the man.

The poet did not remain long enough at Hamburgh to make an acquaintance with more than the general constitution of the German language. He visited the country in the vicinity, and was introduced to more than one individual of literary attainments at Altona. It was at that place he composed those sweet lines which have been long ago published, but which he would not allow to appear in his collected works "because they were a *fragment*." They were republished in one of the annuals about twenty years ago.

TO A BEAUTIFUL JEWISH GIRL OF ALTONA: A FRAGMENT.

Oh, Judith! had our lot been cast
 In that remote and simple time
When, shepherd swains, thy fathers past
From dreary wilds and deserts vast
 To Judah's happy clime,—

My song, upon the mountain rocks,
 Had echoed of thy rural charms;
And I had fed thy father's flocks;
O Judith of the raven locks!
 To win thee to my arms.

Our tent, beside the murmur calm
 Of Jordan's grassy-vested shore,
Had sought the shadow of the palm,
And blest with Gilead's holy balm,
 Our hospitable door.

At falling night, or ruby dawn,
  Or yellow moonlight's welcome cool,
With health and gladness we had drawn,
From silver fountains on the lawn,
  Our pitcher brimming full.

How sweet to us at sober hours
  The bird of Salem would have sung,
In orange or in almond bowers,—
Fresh with the bloom of many flowers,
  Like thee for ever young!

But ah, my Love! thy father's land—
  It sheds no more a spicy bloom,
Nor fills with fruit the reaper's hand;
But wide its silent wilds expand,
  A desert and a tomb!

Yet, by the good and golden hours
  That dawn'd those rosy fields among,—
By Zion's palm-encircled towers,—
By Salem's far forsaken bowers,
  And long-forgotten song.

* * * * *

The precise road Campbell took on leaving Hamburgh is unknown, unless any of his correspondence, remaining in the surviving family of Dr. Anderson, should bring it to light. There was not, at that period, so great a strictness on the continent as was afterwards shown by the French government in relation to British subjects. It was said that he was in Ratisbon when the French and Austrian treaty saved it from bombardment, but there were no Austrian and French treaties but those of July and December, 28, 1801, and the poet only reached Munich in the first days of December. Augereau, it is true, menaced Ratisbon, and the poet might have gone from thence to Munich, but the treaty was in full force. He visited Göttingen on his way to the interior, where he found Augustus William and Frederick Schlegel. With the former he made an intimacy that ceased only with his life. The life of Augustus William Schlegel terminated within a year after his friend's. Frederick preceded both to the grave, in 1828. On the visits of Augustus to this country, he was the constant guest of the poet, who had a very high idea of him as a man; his acquirements being undisputed. Never were there two men more dissimilar. Augustus Schlegel was talkative upon every subject connected with literature, and showed at times no small share of the vanity of successful authorship. His friend, Campbell, was the very reverse of this. There was, too, about Schlegel a sort of *petit maître* bearing, assumed upon occasions, of which Campbell had not a trace. The poet was unconstrained, patriotic, and free in his political sentiments. Schlegel had mingled too much among the despotic nobles of Germany to talk of politics, or find fault with things that were; notwithstanding this he was most agreeable company, and had a very friendly regard for Campbell, whose friendship seemed to relax in the German's regard some fifteen years after the period when he introduced him to the narrator. On asking him, in the spring of 1836, whether he had heard recently from Bonn, he replied, that Schlegel, he thought, was altered from what he had been, and that there was some coldness in his conduct. This was no

more, it is probable, than surmise; as men get older the expression of that warmth of feeling seen in preceding life too commonly weakens, as if, when mortal friendships draw towards an inevitable end, nature would smooth the way by lessening the strength of the tie to the imagination, thus deadening the pain of separation.

The route taken by the poet to Vienna lay through a country that in the preceding summer had been the seat of war, until a suspension of arms had been concluded between Moreau and the Austrians at Parsdorf, a place in front of Munich, on the 15th of July, 1800. Moreau, continually victorious, had fixed his head-quarters at Munich, and was in possession of all the country between the Isar and the Inn. The suspension of arms, thus signed, it was thought would terminate in peace. Four months had passed without hostilities, and it was imagined Campbell might proceed, on the road towards Vienna without encountering personal danger. It had been stipulated between the French and Austrians, that hostilities might be renewed on a twelve days' mutual notice. The poet, in the month of November, was journeying as fast as he could towards his object, when it was suddenly announced to him, just before his arrival at Munich, that on the 28th of the month hostilities would recommence, and he found just expired the prescribed notice stipulated on either side for such an event. That notice so given was scarcely yet known beyond the French and Austrian head-quarters. This caused the poet some delay, but he found, having regular passports, that he might proceed in the rear of the French army in perfect security, as there was little idea entertained in Munich of the Austrians making further resistance with success. The battle of Hohenlinden was decisive of the fate of the war. The beaten Austrians retired upon Salzburg, out of the poet's route. Moreau soon consented to grant an armistice to Austria at Steyer, almost at the gates of Vienna. The poet, after the battle, left Munich, and crossed a portion of the battle-field of Hohenlinden, in a clumsy German post-chaise. The snow covered the ground, which, being high land, was very cold. On emerging from a pine-wood, he came upon an open space, where the ravages of the battle were horridly visible in the bodies of men and horses lying on the blood-stained snow. The French had moved on, and nothing impeded his journey, when on a sudden the vehicle stopped, and he missed the postilion, who was absent a good three-quarters of an hour. "I had enough around me to meditate upon," said Campbell, "if it had not been so unbearably cold. I had lost all patience when the Bavarian scoundrel came up loaded with horses' tails, which he had been cutting off for the sake of the hair. He piled these behind the vehicle, and then went his slow pace along."

The journey was at first tedious enough. It was several days before the French drove the Austrians from a bridge which was to be crossed over the Inn. The poet saw a skirmish from the walls of a convent between some outposts of the French and Austrians,. The latter soon retreated, leaving the way open to Steyer for the French. By that place or Lintz the poet might reach Vienna without difficulty. How he employed his time afterwards he never mentioned. There can be no doubt that he continued to cultivate a further knowledge of the language of the country assiduously, and to examine every thing curious connected with the more favoured subjects of his studies.

He returned to Scotland in the year 1801, having been absent above

twelve months. From his not having yet been in the British metropolis, it is most probable that he came back by way of Hamburgh to some Scotch port.

He had not long been at home before he presumed that in the great success of the "Pleasures of Hope," he had a fair ground for soliciting the permission of Mundell and Co. to print a handsome edition in quarto, by subscription. This may be called the seventh, but the booksellers to whom the copyright belonged named the next edition in 16mo, after the subscription quarto, the seventh. The quarto edition, it was agreed, should be printed in London, and the poet himself came to town for the purpose of superintending the printing by Bensley. He went by water to Liverpool from his native city, carrying an introduction to Dr. Currie from his friend Dugald Stewart.

The "Pleasures of Hope," or indeed any other poem of equal merit, could not have obtained the success it did without being sustained for a time, and then proclaimed, as it were by authority, to be worthy of public regard. The work that now issues from the publishers' shelves, unsupported by latent and too often not very honest means of designation, has no chance of success let its merits be what they may. Campbell steered his boat with a flowing sail. The auspicious breeze of critical favour, that in those days was commanding, wafted to him the patronage of what is styled in most undiscerning, uncomplimentary phrase for the interests of truth, the "discerning public." The success of the poem was what might be expected, and no more than it merited. Scotland had been loud in the praises of the young poet, who had no rival at that time in his native land. A writer in one of the magazines*—the only writer who, amidst a mass of falsehood and disgraceful rubbish put forth respecting the poet since his decease, seems to have known any thing about him—says that Campbell became for a time the "Lion of Edinburgh."

"The last time I saw you," said a lady of advanced age, to the poet, "was in Edinburgh, when you were swaggering about in a Suwarrow jacket."

"Yes," replied Campbell, "I was then a contemptible puppy."

"But that was thirty years ago and more," she remarked.

"Whist, whist," said Campbell, "it is unfair to reveal both our puppyism and our years."

The poet reached London at the commencement of the spring of 1802. At Liverpool, having introduced himself to Dr. Currie with his letter from Dugald Stewart, he was hospitably entertained in the doctor's house, in a mode that might be expected from such a disinterested lover of literature. He did more, for he introduced him to the noble-hearted Roscoe, then resident at Allerton Hall, who was no less kind and attentive to the young poet than Dr. Currie had been. Campbell was in weak health and nervous. Roscoe, not to the diminution of the poet's nervousness, insisted on mounting him upon a pony for exercise. The poet's timidity on the occasion is well remembered by some of the surviving members of the family. Mr. Thomas Roscoe, a friend of the poet's as well as his father, states that he has a perfect recollection of the circumstance, and of being diverted at seeing the poet in his nervous equestrianship at Allerton, when he himself was quite a boy.

How long Campbell remained in Liverpool is not clear, probably not

* *Fraser's Magazine*, September, 1844.

more than two or three weeks. In a letter from Dr. Currie introducing Campbell to Mackintosh and Scarlet, the date, it appears, is February 26, 1802. The doctor describes the poet as a young man of celebrity, author of the "Pleasures of Hope." He states that his knowledge of him was derived from Dugald Stewart, and that he had been staying some days with him. He remarked that he was a young man of extraordinary learning and acquirements, unusually quick of apprehension and possessing great sensibility, and further that he was on his way to London to bring out there an edition of his poem, by permission of the booksellers to whom he had parted with the copyright before it was printed. That the profits of the booksellers having been extraordinary, they had only annexed the condition that the edition of the author should be of such a nature as not to interfere with their editions; the work to be a quarto, embellished, and printed by Bensley. Dr. Currie then concludes by requesting his friends to lay out a fee with the poet, thereby obliging the doctor and serving at the same time a man of genius.

On coming to town it would appear that Campbell commenced writing for the newspapers under the auspices of Perry of the *Morning Chronicle.* He was not very successful, nor could it be expected; experience must have been wanting. A knowledge of the political topics of the time, and the art of rapid composition, those essentials in writing for the mass, were not the qualities with which Campbell was endowed. Great knowledge of literature, care in the choice of words, and slowness in composition were impediments in concocting the ephemeral articles of a newspaper. In no department of the multifarious literature of the metropolis could the poet have been employed with less effect. He must have been an utter stranger to the tact which, in the newspaper contests of that time, when politics ran high, must have been more than ever demanded, he had none of that positive acquaintance with men and things, connected with political affairs which can be obtained at the seat of government alone. Political knowledge was not then diffused as widely as it is at present, and the duties of an adroit writer in a London newspaper were not to be acquired in the country. It suffices that the poet was unsuccessful, though Perry retained him for some time to aid in filling up the poet's corner of his paper.

He did not bring out the quarto edition of his poems until he had been a twelvemonth in London. I have no means now of comparing it with the first, which I had once in my possession for a week or two, using it as a guide for directing the printer in the first collected edition of his entire works in 1828, which I undertook for him during a period of affliction. This copy belonged to the poet and he begged its restoration, as he knew not how to obtain another. The quarto is not scarce, and is similar to many other works of that day from the elegant press of Bensley. What the poet's pecuniary means were at this time it is not easy to discover. His receipts from the "Pleasures of Hope," it has been observed, could not have taken him to Germany and supported him during above a twelvemonths' residence and travelling, and, moreover, he set off immediately after their first publication, and before any receipts could have accrued had they been his own to receive. The profit on the quarto edition could not have been received until 1803, when that edition appeared. It is probable, that as Mackintosh had at that time an influence with the booksellers, he introduced the poet to some kind of passing literary labour, for their acquaintance was immediate, intimate, and lasting. This year he published too,

"Lochiel and Hohenlinden" in Edinburgh, dedicated to Dr. Alison, but without his name. He also married his cousin, Matilda Sinclair, on the 11th of October the same year. She was a resident in London, in Park-street, Westminster, and they were married at St. Margaret's. It is probable, therefore, that he had a fair prospect of supporting a wife at the time. After this he paid a visit to Edinburgh. During his attentions to his cousin he composed the following lines, which do not exhibit very flatteringly his skill in love strains, or the depth of passionate affection, being too artificial, and wanting that quick pulse which beats through intensity of amatory feeling. In the list of his pieces in 1828, when he marked off what he wished to be omitted from his collected works, he excluded this, which first appeared in an Edinburgh periodical work.

Air—The Flower of North Wales.

O cherub content! at thy moss-covered shrine,
I would all the gay hopes of my bosom resign;
I would part from ambition thy votary to be,
And breathe not a vow but to friendship and thee.

But thy presence appears from my wishes to fly,
Like the gold-coloured clouds on the verge of the sky;
No lustre that hangs on the green willow tree,
Is so short as the smile of thy favour to me.

In the pulse of my heart I have nourished a care,
That forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share,
The noon of my life slow departing I see
But its years as they pass bring no tidings of thee.

O cherub content! at thy moss-covered shrine,
I would offer my vows if Matilda were mine;
Could I call her my own, whom enraptured I see,
I would breathe not a sigh but to friendship and thee!

How long he remained in Edinburgh is uncertain. It is probable that he very soon returned to London, where rumour stated that he wrote a series of articles in defence of the Grenville administration, which appeared in an evening paper, and that these were the reasons of his receiving a pension of 184*l.* per annum, out of the Scotch excise. This was made up to 300*l.* per annum, subsequently by Lord Melbourne's ministry. The pension could hardly have been conferred for any such service as that above stated. The knowledge of his pecuniary circumstances, and his being the foremost poet of that day in merit, his Whig principles, and personal knowledge of some of the most distinguished of the party, are sufficient to account for the grant which took place in October, 1806. The intentions of Fox in the matter being carried out by his successors.

Campbell projected the publication of a volume upon some subject in 1805. What it was is uncertain. This is evident from the following letter of the historian of Leo X. Dr. Currie had died of consumption on the 31st of August in that year, aged fifty. He had gone to Devonshire for the establishment of his health, in a milder climate than that of Lancashire. Roscoe, with that consideration and kindness which stamped true nobility upon his character, hearing the rumour that Campbell was about to publish again immediately, and knowing that Dr. Currie's death deprived him of a useful and zealous friend in Liverpool, wrote him the

following letter, so worthy of himself, with which I am favoured from Mr. Roscoe's existing correspondence.—

"My dear sir,—

"The common sympathy and sorrow which I am sure we both of us feel for the loss of our late ever-lamented friend Dr. Currie, would be a sufficient apology for this intrusion, even if we were greater strangers to each other than I have the happiness to think we are. On the death of our friend nothing is more soothing to our feelings, and indeed more natural, than to turn towards those whom they have respected and loved, and who have returned the friendship with equal warmth ; and that he ever regarded you with affectionate kindness is not less certain than that you now deeply lament his most unfortunate, and I may add, untimely loss. Allow me, then, my dear sir, to say, that amidst these ravages of death and warnings of mortality, I feel myself bound, by an additional tie to those who once partook with me in the society and friendship of him who is no more, and that although the loss of one beloved friend has occasioned a void in the bosom which can never be supplied, yet nothing can afford me more pleasure than an interchange of good offices and of mutual kindness and affection with those whom he esteemed and loved. If in this view I should be fortunate enough to meet your own sentiments, the only proof I shall at present ask of it is, that you will allow me to take that interest in the success of your labours which they so eminently deserve, and to render you the same services, as respecting the volume which our excellent young friend Mr. Wallace Currie informs me you shortly intend to publish, as his father did respecting your last, and which he would have repeated with so much pleasure had he still survived.

"Favour me, then, with your plan of publication, and such particulars as you may think necessary, and be assured, the deserved celebrity of your name and the actual merit of your writings, will render it not only an easy, but a grateful task to me to furnish you with the suffrages of many of my friends, for whom pecuniarily I will be answerable, and whose payments I will with the greatest pleasure anticipate.

"If in this communication I have ventured too far on the presumption, either on the grounds of our personal acquaintance, or on those I have before stated, let me at least hope to stand excused, and it shall be sufficient for me to write with such influence as I may obtain in the general list of your admirers and friends who by their public approbation of your writings will, instead of honouring you, do honour to themselves.

"I am, my dear sir,

"Most truly and invariably yours,

"William Roscoe."

"Allerton, 3rd of November, 1805.

Campbell having taken up his residence at Sydenham after his marriage, composed there his "Annals of Great Britain, from the Accession of George III. to the peace of Amiens." This is a work almost unknown, nor had he himself a copy in his library. It seems to have fallen into neglect from the time of publication, for it bore about it nothing salient or striking that possessed attraction. The poet was not gifted with talent of the order necessary to success in that kind of literary labour; and the "annals" were little more than a dry catalogue of events chronologically arranged.

HORACE SMITH'S POETICAL WORKS.*

Mr. Horace Smith is undoubtedly best known by his admirable prose fictions, but the collection now first made of his poetical works, will insure to their author a well-merited reputation, as an able, graceful, and, above all, a natural poet. Remarkable for variety in style and manner as also in subject, replete with evidences of a thoughtful mind and gentle spirit, and tinctured by a strong tendency to the humorous, still the distinctive traits of Mr. H. Smith's poetry are the natural and the simple; at the same time that a generous and liberal tone, and a pervading moral sentiment lend additional charms to his thoroughly unaffected and gentlemanly language. Most of the poems included in these volumes must be familiar to the readers of the *New Monthly Magazine*, but we shall make a few extracts, to bear out what we have said above; and first, as characteristic of the man, shall quote his idea of "Moral Cosmetics."

Ye who would save your features florid,
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead
From age's devastation horrid,
Adopt this plan;—
'Twill make, in climates cold or torrid,
A hale old man.—

Avoid, in youth, luxurious diet,
Restrain the passions' lawless riot;
Devoted to domestic quiet,
Be wisely gay:
So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,
Resist decay.

Seek not in Mammon's worship pleasure,
But find your richest, dearest treasure,
In books, friends, music, polish'd leisure;
The mind, not sense,
Make the sole scale by which ye measure
Your opulence.

This is the solace, this the science,
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,
That disappoints not man's reliance,
Whate'er his state;
But challenges, with calm defiance,
Time, fortune, fate.

The common idea of the infelicity of poets is not confirmed either by the worldly circumstances, nor the habits of thought and feeling of Mr. Horace Smith. "And he writes poetry, too," exclaimed Shelley, his voice rising in a fervour of astonishment; "he writes poetry and pastoral dramas, and yet knows how to make money, and does make it, and is still generous."

The "Bard's Song to his Daughter" is full of tenderness and beauty.

O daughter dear, my darling child,
Prop of my mortal pilgrimage,
Thou who hast care and pain beguiled,
And wreathed with Spring my wintry age,—
Through thee a second prospect opes
Of life, when but to live is glee,
And jocund joys, and youthful hopes,
Come thronging to my heart through thee.

Backward thou lead'st me to the bowers
Where love and youth their transports gave;
While forward still thou strewest flowers
And bidst me live beyond the grave.
For still my blood in thee shall flow,
Perhaps to warm a distant line,
Thy face my lineaments shall show,
And e'en my thoughts survive in thine.

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* The Poetical Works of Horace Smith, one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses." Now first collected, in 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

Yes, Daughter, when this tongue is mute—
This heart is dust—these eyes are closed,
And thou art singing to thy lute
Some stanza by thy sire composed.
To friends around thou mayst impart
A thought of him who wrote the lays,
And from the grave my form shall start,
Embodied forth to fancy's gaze.

Then to their memories will throng
Scenes shared with him who lies in earth.
The cheerful page, the lively song,
The woodland walk, or festive mirth;
Then may they heave the pensive sigh
That friendship seeks not to control,
And from the fix'd and thoughtful eye
The half unconscious tears may roll:—

Such now bedew my cheek—but mine
Are drops of gratitude and love,
That mingle human with divine—
The gift below, its source above.—
How exquisitely dear thou art
Can only be by tears express'd,
And the fond thrillings of my heart
While thus I clasp thee to my breast.

We would gladly have quoted the brief but exquisite versification of "An Apologue on Man," from Dr. Sheridan, as also verses deprecatory of the shutting up of churches on all except Sundays, and the sensible stanzas on a "Libelled Benefactor," but must pass to a sonnet, in the management of which much classical taste and feeling is exhibited. It is written "On the Statue of a Piping Faun."

Hark! hear'st thou not the pipe of Faunus, sweeping,
In dulcet glee, through Thessaly's domain?
Dost thou not see embower'd wood-nymphs peeping
To watch the graces that around him reign;
While distant vintagers, and peasants reaping,
Stand in mute transport, listening to the strain;
And Pan himself, beneath a pine-tree sleeping,
Looks round, and smiles, and drops to sleep again?
O happy Greece! while thy blest sons were rovers
Through all the loveliness this earth discovers,
They in their minds a brighter region founded,
Haunted by gods and sylvans, nymphs and lovers,
Where forms of grace through sunny landscapes bounded,
By music and enchantment all surrounded.

And now for a brief illustration of the humorous. From such now familiar stories as "The Gouty Merchant and the Stranger," and "The Two Bracelets," let us select "The Englishman in France."

A Frenchman seeing, as he walk'd,
A friend on t'other side the street,
Cried "Hem!" exactly as there stalk'd
An Englishman along the road;
One of those Johnny Raws we meet
In every sea-port town abroad,
Prepared to take and give offence
Partly, perhaps, because they speak
About as much of French as Greek,
And partly from the want of sense.
The Briton thought this exclamation
Meant some reflection on his nation,
So bustling to the Frenchman's side,
"Mounseer Jack Frog," he fiercely cried,
"Pourquoi vous dire 'Hem!' quand moi passe?"
Eyeing the querist with his glass,
The Gaul replied,—"Monsieur God-dem,
Pourquoi vous passe quand moi dire 'Hem?'"

Happy are we in feeling that so much talent and versatility, and so much correct feeling and pleasant philanthropy, still sends forth contributions which are among the most valued in the *New Monthly Magazine*, for in the words of the great poet before quoted, and who publicly expressed his regard for Mr. Smith—

Wit and sense,
Virtue and human knowledge, all that might
Make this dull world a business of delight,
Are all combined in H. S.

A SUMMER IN RUSSIA.

Chap. IV.

PETERHOFF—COURT LIFE—THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.

Within 'twas brilliant all, and light,
A thronging scene of figures bright;
As when the setting sun has given
Ten thousand hues to summer even,
And from their tissue fancy frames
Aerial knights and fairy dames! SCOTT.

His ready speech flow'd fair and free,
In phrases of gentlest courtesy;
Yet seem'd that tone and gesture bland
Less used to sue than to command! *Ibid.*

The Palace—The Cottage—The Banquet—The Cuisine—The Theatre—The Supper—The Gala—The Parade—The Drawing-room—The Soirée—Imperial Frolics—The Camp of Cadets—The *Fête* of the Grand Duchess Olga—The Tsar in his Domestic and Social Relations.

PETERHOFF is now the favourite summer residence of the court; that is to say, the receptions and the larger entertainments are given within the palace, an immense building, whose long white façades are out of keeping with its gilt cupolas; but the different members of the imperial family have each their separate villas, in which they actually live. The immediate environs of the palace, which stands upon a very respectable elevation, for Russia, are laid in the formal taste of straight alleys and canals, which supply waterworks inferior only to the "*grandes eaux*" of Versailles, but the general character of the grounds is parkish, and, when the trees arrive at a greater age, will be imposing, for the views of the broad Neva and Cronstadt, with its shipping, and of the distant spires of the capitals, are very judiciously framed in vistas.

At a few minutes' walk from the house, at *Mont Plaisir*, is a Dutch toy, the low, black wooden cottage from which Peter the Great loved to look out upon his infant fleet. The bed on which he breathed his last, and other rude memorials of his simple tastes and habits, are preserved here, and we contemplated them with an interest still fresh, for we had not yet undergone, as it was our subsequent fate to do, interminable displays of ruinous hats, mouldy breeches and broken tobacco pipes, belonging to the father of his country, to say nothing of the respective hides of his favourite horse, dog, and valet! equally well tanned.

Our diplomatic friends of all countries had assured us that we should be indulged with but one sheet upon our beds, a sort of compromise, as many of the Russians dispense with even this moderate allowance; we were, however, agreeably surprised at finding a pair, which, in truth, we had earned most amply, as a day of some sixteen hours constant exposure, in full uniform, to sun and wind, the criticism of courtiers, and the queries of an autocrat, however kind, and even flattering, had exhausted us physically and mentally.

The next morning was devoted to formal visits to the heads of depart-

ments, and at four o'clock we mustered in a large and lofty room, the walls of which are covered by a panelling of pictures by Rotali, representing the female head in every possible variety of expression and *coiffure.*

All the great officers of state, the aides-de-camp of the royalties on a visit to the empress, and the guests were assembled, in undress uniform, and, as soon as a provocation of schnaps, liqueurs, dried fish, radishes, and other stimulants had been handed round, we adjourned to dinner at the *chevalier* table, which was laid in a well-lighted hall, of handsome proportions, and two stories in height. The character of the *cuisine* is something between the French and the German, but there are some *plâts* peculiarly aboriginal, such as two cold soups, one a sour solution of fish, which would extort a shudder from an Esquimaux, and the other a literal mint-sauce, with cubes of salmon floating in it, which in hot weather is really not so insufferable as might be expected. The wines were French and Rhenish, except sherry, which was exclusively provided as indispensable to a Briton.

Among the servants there were several negroes wearing turbans and half Oriental dresses, their breed having been preserved since the time of Peter the Great, and from one of the imperial *caoutchoucs*, "a Helicon of ink," Poushkin, the greatest of Russian poets, was maternally descended. Others wore gorgeous livery jackets (the tails being infinitesimal), embroidered all over with a *salmi* of eagles, and a bonnet decorated with a plume of ostrich feathers. In other particulars the arrangements were European.

In the evening Berton and Page played very agreeably in two light French vaudevilles, in the pretty little theatre within the palace walls. At the bottom of the *affiche* the number of minutes required for the representation was stated, and at the appointed *second* the curtain fell, such is the strictness of drill, even in matters of amusement.

The supper was pleasantly arranged on innumerable round tables, holding from four to eight persons, which allowed an easy access, and enabled the guests to form their own familiar combinations.

The empress's birth-day, which, in other years is the greatest fête of Russia, and celebrated with a magnificent display of the rival elements, fire and water-works, was kept on this occasion with less gaiety and splendour, the court-mourning for her daughter, the Grand Duchess Alexandra, not having yet expired; but nevertheless the *spectacle* was maintained from morning till night with uninterrupted energy. The ceremonies opened with a solemn mass in the court chapel, which is rather small, but very richly decorated. The chanting was strikingly beautiful, as the voices of the Russians are naturally harmonious, and they all seem to have an inborn taste for music. The priest who officiated, a superb *primo basso,* engaged for the gala, had a most imposing figure, some two yards and a half in length, with a beard and hair which halved this distance, and a voice as powerful and voluminous as Lablache's. The Tsar embraced all his family most affectionately, kissing the Cesarewitch and the Grand Duke Michael on the forehead.

We left the chapel for the great square, as the empress's own regiment of cuirassiers, a splendid body of giants, was to be inspected on foot. Their uniform consists of a white coat, a cuirass covered with red cloth, bearing the empress's cipher in the centre of a gilt star, jack boots, and

a helmet, crested with a silver eagle "displayed," a truly Roman head-piece, which sets off admirably the Tsar's heroic cast of countenance. He and his son had assumed the uniform in compliment to the day, but the coat, as they both—dare we admit it?—have a tendency to what Mr. Newman would call *development*, does not display their figures to the best advantage; the extreme scantiness of the skirt betraying glimpses of the Westphalian features relied on in the story of the "stout gentleman." They marched the men past the empress's carriage, with a long, dancing step, the toe being pointed, and the foot never wholly brought to bear on the ground, an awkward, ludicrous, fatiguing, and unpractical movement.

The parade was followed by a *baise main*, at which we were all presented to the empress and kissed her hand. She yet retains the appearance of having been very pretty, in her earlier life, and her profile recalls that of the recumbent statue of her lovely mother, Louisa of Prussia, in which the sculptor Rauch has expressed, in marble, the holy calmness of a resigned death, with exquisite truth and feeling.

The large family which she has borne to the emperor, the cruelty of the climate, and the fearful trials of nerve which she experienced on their accession to the throne, have all wrecked her constitution; but, though she is a mere outline, and her voice is difficult to catch from her feebleness, and the palsied movement of her head, she has such an undaunted spirit in sustaining her part of the pageant, that she is absent from but few of the court ceremonies. It is to be hoped that a Sicilian winter may have supplied her with fresh strength to support the necessary routine of representation.

The subsequent dinner was a full-dress affair, distinguished by a single toast—the health of the empress—and by the presence of soup made of the sterlet, the celebrated fish of the Wolga, which approaches somewhat in taste to the eel, but is of an infinitely more delicate and exquisite flavour, and, like the Strasbourg goose, is prized chiefly for its liver. This fish is the subject of competition as to its size and freshness among Russian gourmets and millionaires, and fabulous sums are paid for its transmission; the nearest part of the river, at which it is found in its highest excellence, being at a distance of several hundred versts from Petersburg.

A drive on a *ligne* in the evening was a pleasant escape from the crowded dining-hall, and having touched upon the empress's villa, Alexandra, fitted up with the simplicity of an English cottage, we adjourned to an evening party at the Grand Duchess Marie's (Leuchtenberg), which was devoted to tea and *petits-jeux*. The former was, as usual, delicious, though at first the extract might be considered too aromatic by a British palate, trained to "full-bodied family Pekoe," and other *aliases* for an infusion of grilled sloe-leaves and chopped stable-brooms; and the latter were maintained with a vigour and spirit worthy of gambols in our "old house at home."

Undoubtedly the practice of this species of relaxation from the stiffness and formality of a court, places the guests infinitely more at their ease, and, except when theatricals or music are the order of the evening, relieve, a great deal of *gêne* and embarrassment. The members of the imperial family all took their parts honestly, and it was distinctly understood that they were liable to all the penalties and forfeitures attached to

a violation of the established laws of the games, some of which were lively almost to romping; and more than one fair brow glowed and glistened through its dishevelled tresses, in the ardour of escape and pursuit.

The principal evolutions were "La Guerre," a sort of "prisoner's-base;" "Le Chat et la Souris," which describes itself; "La Bague," a ring passed from hand to hand, on a cord, extended in a circle; exchanging seats; and a sort of grand promenade—all holding hands in single file—through every part of the house.

The temperature of the rooms and the pace, which were both excessive, and the being buttoned up to the throat in uniform, rendered these exercises rather severe, particularly as they were executed on a polished *parquet*, practicable enough for feet accustomed to nine months' sliding upon ice in the course of the year, but somewhat perilous to the high-heeled boots of a native of a more habitable zone. Such, indeed, was the impetus, that it became necessary to establish a "long stop," and the Tsar himself—the sworn enemy of the *movement* party—undertook this congenial office.

When the solid avalanche of some of his male courtiers bore heavily down upon him, his size and strength enabled him coolly to breast the charge, and to throw them lightly off, but when the prettiest of the maids of honour precipitated themselves—dare we say—rather wilfully into his arms, he seemed to reel back, and in the act of recovering himself to clasp them more stringently than the mere laws of gravitation would warrant. There is nothing, however, of scandal in this playful gallantry exhibited before the whole court.

In the morning the whole corps of cadets was paraded, two thousand five hundred strong, and executed their manœuvres with perfect precision and steadiness. Among them were the two younger sons of the emperor, the Grand Dukes Nicholas and Michael, boys of fifteen and twelve years of age, who were afterwards told off as sentries, and proved themselves to be highly accomplished privates. There is nothing of mere display in all this, for the young Imperialities go through the whole course of strict drill, and laborious professional training, which is exacted from the meanest of the corps.

After the parade we visited their encampment, and found them assembled at a very uninviting and homely dinner, and dressed in coarse clothing. The boys, as they had passed some weeks under canvas, in a raw and damp summer, did not look healthy, and there was a perceptible want of that freshness of complexion and joyous expression which characterise our large public schools. There is something to be allowed, no doubt, for the very unbecoming admixture of Tartar blood, which would account for muddy, sallow cheeks and rather level profiles, but it is impossible not to feel that a system of checking all the warmer impulses of youth, and moulding them into an uniform temperament, must destroy that buoyant elasticity of mind and body, which belongs to that happy age.

The whole corps was chosen from among the sons of the nobility, a word of wide signification in Russia, and yet we did not remark one, who bore the stamp of high birth, or would have passed muster as gentleman-like in appearance.

We passed a similar evening to the one just described at Znamsky, one

of the many villas belonging to the empress, which is beautifully circumstanced, and contains some most enjoyable rooms; one of them, in which we supped, the "appartement Grec," is fitted up with decorations of unimpeachable taste in the style of Pompeii.

In our subsequent visits to Peterhoff we generally availed ourselves of the court steamer, which makes several voyages to and from Petersburg in the course of the day, and is reserved for the exclusive use of the imperial officers and guests.

Among the other entertainments at which we were present was the *fête* of the Grand Duchess Olga, a worthy namesake and representative of the royal, or rather ducal saint, who first introduced Christianity among the barbarous and pagan vassals of her infant son. Public opinion has not over-rated her beauty, which is as essentially *statuesque*, as a creation fresh from the hands of Pygmalion. A legitimate consciousness of high birth, and the habit of mingling constantly in public have given her an expression of dignity and repose which, with the faultless outline and position of her Grecian head, the finished chiselling of her features, and the pale purity of her complexion, contributes to support this character of "breathing marble."

Upon these several occasions, however, there was no substantial difference in the mode of passing our time as to ceremonies and amusements, and perhaps I have already ventured to say too much, but a glimpse of every-day life at the only court of Europe which is swayed by an absolute sovereign, may be deemed interesting. As, firstly, I have carefully refrained from retailing a single conversation or even remark, though many were thrown off with the utmost frankness; and as, secondly, the sketch which I have drawn can only convey pleasing impressions, I cannot reproach myself with an ungrateful return for kindness of which I am deeply sensible.

In all the relations of private life the Tsar is admitted to be unexceptionable, and it is impossible to see the easy and playful bearing of his family around him, and his ready and cordial reception of them, without feeling that this is no exhibition of domestic tenderness performed for the public benefit, but the true prompting of a sincere and affectionate heart.

His application to business is indefatigable, and his tastes and habits are simple and severe, as if he had imposed upon himself an abstinence from all luxuries; for his bed, a leather bag filled with straw, and his Spartan dinner would probably induce a British tea-boy to give immediate warning.

It is not to be wondered at that he is fond of passing his few leisure moments among his children, as he would find it difficult to surround himself with a society comprising more personal beauty, intellect, accomplishment, and refinement of manners. He has set them an example of courtesy to strangers and guests, and most implicitly have they followed it.

All this may be voted too *couleur de rose*, but upon reviewing calmly, at some distance of time, my recollections of what passed daily around me, I cannot with justice admit that the picture is overcharged. It must be confessed, that when the Tsar takes a stranger aside and talks in the free, unreserved tone of a private gentleman, so as to put his hearer completely at his ease, it is difficult to form any but a favourable estimate of the Jupiter who has laid aside his thunderbolt, and "smoothed the terrors

of his brow:" perhaps in the next half hour he is again before you, looking omnipotence and breathing command, at the head of his countless troops, or in some position in which the grandeur of his personal appearance, or a sense of his unlimited power places him far above his fellow-men; and you doubt the accuracy of your own memory, and hesitate to recollect that you have been engaged *en duel* in equal dialogue with this majestic incarnation of autocracy, to whose absolute will Providence has intrusted the lives and fortunes of sixty millions of the inhabitants of the universe.

So much for the Tsar in his private capacity, and though this is not yet the place for political discussion, no impartial traveller can visit Russia without being impressed with the conviction that the gigantic difficulties of his position afford an apology, or at least a palliation for many acts, which, at the dead time of year, furnish journalists and novelists with the foundation of a tale of horrors.

Chap. V.

THE CAMP, MILITARY AND RELIGIOUS.

A thousand did I say? I ween
Thousands on thousands there were seen.
* * * * * *
In crossing ranks, extending far,
Forming a camp irregular! — Scott.

Next Marmion mark'd the Celtic race,
Of different language, form, and face.
* * * * *
Just then the chiefs their tribes array'd,
And wild and garish semblance made. — *Ibid.*

-On the field,
Michael and his angels prevalent,
Encamping, placed in guard their watches round.
* * * * * *
——————At last,
Far in the horizon to the north appear'd,
From skirt to skirt, a fiery region, stretch'd
In battailous aspect; on nearer view
Bristled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid spears, and helmets thronged.
* * * * * * — *Paradise Lost.*

Go, Michael! of celestial armies prince!
Yet, trained in camps, he knew the art
To win the soldier's hardy heart. — Scott.

Variety of Nations, Anachronism of Russian Arms—Cavalry and Infantry—Cossacks—Circassians contrasted with Bedouins—Tour of the Camp—Parallel with Poor-law Commissioners—The Commander-in-chief—The Heirs Apparent—The Present and Future—The "Retraite"—The National Evening Hymn.

Having received an invitation from the Grand Duke Michael, the commander-in-chief of the Russian army, to visit the camp assembled at Krasnoi Celo (the Red Village), about six and twenty versts from Petersburg, we arrived there early one morning, and found a street of neat wooden houses (built for the officers of higher rank), in one of which quarters were assigned to us. Horses were placed at our disposal, and

aides-de-camp vied with each other in showing us every attention and kindness; and with these advantages we attended, during four days, the respective manœuvres executed by different arms of the service.

The camp, which was spread over an immense plain, contained above eighty thousand men under canvas, and comprised every variety of nation and costume, and this intermixture of troops clothed and equipped in the newest European manner, with Cossacks, Calmucs, Circassians, and representatives of the wild tribes furnished by Siberia and the Asiatic frontier, was full of anachronism, to be paralleled only by the delightful play of the "Rovers," in the *Anti-Jacobin*, in which the Prussian grenadiers of "the Seven Years' War," are supported by a Roman legion, under Curius Dentatus, in storming the Abbey of Quedlinburg. The "ne plus ultra" percussion musket was brought into juxta-position with bows and arrows of a rude and feeble make, which our "merry" archers would have scorned, as old-fashioned, at the battle of Cressy, and the epaulette and aiguillette of a smart frock-coated aide-de-camp brushed against the chain-mail hood and spiked scull-cap of a Calmuc warrior, who looked as if he were harnessed to try a passage of arms in "the listed field of Askelon" with Richard the Lion-hearted.

Undoubtedly, as a military spectacle, there is nothing in Europe to be compared with the Russian army. I have seen camps of Austrians, Prussians, and French, without descending to the smaller, but beautifully turned-out troops of Sardinia, or to the lowest bathos of absurdity, the macaroni-eaters of our "fat friend" of Naples; but for numbers and variety, and for size, appearance, discipline, and appointments of the men and horses, the Russians are, beyond comparison, the most striking to the eye, both of a soldier and a non-combatant.

Nothing can exceed the steadiness of the infantry and cavalry, but every thing seemed to be executed in too mechanical a manner, and even a charge appeared to be valued less for its solid impetus, than for the giving an opportunity of halting suddenly in line and dressing a front, unbroken by the projection of a single rebellious nose.

In fact the whole system smacked infinitely more of smartness on parade, than utility in active service. The charge of the cavalry was loose, and the idea rose involuntarily, that our Life Guards, or any powerful "heavies," could have easily crashed through their open ranks. The infantry marched, as I have described above, with an infinitely nearer approach to dancing than is ever displayed in a British quadrille, and it is quite inconceivable that the men should be taught an unnatural and unsightly step, which is harassing even on smooth turf, and would undoubtedly be instantly abandoned if Schamyl, the Abd-el-Kader of the Caucasus, was hanging on the flanks of a capering battalion.

They form squares quickly and steadily, but as the front rank does not kneel, and the rear-rank is consequently only employed in loading, it may be a question whether they have stability enough, or could throw in a sufficiently heavy fire to repulse the determined rush of well-disciplined cavalry. They profess, however, to have never experienced any important inconvenience from the system.

The Cossacks for outpost duty, and the rough work of light cavalry, I should suppose, are quite unrivalled, for men and horses are homœpathics, and live on a strictly infinitesimal diet. I was surprised to find the horses so small and weak, and apparently showing so little blood; but

these ewe-necked and cat-hammed ponies will make incredible marches in any weather, and will charge with the emphasis of a run-away engine on an inclined plane.

The men are remarkably fine, well made, long-moustached, soldier-like fellows, whose short jackets, loose trousers, and tall *schakos* balancing, almost at right angles, upon one ear, give them a very saucy look of service. They ride short, in small high-peaked saddles, and as they come down shaking their lances, and uttering their wild cries (the original *hourá* by-the-by) it is easy to understand the panic experienced by the broken remnant of the veterans of Marengo and Austerlitz.

There is some trifling difference in the colour and shape of the uniform of the Cossacks of the Black Sea, the Crimea, and the Don, but their character and appointments are essentially the same. The artillery of the latter, who are mere natural marksmen, and wholly without scientific education, riddled their target at the distance of twelve hundred paces, to an extent which the regular branch of the service could not approach, though it is an arm in which the Russians are particularly strong, and upon which they lavish care and money without limit.

One evening we took the tour of the camp, and first visited the quarter of the Circassians, whom we found engaged in practising some of their peculiar exercises. Their uniform is becoming, and consists of a round cap, trimmed with fur, and a tunic and trousers of blue or brown cloth, the seams of both of which are covered with silver lace. To the breast of the coat is attached a sort of perpendicular piping, which contains their cartridges. They were employed in firing, when at full speed, with a pistol, at an object, generally a piece of paper placed on the ground, or in swooping from their saddles so as to pick it up, recovering their balance with marvellous quickness and steadiness. Many of their positions and movements reminded me of my old friends the Arabs, but these mountaineers, who are well-knit strong men, and effectively equipped, would make short work of the slight-framed and half-armed Bedouin. Their yataghans, daggers, and pistols are splendid in material and workmanship.

We extended our researches to every part of the camp, in spite of the overpowering fumes of the cabbage soup, indispensable to the Russian soldier, which rejoices in the name of *chtchi*,—a sound to be conveyed only by such a sneeze as this pitiless climate can generate; we generally found the men gathered into groups, singing a slow and plaintive song, in very good time, with by no means inharmonious voices. Some were even indulging in a solemn sort of prance, with high action, and intense gravity, their comrades acting as a vocal orchestra.

The summer had been very wet and severe, and yet there were but few invalids in the hospitals, which are extensive, admirably managed, and furnish every comfort that could tempt a sick man from his damp canvas. The general appearance, however, of the men was decidedly not healthy, and they all had a pale, wan look; some of this being probably due to the commissaries, who appear desirous of outstripping our own poor-law commissioners in their experiments in "*corporibus vilibus*," as to the minimum of food requisite to prevent a divorce between the soul and the body.

The Grand Duke Michael took the chief command himself during the whole of our stay at the camp, and, as he is an enthusiastic soldier, and has every possible evolution by heart, things passed off smoothly and satis-

factorily. On one occasion he was so pleased with some infantry manœuvres, which were beautifully executed, that he called up the commanding officers, and a series of accolades, such as we have before described, took place, though, at the moment of depressing the head, the performers, being on horseback, seemed to be engaged in a struggle to pull each other out of their saddles, rather than in a complimentary embrace.

The Grand Duke was too young to have shared in the dangers of the French invasion, but took part in the campaigns of Persia, Turkey, and Poland. He interests himself much in the well-being and personal comfort of the private soldier, though, by the time that his orders reach the recipient of his benevolence, they have been filtered through so many subordinates, who each abstract a considerable toll, that a very inadequate result is finally obtained.

As the regiments of which he is colonel-in-chief, marched past, the men, in giving the usual chorus, "We hope to do better next time," seemed to throw something more of personal heartiness into their tone: the officers, by-the-by, when they salute in marching past, turn their eyes and the upper part of their bodies, like sun-flowers, towards the object of their reverence, and this distortion, added to the *pas de ballet*, before alluded to, produces the effect of a calamity—happily unknown to the faculty—namely, a simultaneous attack of paralysis and St. Vitus's Dance.

Nothing could exceed the courtesy with which every thing was explained to us, or the provident kindness which we experienced at the hands of our host; and, as he is full of wit, humour, and anecdote, and that *bonhommie*, which sheds its pleasing influence over every act and word, I shall always class the days which we spent in his society, as among the most interesting and agreeable of a life, which has not been without its white moments—"*non sine cretâ.*"

With the exception of one day, on which we were bidden by the Cesarewitch, we dined at the grand duke's table, which was generally laid in a pavilion in the garden, as the weather was very hot, and on two occasions tea parties were improvised by the Grand Duchess Marie (the Cesarevna) and her namesake and sister-in-law (of Leuchtenberg)—once in a tent pitched on a mound in the centre of the field of action, and again in a very pretty Swiss cottage, standing on a wooded knoll, surrounded by shady ravines. These were pleasant variations from the noise, glare, and heat of six hours daily soldiering under a burning sun, tempered only by clouds of dust and smoke—a severe campaign for a civilian.

The Duke of Leuchtenberg and the Cesarewitch were both present, but did not take a very prominent part in the manœuvres. The latter, though he has not the noble presence, nor the severe beauty of his father, has an amiable and intelligent countenance, and a powerful, but somewhat heavy frame; if he wants, however, the ubiquitous energy, and inflexible determination, with which Nicholas overbears difficulties, and commands implicit obedience, perhaps, the "gentler morals" of his disposition, and his courteous cordiality, may lead him to exercise hereafter an equal influence over the affections of his subjects. He has lately taken his first lesson in government, during his father's absence in the south of Europe, but, as there can be no independence of thought or action in delegated authority, it is impossible to learn the actual progress of the pupil; his real character and abilities cannot be thoroughly ascertained until he is summoned to undertake the awful responsibilities which await him, for frequently the

exercise of power, and the pressure of circumstances develop qualities, the existence of which is unsuspected even by the possessor.

The emperor's second son—the Grand Duke Constantine, the Grand Admiral of Russia, who has been for some time employed in a voyage of naval inspection, is said to be more imbued with his father's spirit, and to have already displayed, though a boy in years, that sterner stuff, which is requisite to carry out the "*ferrea jura*" of despotism: so that perhaps the next generation of the house of Romanoff may, like the present, witness a waiver of his birthright on the part of the elder brother, in favour of the more ambitious and energetic younger.

On the night before our departure from the camp, we attended the "*retraite*," one of the most impressive and touching ceremonies I ever beheld in my life.

The short-lived summer had already begun to wane, and the cold transparent light, peculiar to a polar evening waxed fainter, but without the dim hazy indistinctness, which blends objects into confusion in an English nightfall. Here a sort of subdued clearness of tone brought out in strong relief infinite masses of men, over which the eye ranged exhausted, until the perspective was finally lost in a row of white tents, standing like spectres against the horizon.

The troops had formed a living wall in front of the imperial family, who stood surrounded by the various commanding officers, and all maintained a silence "deep as death"—not a limb stirred—not the faintest breath was heard in the holy calm of the evening; all was hushed and motionless; when suddenly, a fugleman gave the expected signal, and, in a moment, every head was bared, and every voice uplifted in the national evening hymn.

RUSSIAN NATIONAL HYMN.*

I.

How weak our accents, Heavenly Sire! to raise,
Worthy of thee, our song of thankful praise;
Great on thy throne of clouds, earth's lower sphere,
And in the meanest dew-drop's sparkling tear!
By day and night with radiance girt, O Lord,
God omnipresent, everywhere adored!

II.

High in the fleecy clouds, that glow with gold,
The image of thy Godhead we behold,

* I obtained a literal prose translation of the Russian words, and have ventured to turn it into verse, in the same metre as the original, adhering as closely to the text, as the bold, abrupt, and disjointed style would permit, and forbearing, scrupulously, to sacrifice the meaning to a pet rhyme, or a striking antithesis. The reader will not fail to observe a remarkable resemblance to Pope's "Universal Prayer."—The words within brackets are to be omitted in singing, as otherwise the lines would exceed the length prescribed by the music, and the sense is sufficiently perfect without their introduction. "How much our Creator in heaven is worthy of glory! Our tongue cannot pronounce it! Great on the throne in the clouds; on the earth; in the interior of a sparkle of dew; everywhere God! Everywhere thou art adored; the same splendours surround thee day and night. Thy golden fleece presents to us the image of thy divinity; with our prayer-books we express thy glory; receive from us the homage of our gratitude, as a sweet perfume dedicated with constancy. It is thy sun which gives light to all living beings. Almighty! thou lovest us thy children; thou nourishest us paternally, and preparest for us a Zion; thou visitest those who have sinned, O God; and it is thy body which thou offerest them as food. Great God! receive at the foot of thy throne the feeble accents of our voice, and complete that which we implore as morning dew. It is in our hearts that we erect altars to thee; and to adore thee, O Lord, and to praise thee shall be our eternal law."

While in the words of thine own hallow'd pray'r
We strive thy boundless glories to declare;
Accept the grateful homage, which we bring
Like frankincense, a constant offering.

III.

Thine is the equal sun, that shines above,
O'er all the children of thy watchful love,—
Watchful to feed them with paternal care,
And for thy chos'n a Zion to prepare;
THY hand, that on the sinner's head [in wrath] descends,
In mercy still, bless'd food! thy [saving] body sends!

IV.

Almighty! deign the humble calls to own
We lay before the footstool of thy throne!
Vouchsafe to grant the blessings we implore,
As morn's soft dew-drops shed their genial store;
While in our hearts to thee we altars raise,
Our changeless law shall be thy pray'r and praise!

The music is sweet, solemn, and exquisitely adapted to express the humility of prayer, and the simultaneous burst of harmonized sounds swelled, and rose to the vault of heaven with a thrilling effect, while a yet deeper interest was excited by the moral spectacle of this countless host, these "thousands and tens of thousands of mighty men of war, all equally—from the arbiter of the fate of millions to the meanest soldier—united in the attitude of reverent, and meek devotion, and pouring forth, as it were, one voice and one heart in praise and thanksgiving to their common Maker.

It has been my lot to be twice present at military Masses, performed on a gigantic scale, which, however, bore no resemblance to the ceremony which I have so feebly attempted to describe. One of them, which took place at Verona, was a mere ecclesiastical field-day, where the offices of religion were illustrated with the pomp and circumstance of war.

The troops were drawn up under arms as if for a review; the arrival of the Viceroy of Lombardy was announced by the thunder of artillery, booming along the line; and the officiating priest—the minister of that faith, which inculcates "good will amongst men"—knelt at the central altar, amidst the waving of plumes, the glancing of helmets, the clang of sabres, the roll of drums, the brattle of trumpets, and a grand final operatic crash of all the bands brigaded *en masse*. Even the most solemn and mystic rite of the Roman Catholic Church—the elevation of the Host—was received with the same salute, as the presence of a mortal monarch.

But *here* was neither proud pageantry to dazzle the eye, nor the pealing strains of elaborate music to ravish the ear. All was pure and lowly. The soldiers had laid aside their arms, and the "earthly great" their rank, as if the emblems of physical force, and the social distinctions of mere human assumption were inconsistent with the true worship of the God of peace, in whose sight all men are alike, and to whom their united homage was now addressed in the simple words, and unadorned melody of the national hymn. The Lord's prayer was subsequently read, and we all dispersed in silence to our respective quarters, as if under the influence of feelings too big for utterance.

BAN TUVAI.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

I.

Accusation.

Ban Tuvai a man has slain;
  Sad it is a man to slay.
None can make him live again,
  None undo thy deed, Tuvai.
Who, in time of misery,
Will compassion have on thee?

Ah, he was a harmless one!
  Damage-doing is thy trade:
Mischief in him was there none,
  But of mischief thou art made.
Thou, who has a heart that can
Cut in twain the life of man.

Think upon so dark a deed,
  Done for all eternity!
Deeds are but th' eternal seed
  We are sowing day by day.
If the seed thou sow'st is crime,
Thou shalt die in harvest time.

I have heard the Father say—
  And have bless'd his holy breath—
How the good find out a way,
  Smooth and flow'ry, after death.
There the slain one travels free,
There Tuvai will never be.

Never more you two can meet:
  Far away his soul would fly,
If it heard the bloody feet
  Of Tuvai approaching nigh.
Shudders run my flesh along,
When I think upon thy wrong.

O, if I had seen his blood,
  Blank and dim mine eyes had grown;
Upright then mine hair had stood,
  It had chill'd me to the bone.
Yet thou saw'st it undismay'd:
Harsh Tuvai was not afraid.

Is the world of life confin'd
  To the bodies that we see?
Are not living things of mind
  Rushing through futurity?
These would surely me beset,
If my hands with blood were wet.

Yet thou wand'rest in the night,
  Fancyless as in the noon:
Shadows never cross thy sight,
  Pale companions of the moon:
Blind Tuvai can nothing see
But the dense and bodily.

With the hands that did the deed
  Vile Tuvai can gather food:
With the fingers he can feed
  That in gore have been imbued.
Godless is the lost Tuvai:—
Hands like his can never pray.

"Hate th' offender with his crimes;—
  He and his offence are one!"
So they said in elder times—
  Days, like people, dead and gone:
What, if so we said to-day?—
What would come of thee, Tuvai?

Conscious of self-sin are all;
  Let us hence compassion learn:
Let us pity those that fall:—
  Why should sinners sinners spurn?
All, save self-deceivers, see
'Tis but sinning in degree.

II.

Extenuation.

Sad Tuvai! I pity thee:
  So I pity all who sin.
They but make the misery
  That themselves must suffer in.
They are foolish,—we are wise;
They are blind, and we have eyes.

Say not that it serves them right;
  Lo! they stumble, being blind.
Crime results from lack of light
  In the region of the mind.
How, in that unform'd abyss,
Should the man but go amiss?

Where hath happen'd crime and woe,
  Mingle sorrow with thy blame:
I, from out my heart, do know
  All cannot be sin and shame.
Crime itself, however sore,
Is a thing to sorrow o'er.

Thou, Tuvai, wast in the dark
  Of a heathen mind, night-born,—
Through it shone no heav'nly spark,
  O'er it broke no promis'd dawn,—
When thou will'd the frightful will,
Thus, a fellow-man to kill.

Life to thee was as a dream,—
  Savage, cruel, fierce, and wild:
Nought to thee did gentle seem,
  Upwards from a naked child.
Inner man, and outer life,—
All was violence and strife.

None regarded thee with care,
  Thou,—a living accident,
Earth to thee was full of fear,—
  On aggression ever bent.
Of inevitable law
Thou becamest what thou saw.

Up in shadows hast thou grown
  Rankly, as a sunless weed.—
Should-be flowers are leaves alone;—
  All thy heart unripen'd seed.
Ne'er thy soul did seraphs greet;—
Earth's a pitfall to thy feet.

That wast thou to other men
  Which were other men to thee;
Living, doing, o'er again
  What in life thou chanc'd to see.
Better seen had better done:—
Would thy world had well begun!

Still I love thee not, Tuvai:
  Violence and I are foes.
Love I not, nor ever may,
  Who create another's woes.
All that lives is half my heart:—
I am but the other part.

Men who cruel are should know
  He who pains a speechless beast,
Doth, at each inhuman blow,
  Strike on God's mysterious breast.
Crush a worm within my view,—
Lo! thy foot hath crush'd me too!

III.

Judgment.

For this death thou shalt not die;—
  To the blind unknown be hurl'd:
What more right than thou have I
  Life to blot from out the world?
By thy act is crime in thee
Made a virtuous deed in me?

'Tis not mine to kill, Tuvai:—
  Thou shalt live, and may'st repent.
I will have thee ta'en away
  To a bitter banishment.
Crush'd in mischief, cross'd in will,
Thou shalt have no pow'r to kill.

Silent, solitary, lone,
  Thou, companionless, shalt be
On an island all thy own,
  In this South Pacific sea,
Which thy trembling frail canoe
Hath not heart to venture through.

What is it but simply just,—
  Thou, who hast a man destroy'd,
Should thyself return to dust,
  Wanting all he had supplied?
When companion thou hast none,
Right thou'lt value him that's gone.

Speechless to the world, thy brain
  Shall forget thy native tongue:
Dumb in solitude, again
  To the dumb shalt thou belong.
Wordless cry alone, and sign
Hieroglyphic shall be thine.

Love's unfathom'd mystery,
  Violated in that strife,
Shall be barren unto thee,—
  Yearn'd for vainly, through thy life.
Love shall burn for bird and beast,—
Thou, of all, shalt know the least.

Free from pain and care's annoy,
  Harsh the lesson for thee still:
Solitude cannot be joy,
  Though exempt from other ill.
Happiness will die, when free
From all bonds of sympathy.

Take the lessons that I tell,
  Keep them ever in thy view:
They shall serve thy spirit well,
  And thy worn old heart renew.
Pain the best elixir finds,
Hearts humane, and noble minds.

Words of generous heart have weight
  Deeper than philosophy:
Shining out, in glory great,
  From the heav'ns spontaneously:
Lo! I but repeat the word,
Angel-utter'd and soul-heard!

BEAUCHAMP;

OR,

THE ERROR.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

Chap. XXXV.—(Continued.)

In the meantime, the boy Billy Lamb, having closed, as we have said, the garden-gate, lingered for a moment, and then took his way across the common in the direction of Stephen Gimlet's house, which was at the distance of about a mile and a half. He went at a quick pace, but two or three times he stopped, and thought deeply. He was an observing boy, and saw and heard more than people imagined. He was a boy of very strong feelings also, and he had conceived an affection for Beauchamp, which made any thing that touched that gentleman a matter of deep interest to him. Thus, the first time he stopped he repeated to himself the incautious words the lady had uttered, syllable for syllable. "He may have guests at his marriage he does not expect," said the boy, meditating. "She looked mighty fierce too. I wonder what she meant? No good, I'm sure, by the way her eyes went."

He then walked on again about half a mile further; and this time it was a narrow lane he halted in. "You see, our trout has bit at the fly!" repeated Billy Lamb, evidently showing that he had heard a part, at least, of what had passed after he left the garden; "that trout he talked of must be Mr. Beauchamp—that's to say, the lord. I can't make it out. I'll tell Stephen: he seems to know a good deal about them all; or that good, kind Captain Hayward. He's a great friend of this lord's, and will let him know; for they mean him harm, or I am mistaken."

When he reached Stephen Gimlet's cottage, however, and opened the door, he found the outer room only tenanted by the little boy, who was standing upon a stool, looking over the pages of a large old Bible, illustrated with some grotesque engravings, in which Adam and Eve, very naked, indeed, the serpent, with a human head in large curls, very much like that of a Chancery barrister; the same personage, in the conventional form of a satyr, together with a number of angels; and Noah's ark with all its beasts, figured conspicuously.

In turning his head sharply round to see who it was that came in, the child let fall the leaves that were in his hand upon those opposite; and instantly out flew an old time-stained scrap of paper, which made a gyration in the air before it reached the floor. The boy instantly darted after it, and picked it up before Billy Lamb could see what it was. The pot-boy would then have taken it out of his hand; but the other would not give it up, saying, with a screaming tone,

"No, no, no! it is granny's;" and the same moment the voice of Widow Lamb was heard from the inner room, demanding,

"Who have you got with you there, child?"

"It is I, mother," answered the deformed boy. "Is Stephen in? I want to speak with him."

"No, my poor William," answered the old lady, coming forth, and embracing her son; "he has been out a long while."

"Then, is Captain Hayward up-stairs?" asked the youth.

"He is out too," answered the widow. "He was out yesterday for the first time, and to-day we have had a grand party here, all the ladies in the carriage, and Mr. Beauchamp walking. Mrs. Clifford came so kindly to ask after me, and so they persuaded Captain Hayward to go out with them. That is to say, Captain Hayward and Miss Mary, and Miss Slingsby with my Lord Lenham. They've gone all up to the hall; Mrs. Clifford in the carriage, and the rest on foot; and I should not wonder, Bill, if Captain Hayward did not come back here again?"

"That is unfortunate!" exclaimed Billy Lamb; "I wanted so much to speak with him, or Stephen."

"Why, what is the matter, my dear boy?" said his mother; "if you will tell me what it is, I will let Stephen know when he comes back."

"Why, the matter is this, mother," answered the deformed boy. "Stephen was asking me a great deal the other day about the gentleman who has got the cottage on Chandleigh Heath, and what his name is. Now, I have found out his name, and it is Captain Moreton."

"Have nought to do with him, Bill!" cried the widow; "have nought to do with him! He is a base villain, and has ruined all who have had any connexion with him."

"Why, I have nought to do with him, mother," answered Billy Lamb, "but carrying him up his letters and newspapers; but I heard something there to-day that I thought Stephen might like to know; for I am sure he and the lady he has with him are plotting things to hurt this lord, who was so kind to poor Ste."

"Ha! what did you hear?" asked the old lady; "that concerns me more than Stephen, for I know more about that lady."

"She does not seem a very sweet one," answered the boy; "for when I told the captain about Lord Lenham going to be married to Sir John's daughter, she looked as if she had a great inclination to scratch somebody's eyes out."

"Going to be married to Sir John's daughter!" exclaimed Widow Lamb. "Bill, are you sure that's true?"

"Quite sure. Haven't you heard of it?" said the boy. "All the people in Tarningham know it quite well; and a quantity of things are ordered."

Widow Lamb mused gravely for several minutes; and then, shaking her head, said in a low voice, as if to herself:

"I begin to understand. Well, what more did you hear, Billy?"

"Why, after a little talk," said the boy, "when they heard that the marriage was to be on Monday-week, the lady cried out, 'He will have guests at his wedding that he does not expect!' and her eyes looked just like two live coals. She did not say much more; for the captain tried to stop her; but, as soon I had got through the garden-gate, I heard him laugh quite heartily, and say out loud, 'This is capital, Charlotte; you see our trout has bit at the fly.'"

"And so, they have been angling for him, have they?" said Widow Lamb; "what more, my boy?"

"Why, I did not like to stop and listen, mother," said the poor deformed boy; "but I thought it could not be all right; and, therefore, I made up my mind that I would tell Stephen, or Captain Hayward, or somebody; for that Mr. Beauchamp, who has turned out a lord, was always very kind to me when he was at the inn, and gave me many a shilling; and I should not like them to do him any harm, if I can stop it; and I could see they were wonderfully bitter against him, by the way of that lady and her husband."

"He is not her husband," said Widow Lamb, with a scoff; "but that matters not, Bill; you are a good boy, and have done quite right; and, perhaps, it may save much mischief; so that will be a comfort to you, my son. I'll tell Stephen all about it, when he comes back; and we'll talk the thing over together this very night, and see what can be done. It is strange, very strange, Billy, how things turn out in this world. Great people do not always know, when they do a kind action to poor people, and humble people like ourselves, that they may be helping those who will have the best means of helping them again. Now, from what you have told me, Bill, I may have the means of helping this good lord from getting himself into a terrible scrape. I am sure he does not know all, my boy; I am sure a great number of things have been concealed from him; and your telling me may set it all to rights."

"Well, that's pleasant," answered the deformed boy. "It makes one very lightsome, mother, to feel that one has been able to do any thing to serve so good a gentleman; and so I shall go home quite gay."

"That you may, Bill," replied his mother: "but bring me up news of any thing you may hear; for you can't tell what may be of consequence, and what may not."

The boy promised to obey, and went away whistling one of the peculiar melodies, of which he was so fond; in which, though the air was gay, there was ever an occasional tone of sadness, perhaps proceeding from a profound, though concealed, impression of melancholy regarding his corporeal infirmities.

It was late in the evening before Stephen Gimlet returned; but then Widow Lamb entered into instant consultation with him upon what she had heard; and their conference lasted far on into the night.

The next morning early the gamekeeper got his breakfast, and then putting on his hat, said,

"Now, I'll go, Goody Lamb. I shall be very awkward about it, I dare say, but I don't mind; for he will find out in the end, that it is for his own good I talk to him about such disagreeable things. So, here goes."

"You had better wait a-while, Stephen," said the widow; "most likely he is not up yet; for it is not seven o'clock."

"It will be well nigh eight before I am there," answered Stephen Gimlet, "and I can wait at the house till he is ready."

Thus saying, he walked away, and trudged on over the fields till he came into Tarningham Park, by the road which leads over the hill just above the house. He did not follow the carriage-drive, however, but took the shorter path through the chestnut-trees, and in about ten minutes, after entering the gates, saw the house. There was a travelling-carriage standing before the hall-door, which was at the distance of a quarter of a mile, and hardly had Stephen Gimlet's eyes rested on it for

an instant, when a servant got up behind, and the post-boy laid his whip lightly over his horses. The carriage rolled on, and the gamekeeper followed it with his eyes with a feeling of misgiving; but he pursued his way to the house notwithstanding, and entering by the offices, asked the first servant he met, if he could speak for a moment with Lord Lenham.

"That you can't, Ste," answered the man, "for he has just gone off to London. He will not be down for a week either, they say; and then comes the wedding, my lad, so that you have a poor chance of talking with him till the honeymoon is over."

Stephen Gimlet looked down perplexed; and then, after a moment's thought, he said, "Ay, there is to be a wedding, is there? I heard something about it. He is a kind good gentleman as ever lived, and I hope he may be very happy."

"I dare say he will now," said the footman, "for our young lady is fit to be the wife of a king, that she is. But as one marriage made him very unhappy for a long time, it is but fit that another should cure it."

"Then do you mean to say he has been married before?" asked the gamekeeper.

"Ay, that he has," replied the servant, "none of our people, not even Sir John's gentleman, nor any one, knew a word about it till I found it out. I'll tell you how it was, Ste. The day before yesterday morning the butler says to me, 'I wish, Harrison, you'd just clear away the breakfast things, for I've got the gout in my hand'—he has always got the gout, you know, by drinking so much ale, besides wine. Well, when I went into the breakfast-room after they were all gone, I saw that the door into the library was a little a-jar; but I took no notice, and Dr. Miles and Sir John went on talking there and did not hear me at all in t'other room. I could not tell all they said; but I made out that my Lord Lenham had been married a long time ago, but that the lady had turned out a bad un, and that they had lived apart for many years, till the other day my lord heard from Paris she was dead, and then he proposed to Miss Isabella. Dr. Miles said something about not hurrying the marriage, but the jolly old barrownight said that was all stuff, that he would have a wedding before a fortnight was over, and he'd broach two pipes of port and fuddle half the county."

"And when is it to be then?" asked Stephen Gimlet; but the man's reply only confirmed what he had heard before, and with by no means a well satisfied countenance, the gamekeeper took his way across the park again, murmuring to himself as soon as he got out into the open air, "Goody Lamb was right! They've cheated him into believing she is dead. That is clear. There is some devilish foul work going on; and how to manage I don't know. At all events I'll go back and talk to the old woman, for she has a mighty clear head of her own."

As he walked on he saw our friend Ned Hayward strolling slowly along at a distance, and he felt a strong inclination to go up and tell him all he had been going to tell Beauchamp; but then he reflected that he had no right to divulge what he knew of the latter gentleman's secrets to another who might not be fully in his confidence. Besides, Ned Hayward was not alone. There was the flutter of a lady's garments beside him, and he seemed in earnest conversation with his fair companion. They were not indeed walking arm-in-arm together, but they were very

close to one another, and as Stephen Gimlet paused considering, he saw the lady's head frequently raised for a moment as if to look in her companion's face, and then bent down again as if gazing on the ground.

The gamekeeper judged from these indications that they were particularly engaged, and would not like to be disturbed, and taking that with other motives for not going near them, he walked back to his own cottage, where he found Widow Lamb with her large Bible open before her.

Gimlet's story was soon told, and his mother-in-law seemed as puzzled as he did for a time. He then suggested for her consideration whether it might not be as well to convey the intelligence they possessed to Captain Hayward or Sir John Slingsby; but Widow Lamb exclaimed, at once,

"No, Stephen, no! we might make mischief with the intention of doing good. We must wait. He will come back before the marriage-day, and you must see him then. I will go up with you and talk to him myself; for I have much to say that I will only say to himself."

"But suppose we should not be able to see him?" said Stephen Gimlet, "or if any thing should prevent his coming till the very day."

"Then I suppose we must speak to some one else," replied his step-mother, "but do not be afraid, Stephen. Leave it all to me."

Stephen Gimlet was afraid, however; for he was one of those unfortunate eager people, who, when they take the interests of another to heart, are never satisfied till they see those interests perfectly secure. He had all his life, too, been accustomed to manage every thing for himself, to rely upon no one, to trust to his own mind and his own exertions for the accomplishment of every thing he desired. It is an unlucky habit, which makes people very uneasy when once they contract it, which trebles both their anxieties and their labours; for there is not above one-third, in ordinary circumstances, of any thing that a man requires to do which can be done by his own hands, in the complicated state of society in which we live; but still Stephen Gimlet had that habit, and like an old coachman, he was not easy when the reins were in the hands of another.

Chap. XXXVI.

And what were Ned Hayward and Mary Clifford talking about? Wait one minute, and you shall hear all about it; but first let me pause to make only one remark. I have observed during some acquaintance with life, and a good deal of examination into all its curious little byways and narrow alleys, that the conversation which takes place between two people left alone to talk together, without any witnesses but green fields and bowery trees, is never, or at least very seldom, that which any one, even well acquainted with them, would have anticipated from a previous knowledge of their characters. It was an extremely right, just, and proper view of the case, that was taken, when people (I do not know who) decided that three forms a congregation. We all know it: we all feel it instinctively. Three is a congregation; and when we speak before a congregation, we speak to a congregation.

But Mary Clifford and Ned Hayward were alone together; and now a word or two upon the frame of mind in which they met. Ned Hay-

ward, since first we introduced him to our readers, had taken a great part in many things where Mary Clifford was concerned. He had first made her acquaintance in rescuing her gallantly from the brutal and shameless attempt to carry her off, of a man whom she detested. He had told her kindly and frankly of her uncle's embarrassed and dangerous situation. He had without the slightest ostentation offered the means of relieving him from the most pressing of his difficulties, and had gone up to London to accomplish what he offered, with a mixture of delicacy of feeling, and gay open-hearted readiness, which doubled the value of all he did. He had come down again, fought a duel with the man who had insulted her, received a severe wound, suffered, and put himself to great inconvenience; and then had been found prepared at the moment of need, to redeem his given word in her uncle's behalf, without hesitation or reluctance, though evidently at a great sacrifice.

Nevertheless, all these things might have gone no further than the mind, even with a calm, gentle, feeling creature like herself. Gratitude she could not have avoided entertaining under such circumstances, respect, very high esteem; but she might have felt nothing more had that been all. There was a great deal more, however. Ned Hayward had disappointed all Mary Clifford's preconceived ideas of his character; and had gone on growing upon her regard every hour. She had found him thoughtful, where she had believed him to be heedless; feeling, where she had expected him to be selfish; full of deep emotions, where she had fancied him light; well-informed and of cultivated tastes, instead of superficial and careless; and being imperatively called upon to do him justice in her own heart, she went on, and did perhaps something more. But still this was not all; he had first excited wonder, curiosity, and pleasure, then admiration and esteem, then interest and sympathy. Tie all these up in a parcel, with gratitude for great services rendered, and a great number of musings regarding him in silence and in solitude, and what will be the result? Day by day after the duel she had thought of him—perhaps, I might have said, night after night. Then, when she had seen him again, and knew him to be ill and suffering, she had thought of him with deeper feelings still, and even oftener than before; and when at length he came over with reviving health, and took up his abode in the same house with herself, she returned to her old manner of thinking of him, with a number of new sensations blending in her meditations; and she fancied that she was studying his character all the while. What was it that she compared it to? She thought it was like a deep beautiful valley, so full of sunshine, that no eye, but one very near, could see the fair things that it contained. I do not know what all this was, readers, but I think it looked very like falling in love.

Nevertheless, though these things might cause Mary Clifford to love Edward Hayward, the reader may suppose that they afforded no reason why he should love her—but that is a mistake. Love is like a cast and a mould, where there is an impression upon both, different, yet representing the same object. Love at first sight—love which springs merely from the eye, is a thing apart; but love which proceeds from acts and words and looks, is generally, though not always, conscientious. The very deeds which, performed towards another, beget it in that other, beget it also in ourselves. A woman is cherished and protected. She loves the being who does cherish and protect her, because he does; and

he loves her because he cherishes and protects. Ned Hayward had thought Mary exquisitely beautiful from the first; but that would not have been enough—he was not a doll fancier! But her conversation pleased him, her gentle sweetness charmed him, her situation and all that it produced between them interested him, and.... But he had thoroughly made up his mind not to fall in love; and that was all that was wanting to make the thing complete. There was only one difficulty or objection. Mary Clifford had, what was called in those days, a large fortune. The dean, her father, had been a wealthy and a prudent man; and he had left her about two thousand a year, her mother's jointure not included. Now Ned Hayward had, as the reader knows, very little from the beginning; that little was now still less; and he had determined to hate all heiresses. Hate Mary Clifford! Pooh, pooh, Ned Hayward!

However, a certain undefinable sensation of being very far gone in love—the perception of feelings he had never experienced before, had made him very sad and uneasy for the last five or six days. He would have run away if he could; for he thought there was only safety in flight. But he could not go. He was not well enough to take a long journey; and he had promised Beauchamp to stay for his marriage. But marriage is an infectious disease; and even in its incipient stages, it is catching. Ned Hayward thought a great deal of marriage during those five or six days, of what a lucky man Beauchamp was, and of how happy he would be if he had only a tithe of his wealth—with Mary Clifford. But Ned Hayward was not a man to find himself in a difficult and dangerous situation without facing it boldly. He felt, that he had suffered himself to be entangled in a very tough sort of the tender passion, and he resolved to break through the net, and, in fact, quit Tarningham-house as soon as possible. But a few days remained to be passed ere that appointed for Beauchamp's marriage; and he fancied he could very well get through that short period without any further danger or detriment. "He would see as little of Mary Clifford as possible," he thought; "he would employ himself in reading, in walking, in riding out with Sir John, as soon as he was strong enough; and thus, as usual with all men, he proposed to do a thousand things, that he never did at all; and consoled himself with resolutions that could not be executed.

On the day of Beauchamp's departure for London, Ned Hayward rose early, breakfasted with his friend, saw him off, and then, according to the plan he had proposed, walked out into the fine sunny morning air, intending to spend the greater part of the summer day in some of the cool and more retired parts of the park.

It was, at least, two hours before the usual time of breakfast; he had not an idea that any of the family was up; and thus, pursuing one of the gravel walks away from the house, he went in among the chestnut-trees, and strolled on, fancying himself perfectly alone in the woods, when suddenly, in taking a turn, the path showed him the fair face and graceful form of Mary Clifford advancing towards him at the distance of about fifty or sixty paces. To avoid her, of course, was quite out of the question; but Ned Hayward resolved, that he would only speak to her for a moment, and then go on. But, Heaven knows how it happened; in about two minutes he might be seen turning round with her; and their walk continued for nearly an hour and a half.

"Well, Miss Clifford," he said, with as gay a look as he could command, "Beauchamp is gone. Have you been taking a long walk?"

"No, not very far," answered Mary, "I saw some strange people crossing the park; and ever since that adventure which first made us acquainted with each other, I have become very cowardly. I therefore turned back; otherwise I should have much enjoyed a ramble, for I have a slight headache."

What could Ned Hayward do under such circumstances? He could not avoid offering to escort and protect Miss Clifford—he could not even hesitate to propose it. Mary did not refuse; but her yes, was timidly spoken; and, instead of turning back with Ned Hayward through the wild wood walks, she made him turn back with her, and led him to the more open parts of the park, where the house was generally in sight.

A momentary silence had fallen over both before they issued forth from under the chestnut trees; and each felt some awkwardness in breaking that silence: the surest possible sign of there being very strong feelings busy at the heart; but Mary felt that the longer the silence continued, the more awkward would it become, and the more clearly would it prove that she was thoughtful and embarrassed; and therefore she spoke at random, saying,

"What a beautiful day it is for Lord Lenham's journey. I envy him the first twenty miles of his drive."

"I envy him in all things," answered Ned Hayward; "his life may, and, indeed, seems likely to be made up of beautiful days; and I am very sure that mine is not."

"Nay, Captain Hayward," said Mary, raising her eyes gently to his face, and shaking her head with a smile, "you are in low spirits and unwell, otherwise you would never take so bright a view of your friend's fate, and so dark a one of your own. Many a fair and beautiful day may be, and ought to be, in reserve for you. Indeed, they must be; for your own heart lays up, by the acts it prompts, a store of sunshire and brightness for the days to come."

"May it not rather lay up, by the feelings it experiences, a store of bitterness and sorrow, of clouds and darkness?" asked Ned Hayward, in a tone so different from that he commonly used, that Mary started, gazed for a moment at him, and then, letting her eyes fall again as they met his, first coloured slightly, and then turned pale. By the marks of emotion which she displayed, Ned Hayward was led to believe, that he had spoken too plainly of what he had never intended to touch upon at all; and he hastened to repair the error.

"What I mean is simply this, my dear Miss Clifford," he said; "a man who enjoys himself very much—as I do—feels pain in the same proportion, or perhaps more keenly. Every source of pleasure is an inlet to pain, and as we go on continually in this world, losing something dear to us, day by day, I am occasionally inclined to envy those cold phlegmatic gentlemen who, with a very tolerable store of pleasures, have few pains but corporeal ones. I never pretend to be a very sentimental person, or to have very fine feelings, or any thing of that sort, but now as an instance of what I was speaking of, I cannot think of quitting this beautiful spot, and all the friends who have shown me so much kindness, as I must do on Monday next, without a sort of sinking at the heart, which is very unpleasant."

"You do not mean to say you are going on Monday!" exclaimed Miss Clifford, pausing suddenly, with the colour varying in her cheek.

Ned Hayward was surprised and pleased; for there was no attempt to conceal that his staying or going was a matter of interest to her. He answered, however, gravely, even sadly,

"I fear I must."

"But you have forgotten your promised visit to us at Hinton," said Mary, reproachfully, and deadly pale; "you promised to come, you know; I have counted upon that visit as affording an opportunity of settling how and where, when I come of age, which will now be in a few months, the money you so generously lent me, can be repaid.—Indeed," she added, earnestly, "you must come there for a few days, even if you do not stay here."

There was a tenderness, a tremulous softness in her tone, a slight yet sufficiently marked agitation in her manner, which made Ned Hayward's heart beat.

"Can I be beloved?" he asked himself. "Can she return the feelings she has inspired? I will soon know!—My dear Miss Clifford," he replied, "I fear that visit would prove more dangerous to me that this has been; and, therefore, however unwillingly—however great would have been the delight, I must decline it."

Mary Clifford looked down without uttering a word; but her cheek remained pale, her lip quivered as if she would fain have given voice to some reply; and though her arm was not in his, he could feel that she trembled. Ned Hayward's heart beat too; but there was, as we have often seen before, a frankness, a straightforward simplicity in his habitual course of action, which overleaped many a difficulty that would have baffled other men.

"Let me explain," he said, but Mary made a slight motion with her hand, saying,

"Oh, no, no!" in a faint tone, and then she repeated the word "dangerous!"

"Yes," he said, "more dangerous, dear Miss Clifford! Can you not conceive how and why?—In a word, then, I cannot and must not stay with you longer. I must by as speedy a return as possible to other occupations, make an effort to forget that I have ever seen one, whom I fear I have already known too long for the peace of my whole life."

He paused for a moment with a sigh, raised his head high the next instant, and then added, "I have but one favour to ask you, which is this—not to let what I have just said make any difference in your demeanor towards me during the short period of my stay. I had no intention of troubling your ear with such things at all; but your own question brought forth what I would willingly have concealed—perhaps in this I have been wrong; but believe me, I am very well aware that difference of fortune has placed a barrier between us which cannot be overleaped. This is the only favour, then, dear lady—do not alter towards me—let me see you ever the same as I have yet beheld you; and when I go away for ever, let me carry with me the remembrance of Mary Clifford as a picture of all that deserves love and admiration upon earth.—Do not, do not change, notwithstanding my rash confessions."

Mary Clifford looked up in his face, and a varying light played in her

eyes, as if, at one moment, it was about to break forth sportively, and at another would have drowned itself out in tears.

"I must change, Haywood!" she said at length, with a bright smile upon her lip, "indeed you ask too much. How can you expect that I should live in the same house with you, and know that you love me, without showing in some degree what is passing in my own breast?"

"Mary! Mary!" he exclaimed, laying his hand upon her arm, and gazing in her face, "you would not—oh, I am sure you would not trifle with me—"

"Not for the world," she answered. "Edward, I am incapable of trifling with any man; but with you, to whom I owe so much, it would be base indeed!"

"But the great disparity of fortune," said her lover, with the shade again upon his brow. "Oh, Mary, how can it ever be? You, I have heard, are wealthy—they call you 'the heiress'—and I know myself to be poor. Are you aware—surely I told you, that all I had saved out of the wreck of my father's fortune, only amounted at first to—"

"Will you pain me?—Do you wish to grieve me?" asked Mary Clifford, "if not, do not mention such matters as in any way likely to affect my feelings or conduct; and yet I do not wish you to consider me as a romantic girl, for I am not. I have always thought that a competence must be possessed to render the lives of any two people happy; but surely it matters not on whose side that competence comes. We shall have enough, Edward, for happiness, and though I know it would have been more pleasure to yourself if the greater part of our little fortune had been brought by you, yet I am very glad that *I* have it, as you have not."

"But your mother—your guardian, Mary?" said Ned Hayward, still in a doubtful tone.

Mary laughed, but with a slight touch of vexation in the tone; and she exclaimed,

"I do believe he will not have me, even when I have almost offered myself to him!"

But Ned Hayward would not lie under that imputation, and he cast his arms round his fair companion, assuring her that if she had the wealth of the world, the only portion he would value would be herself.

Mary freed herself gently from his embrace; and suffering him to draw her arm through his, walked on with him till the breakfast hour was fully come.

Chap. XXXVII.

It is strange how we all go grinding the fate of each other in this world, high and low, rich and poor, the cottage tenant and the lord of the mansion, all jostling each other, and without knowing it, each making his fellow take a step this way or that, which very much influences the onward path. All was cheerfulness and gaiety at Tarningham Park. Mary Clifford had assured Ned Hayward that her mother's consent would not only be given, but given cheerfully, that her guardians, whose period of rule was so nearly at an end, would raise no objection, and that all who loved her would be glad to see her the promised bride of one so well worthy of esteem. Nor was her promise unaccomplished; for good Mrs. Clifford was delighted. Ned Hayward had ever been a great favourite of hers

ever since he had come to her rescue in Tarningham-lane. The guardians were quite quiescent, replying to the letter of announcement, that whatever Miss Clifford judged for her own happiness and received her mother's consent, would insure their approbation. Sir John was in an ecstasy, and Isabella in the midst of her own happiness, felt happier still at that of her cousin. Daily letters were received from Beauchamp all breathing joy and hope, and though lawyers were troublesome and men of business dilatory, yet not one word was said, not one thought seemed to be entertained of any real danger or difficulty.

All then was cheerfulness and gaiety at Tarningham Park, and not one of its inmates had the slightest idea of the anxiety and alarm which were felt for them in a cottage not far off. Every morning and every evening long consultations were held between Widow Lamb and her son-in-law regarding the fate of Mr. Beauchamp, and just in proportion to their ignorance of the habits of the world were the difficulties that presented themselves to their imaginations. Stephen Gimlet was anxious to act in some direction. Mr. Beauchamp, as he still frequently called him, being absent, he thought it would be better to say all that they had to say, to Sir John Slingsby, or at all events to Captain Hayward; but on the contrary, his mother-in-law, with longer experience, a disposition naturally timid and cautious, and upon the whole better judgment, insisted that it might be wrong or dangerous to do so.

"You cannot tell, Stephen," she said, "what this good young lord has told them and what he has not. We cannot even be sure how this woman stands with him. He may have divorced her for aught we know. I am sure her conduct has always been bad enough; and if such should be the case we might make the poor young lady unhappy when there is no need. Nobody even can guess at all the mischief that might happen. No, no, you watch closely for the young lord's coming back, and as soon as ever he is here, you and I will go up and speak to him. He must be back in time for that, and I dare say he will come on Saturday night, so there will be plenty of time."

It was one of Stephen Gimlet's maxims, and a very good one, too, that there never is plenty of time; but he carried the matter somewhat too far, for he thought one could never do too much. Now that is a very great mistake; for in love, politics, and ambition, as in the roasting of a leg of mutton, you can remedy the *meno*, but you cannot remedy the *più*. However, to make up for not doing what his mother-in-law would not let him do—and in regard to Beauchamp she had the whip hand of him, for she did not let him into her secrets—he busied himself every spare moment that he had in watching the proceedings of Captain Moreton and the fair lady he had with him. His long familiarity with beasts and birds, greatly affected his views of all things, and he got to look upon these objects of his contemplation as two wild animals. He internally named one the fox and the other the kite, and with the same sort of shrewd speculation in regard to their manners, habits, and designs, as he employed upon brutes, he watched, and calculated, and devined with wonderful accuracy. One thing, however, he forget, which was, that a human fox has a few more faculties than the mere brute; and that, although the four-legged fellow with the brush might require great caution in any examination of his habits and proceedings, Captain Moreton might require still more. Now that worthy gentleman very soon found out that there was an observant eye

upon him, and he moreover discovered whose eye that was. There could not have been a more unpleasant sensation to Captain Moreton than to feel himself watched, especially by Stephen Gimlet; for he knew him to be keen, shrewd, active, decided, persevering, one not easily baffled, and by no means to be frightened; one, who must be met, combated, overcome in any thing he undertook, or else suffered to have his own way. Captain Moreton was puzzled how to act. To enter into open war with Stephen was likely to be a very dangerous affair; for the proceedings of the worthy captain, as the reader may suppose, did not court public examination; and yet to suffer any man to become thoroughly acquainted with all his in-comings and out-goings, was very disagreeable, and might be perilous. To gain time, indeed, was the great thing; for Moreton's intention was, as soon as he had fairly seen his cousin married to Isabella Slingsby, to take his departure for another land, and to leave the consequences of the situation, in which he had placed Lord Lenham, to operate, as he thoroughly believed they would operate, in destroying health, vigour, and life. His only object in remaining at all was so to guide the proceedings of his fair companion, and to restrain her fiery and unreasoning passions, as to prevent her overthrowing his whole scheme by her intemperate haste. But how to gain the necessary time was the question. He first changed his haunts and his hours, went out on the other side of the heath; but Stephen Gimlet was there; took his walk in the early morning, instead of late in the evening; but the figure of Stephen Gimlet was seen in the gray twilight, whether it was day-dawn or sunset; and Captain Moreton became seriously uneasy.

Nothing, however, as yet appeared to have resulted from all this watching, till, on the Saturday morning, somewhat to Captain Moreton's surprise, the door of the room, where he was sitting alone, was opened, and in walked his friend and acquaintance, Harry Wittingham. The young man was exceedingly pale; but still he appeared to move freely and without pain or difficulty; and a look of real pleasure came up in Captain Moreton's face, which completely deceived Mr. Wittingham, junior, as to the sensations of his friend towards him. He fancied, as Captain Moreton shook him warmly by the hand, and declared he was delighted to see him well again, that the other was really glad at his recovery. Now Harry Wittingham might have been wounded, sick, dying, dead, buried, turned into earth again, without Captain Moreton's caring one straw about him, simply as Harry Wittingham *per se;* but as one who might be serviceable in his schemes, who might help him out of a difficulty, and, by taking part in a load of danger, might help Captain Moreton to bear the rest, he was an object of great interest to the captain, who congratulated him again and again upon his recovered health, made him sit down, inquired particularly into all he had suffered, and did and said all those sorts of things which were most likely to make a man thus convalescent believe that a friendly heart had been greatly pained by all he had undergone.

Harry Wittingham was soon seated in an arm-chair, and making himself quite at home. Contrary to the advice of all doctors, he indulged in a glass of brandy-and-water at the early hour of half-past ten, and declared he was a great deal better for it, that old fool Slattery having kept him without wine, spirits, or porter for the last five weeks.

"Ay, that might be necessary some time ago," said Moreton, "till your

wound was healed, but it is all stuff now. It must have been a bad wound that you have got, Harry; and I am devilish sorry I could not be down myself, for I think then you would have got no wound at all. However, you gave him as good as you got, and that was some consolation. No gentleman should ever be without his revenge, whether it be with cards, or pistols, or what not, he should always give something for what he gets, and if he does that, he has every reason to be satisfied."

"I have not got quite enough yet," said Harry Wittingham, with a significant nod of his head; "and some people shall find that by and by."

"Ay, that's right, quite," answered Captain Moreton; "but I say, Hal, how is the old cock, your father? I heard yesterday he was breaking sadly—got the jaundice, or some devil of a thing like that—as yellow as one of the guineas he keeps locked up from you—time for him to take a journey, I should think."

For a minute or two Harry Wittingham made no reply, but then he set his teeth hard and said,

"I should not wonder if the hard-hearted old flint were to leave it all away from me."

Captain Moreton gave a long, low whistle, exclaiming, "Upon my life, you must stop that. Hang me, if I would not pretend to be penitent and play a good boy for a month or two."

"It is no use in the world," answered Harry Wittingham; "you might as well try to turn the Thames at Gravesend as to put him out of his course when once he has taken a thing into head. He must do what he likes, he can't take it all, that's one comfort; but I say, Moreton, what the devil is that fellow Wolf hanging about here for? You had better not have any thing to do with him, I can tell you. He is as great a scamp as ever lived, and I'll punish him some day or another. I should have come in yesterday, but I saw him sitting down there upon the mound upon the heath, looking straight here, and so I went away."

"Did you see him again to-day?" asked Captain Moreton, with very uneasy feelings.

"Oh, yes," answered Wittingham, "there he was prowling about with his gun under his arm; but I doubled upon him this time, and went down the lanes, and in by the back way."

"I will make him pay for this," said Moreton, setting his teeth. "He has been spying here for a long time, and if it was not that I don't wish any fuss till the day after to-morrow is over, I would break every bone in his skin."

"It would be a good thing if you did," answered Harry Wittingham; "I'll tell you how he served me;" and he forthwith related all the circumstances of his somewhat unpleasant adventure with Stephen Gimlet when he visited the gamekeeper's cottage.

The moment he had done, Captain Moreton tapped him on the arm with a meaning smile, saying,

"I'll tell you what, Harry, though you are not very strong yet, yet if you are up to giving me ever so little help, we'll punish that fellow before to-morrow's over. If you can come here to-night and take a bed, we'll get up early and dodge him as he has been dodging us. He is always out and about before any body else, so that there will be no one to help him let him holla as loud as he will. He is continually off Sir John's

grounds with his gun and dog, so that we have every right to think he is poaching, as he used to do."

"Well, but what will you do with him?" said Harry Wittingham; "he is devilish strong remember."

"Yes, but so am I," answered Captain Moreton; "and I will take him unawares, so that he cannot use his gun. Once down, I will keep him there, while you tie his arms, and then we will bundle him over here, and lock him up for a day or two."

"Give him a precious good hiding," said young Wittingham, "for he well deserves it; but I don't see any use of keeping him. If we punish him well on the spot, that's enough."

"There's nothing that you or I can do," answered Captain Moreton, "that will punish him half so much as keeping him here till noon on Monday, for now I'll let you into one thing, Harry: I am looking out for my revenge upon some other friends of ours, and I have a notion this fellow is set to watch every thing I do, with promise of devilish good pay, if he stops me from carrying out my plan. It will all be over before twelve o'clock on Monday; and if we can keep him shut up here till then, he will lose his bribe, and I shall have vengeance. You can give him a good licking, too, if you like, and nobody can say any thing about it if we catch him off Sir John's grounds."

"I don't care whether they say any thing about it or not," answered Harry Wittingham; "they may all go to the devil for that matter, and I'll lend a hand with all my heart. But remember, I'm devilish weak, and no match for him now; for this wound has taken every bit of strength out of me."

"Oh, you'll soon get that up again," answered Captain Moreton; "but I'll manage all the rough work. But how do you get on about money if the old fellow gives you none?"

"I should be devilishly badly off, indeed," replied the young man, "if our old housekeeper did not help me; but she has taken her money out of the bank, and is selling some things for me; so I must not forget to let her know that I am here if I come to-night."

"Oh, I'll take care of that," answered Captain Moreton. "There's a boy brings up my letters and things, a quiet, cunning little hump-backed devil, who whistles just like a flageolet, and says very little to any body. I'll tell him to go and tell old mother what's-her-name slyly, that you are here if she wants you."

The whole scheme seemed palatable to Harry Wittingham, and he entered into the details with great zest and spirit, proposing several improvements upon Captain Moreton's plan, some of which suited that gentleman quite well. Another glass of brandy-and-water was added, and Harry Wittingham declared that it was better than all the doctor's stuff he had swallowed since he was wounded, for that he was already much better than when he came, and felt himself quite strong again. After an hour's rambling conversation upon all sorts of things not very gentlemanly either in tone or matter, the two worthy confederates parted.

As the visiter took his way back to Buxton's Inn, he looked boldly round for Stephen Gimlet with a pleasant consciousness of coming vengeance; but the gamekeeper was not to be seen, and meditating the pleasant pastime laid out for the following day, Mr. Wittingham reached

the inn, and ordered a very good dinner as a preparation. He felt a little feverish, it is true, but nevertheless he drank the bottle of stiff port which was placed on the table when dinner was served; and elated with wine, set out as soon as it was dark to take part once more in one of those schemes of evil which suited too well his rash and reckless disposition, little knowing that all the time he was the mere tool of another.

Chap. XXXVIII.

"Well, doctor; well, doctor, what is the matter?" asked Sir John Slingsby, at the door of his own house, towards two o'clock on that Saturday afternoon; "you look warm, doctor, and not half as dry as usual. I declare, you have made that fat pony of yours perspire like an alderman at the Easter ball. What has put you into the saddle? Has the chaise broken down?"

"No, Sir John," answered Doctor Miles; "but the horse was sooner saddled than harnessed, and I wanted to see you in haste—where are you going now? for you are about to mount, I perceive."

"I am going down to set the fools at Tarningham to rights," answered Sir John Slingsby. "I hear that that bilious old crow, Wittingham, and deaf old Mr. Stumpforth, of Stumpington, have been sitting for these two or three hours at the justice-room getting up all sorts of vexatious cases with Wharton, to torment the poor people of the parish, and to put them in a devout frame of mind for their Sunday's duties; so I am going down to put my finger in the pie and spoil the dish for them. Come along, doctor, and help, for you are a magistrate too, and a man who does not like to see his fellow-creatures maltreated. You can tell me what you want as we jog along."

"We shall be going exactly in the right direction," said Doctor Miles, "for my business with you referred to your magisterial capacity, Sir John."

The worthy, who had his foot in the stirrup, raised himself into the saddle with wonderful agility, considering his size and his age; and, accompanied by Doctor Miles, was soon on his way towards Tarningham, listening with all his ears to the communication which the rector had to make.

"You must know, my good friend," said the doctor, "that some short time ago your gamekeeper, Stephen Gimlet, found in the little vicarage church at Moreton some one busily engaged, as it appeared, in the laudable task of altering the registers in the vestry. He locked him safely in, but the culprit got out in the night; and Gimlet communicated the fact to me. I would have spoken to you about it, but circumstances occurred at that time which might have rendered it unpleasant for you to deal with that business."

"I understand," said Sir John Slingsby, nodding his head significantly, "who was the man?"

"Why, Gimlet asserts that it was no other than that worst of all bad fellows, Captain Moreton," replied Doctor Miles. "I examined the register, and found that an alteration had certainly been committed; for the date of one of the insertions was advanced several years before those that followed, by skilfully changing a nought into a six. Under the circumstances, I thought it best to consult with Wittingham, and I proposed

that a warrant should be issued against Captain Moreton ; but the worthy gentleman thought fit both to examine and cross-examine Gimlet in the first instance; asked him nine times over if he would swear that it was Captain Moreton; and, when he found that he had not seen the man's face, his back being turned to the door of the vestry when Gimlet went in, he pooh-poohed the whole matter, and refused to issue the warrant. I did not choose to do so myself, the event having occurred in a parish of my own, and with one of my registers, but this morning, on visiting old Grindley, the sexton, who is very ill, he made a full confession of his part in the affair: Moreton had bribed him, it seems, to open for him the family vault and the door of the vestry. In the one the worthy captain altered the date on his great grandfather's coffin from 1760 to 1766 by an instrument he seemed to have had made on purpose ; and in the vestry performed the same operation with plain pen and ink."

" A pretty scoundrel," said Sir John Slingsby ; " but I know what he wants. He wants to prove that his mother could not break the entail, which would be the case if the old man had lived an hour after she was born."

" Precisely so," said Doctor Miles; " but I did not choose to deal with Mr. Wittingham any more upon the subject, at least without your assistance; and therefore before I either signed a warrant myself, or spoke with the people of Tarningham about it, I thought it better to come up to the park and consult with you."

" As the wisest man in the county," said Sir John Slingsby, laughing. " My dear doctor, I will get a certificate from you and qualify for the university of Gotham—but I will tell you what we will do, we will send the groom here for Stephen Gimlet, and his evidence, with the deposition of old Grindley, will soon put the whole matter right.—Here, Tom, ride over like the devil to Ste Gimlet's cottage ; tell him to come down as fast as his legs will carry him to the justice-room at Tarningham. We'll soon bring these gentlemen to the end of their law, and Wharton to boot —an ill-conditioned brute, a cross between a fox and a turnspit—do you recollect his mother, doctor? Her legs were just like the balustrades of a bridge, turned the wrong side upmost, only they bowed out on each side, which gave them a sort of ogee."

Thus rattling on, Sir John Slingsby rode forward till they reached the entrance of the little justice-room, which was conveniently situated immediately Mr. Wharton's offices.

The appearance of Sir John Slingsby and Dr. Miles did not seem at all palatable to the two other magistrates and their clerk, if one might judge by the superlative courtesy of their reception. A chair was placed immediately for the reverend gentleman, Mr. Stumpforth vacated his seat for Sir John as president of the magistrates, and Mr. Wharton, with malevolent sweetness, expressed his delight at seeing Sir John amongst them again.

" You did all you could to prevent it," said Sir John, taking the chair, " but it would not do, Wharton. Now, gentlemen, what are you about? we will not interrupt business."

" There are a good many cases down," said Mr. Wharton ; " some of them excise-cases, some of them under the poor-law, some of them—"

" Well, let us get through them, let us get through them," cried Sir

John, interrupting him, "for we have business, too, which must be done."

"We must take things in their order," said Mr. Wittingham, drily.

"Oh, yes, according to the ledger," cried Sir John Slingsby, laughing; "every thing in the regular way of trade, Wittingham, eh? Who's this? James Jackson, the publican," he continued, looking at the paper; "well, Wittingham, how does the debtor and creditor account stand with him?"

Mr. Whittingham winced, but replied nothing; and the case was regularly taken up. Some nine or ten others followed; and certainly every thing was done by the two magistrates who had been found sitting, and their exceedingly excellent clerk to tire out Sir John Slingsby and Dr. Miles, by protracting the investigation as long as possible. The poor persons, however, who had been compelled by the power of paper or parchment to appear in the awful presence of justice, had reason to thank their stars, and did so most devoutly, that the number of magistrates was increased to four. A number of cases were dismissed as frivolous; very lenient penalties were inflicted in other instances; and, if the real truth were told, the person who suffered the severest punishment under the proceedings of that day was no other than Mr. Wittingham, upon whom Sir John Slingsby continued to pour for two long hours all the stores of sarcasm which had accumulated in his bosom during the last fortnight. At length the magistrates' paper was over, and worthy Mr. Wittingham showed an inclination to depart; but Sir John Slingsby stopped him, exclaiming,

"Stay a bit, Wittingham, stay a bit, my good sir. The case with which we have now to deal you have already nibbled at; so you must have your share of it."

"I am ill, Sir John," said Mr. Wittingham, "I am not fit."

"Not fit I have long known you to be," rejoined Sir John, and then added in a murmur, "for any thing but a tall stool at the back end of a slopseller's shop; but as to being ill, Wittingham; you don't pretend to be ill? Why your complexion is as ruddy as if you had washed your face with guineas out of your strong-box. However, it is this business of Captain Moreton and his falsification of the register at Moreton church that we have to deal with."

"I have already disposed of that," said Mr. Wittingham, sharply, "and I am not disposed to go into it again."

But it was now Mr. Wharton's turn to attack Mr. Wittingham.

"You have disposed of it, sir," he exclaimed, with all the blood in his body rushing up into his face; "the falsification of the registers of Moreton church! why, I never heard of this!"

"There was no reason that you should," answered Mr. Wittingham, tartly; "you are not a magistrate, I think, Mr. Wharton; and besides, you might, in some degree, be considered as a party interested. Besides, you were absent, and so I sent for Bacon and dealt with the matter myself."

"Friday's bacon and deviled the attorney," said Sir John Slingsby, with a roar, "you see he is such an active creature, Wharton, he must be doing, whether right or wrong. I declare he cuts out so much matter for the bench in reversing all his sage decrees, that the rest of the magistrates can scarcely manage it."

"I did not come here to be insulted, Sir John Slingsby," said Mr. Wittingham, the jaundiced yellow of his face gradually becoming of an olive green, "I did not come here to be insulted, and will not stay for such a purpose; I expect to be treated like a gentleman, sir."

"Wonderful are the expectations of man," exclaimed the baronet, "just as much might a chimney-sweeper expect to be treated like an archbishop, because he wears black—but let us to business, let us to business, if we go on complimenting each other in this way we shall not get through the affair to-night, especially with your lucid assistance, Wittingham; for if there be a man in England who can so stir a puddle that the sharpest eyes shall not be able to see a lost half-crown at the bottom, you are the man."

Up started the worthy magistrate, exclaiming in a weak voice and bewildered air,

"I will not stay, that man will drive me mad."

"Impossible," shouted Sir John Slingsby, as Mr. Wittingham staggered towards the door; and he then added in a lower tone, "fools never go mad, they tell me;" but Doctor Miles, who saw that old Wittingham was really ill, rose from his seat, and crossing the room, spoke a word or two to the retreating magistrate, which he was not allowed to finish, for old Wittingham pushed him rudely aside and darted out of the room.

ON REVISITING TRINITY COLLEGE, AFTER LONG ABSENCE.

BY EDWARD KENEALY, ESQ., LL.B.

I.

Once more within these olden, storied walls,
So dearly lov'd from boyhood's genial days,
With eager bound my glowing footstep falls,
With eyes suffus'd in joy around I gaze.
Once more I live, and move, and walk, and breathe,
Within the dear remember'd cloister'd aisles,
Whose warm though silent welcomings enwreathe
My heart with rapture, and my face with smiles.
Once more I pause o'er each remember'd scene,
In my soul's soul in brightest hues enshrin'd,
The pillar'd porch—the smooth and dewy green,
The stately halls—the trees with ivy twin'd,
The breathing busts—the books—the silence—all
Back to my heart its best and happiest hours recall.

II.

Here in the sunny summer of my youth
My soul grew up, and drank the sacred streams
Of Wisdom, Knowledge, Virtue, Thought, and Truth;
Here my heart liv'd on fair and glorious dreams,
Caught from the poet's or the historian's page;
Homer, and Horace, and the Mantuan lyre,
Plato's deep thoughts and Pindar's epic rage,

The Ascræan bard, and Lucan's words of fire:
From morn till night, from night till morning came,
These and the stars my sole companions were,
Still burn'd my lamp with clear and vestal flame,
Still my mind fed on visions grand and rare,
The Past was still before me, and its soul
Shone with the splendour of some heaven-descended scroll.

III.

And woo'd me on to scale the starry steep
Where Poësy—sweet Faërie Queene—sits thron'd,
Beneath her feet the fiery lightnings leap,
But her fair brows with rainbows shine enzon'd,
Round her the Muses sport the live-long day,
The Graces young and laughing dance and sing,
The bright-eyed Nymphs with noisy Cupids play,
Music wells forth from reed, and shell, and string;
Phantoms of sunshine form'd—the bards of old—
Whose vernal thoughts make heaven of earth, are there;
While songs and hymns in strains of wonder told,
Fill, as with fragrance, all the echoing air;—
These are thy glories—these, Immortal Past!
On these my heart was fix'd, my longing looks were cast.

IV.

The Wild, the Grand, the Beautiful, the True,
Each an enchantress with enchanted wand,
Flung o'er my soul their spells, until it grew
Entirely theirs, and sought no bliss beyond;
Its only world became a world unknown
Of dreams fantasque, and visions strange and quaint,
Within whose skies eternal summer shone,
And scenes that liveliest Fancy scarce could paint;
A wondrous wild embodiment it seem'd
Of things transform'd to beauty;—Titan shapes
And Grecian deities, and seas that stream'd
Through silver isles and foam'd on golden capes,
Forests, and Nymphs, and Fauns, and Sylvans blent,
With Gothic scenes and spells, tilt, faëry tower, and tent.

V.

And fabling Ovid, with soft eyes of fire,
Was by my side, and colour'd many a thought;
And many a gay, and many a fond desire,
Unto my heart Verona's minstrel brought;
And Ariosto sang me curious strains
Of magic castles built on marble heights,
And gallant soldiers pricking o'er the plains,
And mail-clad steeds and antique-armour'd knights,
And ladyes chaste that roam'd through forests wild,
Pursued by giants, and in dire despair,
Until some brave and angel-guided Childe
Wafted, perchance, ten thousand miles through air,
Appear'd before their wondering eyes to prove
His valorous arm in fight—and straightway fall in love.

VI.

The magic of these old delicious songs,
The hours of silent reverie and thought,
The paradise-light that to past time belongs,
Dreams of romance and beauty all enwrought,

The early sunshine streaming o'er the glade,
The song of birds, the voice of some sweet flute,
The ancient trees, with broad and leafy shade,
The moon that cloth'd the halls in silver suit,
The fire-wing'd stars, the solemn silent night,
The lamps through many a lattic'd window seen,
The deep-ton'd bell for morn and evening rite,
The reverend gloom reliev'd by the moon's sheen—
All these come back upon my soul, like strains
Of native music heard on far and foreign plains.

VII.

Filling it deep with sadness and with gloom,
Alas! where are ye, dear past innocent hours?
The scythe of Time hath swept ye to the tomb,
Yet in my soul ye still survive, like flow'rs
Round some sad mouldering shrine; I sit and think
Of dear old times, familiar faces pass'd
Away for ever; friends, link after link,
Methinks move on in faithful memory glass'd.
Where are they now? Some sleep in distant lands,
Some slumber in the ocean—some remain;
But the fond ties once twin'd by friendship's hands
Are snapp'd, and ne'er may reunite again.
Oh! that once more I were a careless boy,
As when I first beheld these halls with pride and joy.

VIII.

And wander'd wild through portico and park,
Emparadis'd in Fancy's purple clouds;
Heedless and happy, dreaming not of dark
Tartarean worlds like that which now enshrouds
This visible orb:—to boyhood's laughing eyes
The Earth seems Eden—every thing looks bright,
Life a glad journey to the golden skies;
To manhood all seems black as blackest night.
Why are we here? What Power hath peopled Earth?
Why wend we in our pilgrimage of woe?
Whence have our souls deriv'd their fiery birth?
Unto what bourn is fated man to go?
Why clings he still to life? Why hug the chain
That eats into his heart, and turns his joys to pain?

IX.

Alas! we know not—must not hope to know,
The Future looms far off in mystery veil'd;
Present and Past are ours—but like the bow
Of heaven still far the Future lies conceal'd,
Robed in enchanting colours form'd to fade
As the quick hour moves on.—We live and die
In the same hour cradle and grave are made;
Monarch and slave in the same black earth lie.
And is *this* life? For *this* was Man design'd?
Was it for *this* the All-Powerful gave him store
Of hopes and thoughts sublime; and fill'd his mind
With longings after high and heavenly lore?
A wise fine soul—a glory-loving heart?
No—'twas for mighty ends that thou shouldst play thy part.

X.

For mighty ends thy soul to earth was sent,
A mission grand and high, O man, is thine ;
Work in the spirit of that great intent,
Walk like an angel in the path divine ;
Here in these sacred walls, old, world-renown'd,
The seat of learning, shall thy young heart swell,
Fir'd by the glories of the classic ground,
By the great mem'ries that around thee dwell.
Here shalt thou train thee for thy pure career ;
Wisdom and Knowledge, like twin orbs of light
Shrin'd in these hallow'd temples, greet thee here,
And point the way to Virtue's star-crown'd height :
Onward, still onward, from glad youth to age,
Here shall thy soul learn strength for every changing stage.

XI.

Thoughts of great deeds and lofty acts be thine ;
The mighty dead, the shadowy shapes of old,
Heroes and bards, a starry-gleaming line
Of souls celestial, still before thee hold
Their glorious course, and beckon on thy soul
To tread the shining footpaths that they trod ;
Onward they march'd, until they reach'd the goal
For minds of light like theirs prepar'd by God ;
Sages, and bards, and statesmen, on whose forms
Pictur'd on canvas let thine emulous eyes
Still gaze with rapture. What though winds and storms
Break round his head who to Fame's palace flies ;
The attempt is grand and noble, though he fall—
Conquer thyself, brave heart, and thou shalt conquer all.

XII.

Look on the pictur'd epics thron'd around—
Go to thy books, and study their career—
So shalt thou feel thy swelling spirit bound
And cast aside, like chains, despair, and fear ;
Learn from their thoughtful eyes and resolute brows
To nerve thy soul with stern resolve for fame ;
Heaven to the heart that works due strength allows,
And crowns her toil with an undying name.
Burke, Berkeley, Flood, Burgh, Avonmore, and Swift ;*
Behold the men who shook or charm'd the world,
Behold—revere—aspire—toil on and lift
Thy soul to thoughts like theirs—if haply hurl'd
From thine immortal flight by chance or fate,
Well hast thou cloth'd thy soul with noble thoughts and great.

Trinity College, Shrove Tuesday, 1846.

* Their portraits are in the Theatre and Dining-Hall.

THE TRAVELS AND OPINIONS OF MR. JOLLY GREEN.

Chap. X.

My dreams that night, as may naturally be supposed, were somewhat disturbed, for the occurrences of the day had left too vivid an impression on my cellular tissue to be easily effaced. I have often speculated on the subject of dreams ; indeed, upon one occasion I communicated my ideas on the subject to the Brompton Budget, in which, I flatter myself, I established pretty clearly, that the sleeping mind may be compared to a kaleidoscope, wherein certain images enter, which, by the slightest displacement of the machine containing them, instantaneously lose their form and character, without any reference to their original aspect. Jawley, who read my paper at the Jawleian Institute, pronounced it a masterpiece, and added, that, with a few slight corrections from his pen, he doubted not it would go down to posterity along with the invention of steam by Dr. Watts, of the circulating medium of fish-sauce by Harvey, the discovery of street lamps by Sir Humphrey Davy, of gunpowder by Lord Bacon, of printing by Dr. Faustus, and of the use of the globes and book-keeping by single and double entry by Galileo.

The complexion of the visions which flashed through my ivories, as the ancients used fabulously to imagine,—on the night of my return from Montmorency, fully bore out the kaleidoscopic character I have assigned to them.

Like the hero in Bunn's tragedy, "I dreamt that I dwelt at Marble Hall," not, however, on the banks of the Thames near Twickenham, but in the caravanserai of an Eastern potentate, where the waving cedar of Lebanon shed a delicious perfume on the musky air, and the murmuring notes of the albatross and the condor were heard above the rush of waterfalls, as they gurgled in their granite beds amid the silence of the starry night. A thousand fair forms flitted before me as I lay immersed in delirious solitude, and all strove to win my regard, but the stony-heartedness of despair was in my bosom, and I turned a deaf ear to the allurements of all, save one, whose gleaming eyes and graceful gestures bore an undefined resemblance to those of Angelique. This figure drew near me, and repeating my name in thrilling accents, beckoned me to fly with her to the desert. I dashed my turban wildly to the ground, mounted my Arab steed, and pursued the phantom across the shadowy waste, with nothing but the "sheeny light" of the waning moon (as Tennyson says) to guide me on my way. Suddenly the sky became pitchy dark; I found myself on the deck of an Affghan privateer, cruising, I thought, for pearls in the Bay of Biscay. A storm arose, and I seized the helm ; the lawless men, her crew, though hardened in crime, and steeped in blood, gazed at me, I thought, with fear and astonishment, as the vessel, obedient to my pilotage, careened on the starboard bow, and luffed up to leeward. We flew madly through the waters, but ever and anon the same soft voice might be heard which had lured me from afar, and still the dreamy light of two liquid orbs danced before our gilded prow. On we drove before the gale, and entered, I thought, the bight of the Bosphorus, where we landed amid the fallen temples of ancient Greece and Rome.

A headless faquir stood at the gate of a gorgeous mosque, and invited me to approach. A graceful female, with dishevelled hair, clung to his yashmak, sobbing heavily. She raised her head, and I beheld the features of Angelique. I advanced mechanically and with no astonishment, I thought, at the suddenness of our meeting, to claim her as my bride. We knelt before a ruined altar inscribed with Runic characters, and an officiating bonze began to chant the marriage ceremony. He was a venerable man, with a snowy beard descending to his knees, "like the pale courser's tail bestrode by Death in the Apocrypha;"—his voice was musical and sweet, and though the words he spoke were in an unknown language, I seemed perfectly to comprehend them. As I gazed on his aged features, their expression gradually changed, and a scowl of bitter malignity effaced the smile which till then had played over them. I caught at his flowing beard; it came away in my grasp, and Jawley stood before me with a revolving pistol in each hand. "I forbid the banns," he cried; and as he spoke he levelled both barrels at my head. He pulled the triggers, fire flashed from the mouths of the weapons, and a shower of bullets rattled against my forehead; but they had, I thought, no power to kill, and fell as harmlessly around me as peas upon a trencher. I turned to comfort my beloved, but instead of Angelique, I beheld only a mowing ape, that gibbered at me with mocking gesture, and strove to strain me in the coils of its hideous embrace. In endeavouring to effect my escape, I staggered to the brink of a fearful precipice, and losing my footing, fell down, down, down, into profoundest ether. I alighted in the midst of a sunny plain, at one extremity of which was a fair lake, towards which I approached, unwondering and unscathed. A light skiff floated on the waters, and in the bark were two beings, who sang the airs of their native land, with a degree of finish which the highest cultivation alone could reach. I listened with rapt attention, and found that I was the theme of their song. An intuitive perception informed me at once who they were;—the elder of the two, whose countenance was distorted with the luxury of woe, was, I thought, Jean Jacques Rousseau;—the younger, whose brows were covered with a chaplet of ivy, was the celebrated Greek dramatist, Peter Pindar. "Welcome, noble stranger," their descant rang,—"welcome to the shores of oblivious happiness." I trod the surface of the waters which yielded not beneath my footsteps, though it seemed a magnetic attraction rather than motion which led me to the boat. The bards, as I drew near, struck their twangling instruments with redoubled energy, and I lent my voice to theirs in a brilliant chorus of "Rule Britannia," with which the woods and vales resounded. I took my place in the boat which, oarless and rudderless, and propelled by no visible motion, skimmed swiftly over the bosom of the lake. Still the bards continued their mournful melody, the song of the French hermit consisting of a perpetual refrain of "Ca ira," while the deep diapason of Peter Pindar trilled forth that spirit-stirring war song, "Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ," which has handed his name down to posterity. The skiff shot under the rude archway of a spacious cavern, where all at first was dark and silent, but as we advanced the pendant stalagmites of coral which incrusted the vault, threw out a ruddy light which increased every moment in intensity, and loud peals of dissonant laughter shook the cavern to its base. We turned the angle of a projecting rock. I beheld a festive group assembled, tossing the

wine-cup, and feeding madly on tempting viands as they were borne along in the voluptuous dance. It was the party from whom I had been separated in the forest. The Vicomte, the Baron, the Hidalgo, Madame de Pretantaine,—all were there, but more than all my gaze was riveted on Angelique and Sir Henry Jones, who whirled round and round to the tune of one of Handel's Polkas, with swiftness inconceivable. "Our task is ended," cried Jean Jacques and Peter Pindar both together, and each gave his hand to conduct me to the shore. I accepted their proffered aid, but scarcely had I met their grasp, when a convulsive shivering seized my frame, I was dashed upon the rocky floor of the vault, and my guides with heavy fists began to pummel me without mercy. I strove against them, but their horny fingers pressed my throat, and choked my utterance. It was no longer the bard of Teios, or the hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin, with whom I contended, but the villains with whom I had actually fought in the cabaret.

I experienced in my dream the same suffering that I had endured in reality, only in an aggravated degree, for now I felt assured that my moments were numbered,—and, to heighten my agony, the dancers, unmindful of my pain, careered the wild Polka, and shouted with unmirthful laughter, the loudest in the throng being Angelique and Sir Henry. I made one desperate effort to shake off the heavy load of Ventrebleu, who, I thought, had seated himself firmly on my chest. In the deadly grapple we both rolled to the brink of the gloomy water, which appeared suddenly to have receded hundreds of fathoms deep below. Over and over we went, faster than the revolution of a steam-engine, and then with a terrific bang, which seemed to break every one of my *vertebrata*, I found myself extended—on the floor of my bed-room, in the Rue Louis le Grand, with Sir Henry Jones standing over me, shaking with some uncontrollable emotion, and calling upon me by my patronymic, as well as his feelings would permit him.

"Why what the deuce, Green, have you been making all this row about? You have been roaring and kicking enough to bring the house about your ears. Come, get up, man, and tell us all about it."

My limbs still quivered under the influence of the fearful dream, and I felt at first too much stupified to be able to answer. In a few moments, however, I recovered sufficiently to assume a rampant attitude, and, with the baronet's assistance, I seated myself on the edge of my bed, and proceeded, as incoherently as I could, to describe the vision by which I had been tortured.

"It must have arisen," I added, "from an over-excited susceptibility."

"I rather think it was the Mayonnaise and the Hambro' beef that you floored at such a rate last night," returned Sir Henry, "they're apt to lie heavy on the stomach. When I eat things like those, I generally top them with a stiff glass of Braioarrrrrr—"

"Well, I'm sure I had my share of the brandy-and-water too."

"Ah, very likely; but then you mix your liquors. Now, observe this, Green, never while you live mix your liquors. No man can expect to be happy on this side the grave who does so. There's nothing like sound moral principle; all the rest is leather and prunella."

I could not but admire the high tone of feeling which accompanied this simple but friendly counsel, and the baronet rose proportionably in my esteem.

"I say, Green," he resumed, "what do you mean to do about those fellows who robbed you. From what you said yesterday, I fancy you have an idea that you know who they are."

"As soon as I am dressed," I replied, "and have had my breakfast, I shall proceed to the Tuileries, and demand an audience of the king. As an orphan stranger, I shall appeal to the protection of the father of his family."

"Not a bad idea," said Jones, "I'll go down with you. I know the king very well. He lived in our house a long time before he came to the throne, while he was in emigration. My father used to allow him 2000*l.* a year, and he came and hunted with us every summer. Capital sport we've had, Louis Philippe and I; I'll introduce you with the greatest pleasure. I dine constantly at the palace—nice creatures the princesses. He wants me very much to get on his staff, but no, no, I'm too much of an Englishman; too true to my allegiance for that, Green. But he's a devilish good fellow notwithstanding, and I like him."

There was so much warmth and sincerity in this hearty eulogy, and the prospect of an introduction under such flattering circumstances, was so cheering, that the effect was at once to raise my previously depressed spirits.

"Capital," I exclaimed, "I had thought of going to the British ambassador, and insisting upon his throwing me at the foot of the throne, but I feel satisfied that what you propose will be the best thing to do. It will be so much more pleasant also."

"Oh! as to the ambassador," said Sir Henry, "don't go near him; he's a muff, hasn't half the influence with the king that your humble servant has. How should he? When I tell you—but it's a profound secret, and I wouldn't have it talked of for the world—when I let you into the fact that I once saved Louis Philippe's life, you'll agree with me that my interest with him ought to be pretty strong."

"Certainly," I answered; "how did it happen that you were so lucky?"

"Presence of mind, my dear fellow, nothing else. We were out with the hounds at my father's place in Leicestershire—never shall forget the day—12th of July, the very hottest that ever—why you might track the fox by the perspiration that ran off his brush. Louis Philippe, my father, and I, splendidly mounted, took all that came in our way—timber, water, every thing. The hounds were running breast high, and we came to an ox-fence, a regular rasper; there was first of all a brook, eighteen feet wide, beyond that a double post and rail with a thick quickset hedge between, and something else that we couldn't see on the other side of that. Well at it the governor goes; he was like me, never stopped at any thing; and there he was, bullfinched as nicely as ever you saw an elderly country gentleman. The Duke of Orleans and I—he was the duke then—took it a little lower down and went off together as close to each other as if we had been racing. The leap was tremendous, and we cleared the hedge, and just as we were going over it, I saw what lay before us—what do you think it was?"

"Upon my word I can't say, I never was out hunting; that is to say," added I, correcting myself, for I suddenly recollected that I had worn tops and cords the day before; "not exactly hunting—in Leices-

tershire. I have seen the Surrey hounds throw off near Croydon. But upon my life, I can't guess. Perhaps it was the fox!"

"Not a bit of it, my dear fellow; the fox was far enough off at that time. What do you think of a chalk-pit?"

"A chalk-pit!" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes, a chalk-pit, at least sixty feet deep, and twenty or thirty feet wide, saw the danger in a moment, said nothing, just stretched out my hand and seized the duke by the collar, jerked him out of his saddle, stuck my spurs into my horse's flanks, and held on by them, he made a devil of a spring, we flew through the air, and landed safely on the other side of the pit, and down went the duke's horse to the bottom, dead as a cock! You should have seen the old governor how he cheered us as he sat planted in the quickset. The duke rushed into my arms, called me his deliverer, and gave me his own decoration of the legion of honour. I'll show it you one of these days."

"You richly deserved it," I observed; "I wonder he did not make you a knight banneret on the spot."

"He offered to do so, but as there was a title already in the family, I declined the offer. There were other obligations besides what I have mentioned. The duke was rather gay in those days, and I used to lend him money. There's a trifling balance unsettled to this very hour, but I'd no more think of asking him for it than I would of flying. By the way, Green, talking of money, do you think you can make it convenient to cash a draft of mine for a hundred? My banker has gone into the country for a week or ten days; the moment he comes back you shall have it again."

The obligation I was under to Sir Henry was too recent and too important to admit of my refusing his request, besides, the period for which he required the money was so brief that the loan could not cause me any inconvenience, even had the letter of credit which I had brought with me been for a smaller sum than it really was. It seemed odd that the Paris bankers should adopt such a peculiar mode of doing business, as to shut up their houses when they went into the country, but I had often heard of strange instances with regard to the demands made upon them for cash, such as their innocence of the value of a Bank of England note and their implicit belief in the existence of guineas; I contented myself, therefore, with smiling inwardly at their simplicity, and told Sir Henry that it would afford me the greatest pleasure to render him the slight accommodation he wished for.

"Those robbers," said I, "cleared me of all my loose cash yesterday, and I want a fresh supply. I may, therefore, as well draw on my own account, and we can go to Laffitte's on our way down to the palace."

This proposition was perfectly agreeable to Sir Henry, who shook me warmly by the hand, and said I was "a devilish good fellow." He really seemed to take a strong interest in me, and his eyes actually glistened as he spoke.

"I never like," said he, "to be in any man's debt a single moment longer than I can help, nor do I ever touch a shilling as a loan without giving immediate security. You must allow me, Green, not to depart from my fixed principle; you shall have my draft, or, suppose we make it a promissory note, it is more negotiable in case of accidents—you or I

might die, you know; ha, ha, ha; or, perhaps, that infernal banker of mine might pop off—so here goes—when shall we say? Three months! at——, all my rents will be paid in by that time, and then a hundred pounds is a mere bagatelle."

Saying which Sir Henry sat down at a writing-table, while I went on with my toilette, and, taking out a Russia leather case, drew forth a bit of thin paper with the word "Timber," in black letters in a circle in one corner. I supposed it related to the felling of wood from his estate, but as he wrote upon it he explained, talking, as usual, very fast.

"Nothing like a stamp, Jolly! One never knows what may happen. I was once shipwrecked on the coast of Barbary, and if it hadn't been for a bill-stamp, I should decidedly have lost my life. As it was I had to swim for it, at least—let me see—yes, at least six miles against a strong current that set off from the shore. It was in a yacht I had, the Orange-flower, named after a friend of mine, the King of Holland, a capital fellow; I'll introduce you to him one of these days, if ever you go to the Hague: well, somehow or other, we struck on a coral reef, and before we could get her off, it came on to blow and she began to fill. I ordered out the pinnace, the men got into it, for I was the last to leave the vessel, and just as I was at the point of doing so, a devil of a wave struck the boat, broke her right in two, down went the crew, never saw any more of them, and there was I left alone on the deck of a sinking vessel. Let me see—a hundred, at two thousand five hundred francs—and the interest, I always add that, which makes——I'll calculate that directly; but what do you think I did in this predicament?"

"Did you call out 'Ship, a-hoy,' or any thing of that kind?"

"Not much use if I had, there was nothing in sight but the coast of Africa, just under the weather quarter, and as near as I could guess, about —how many did I say—yes, six miles off. There was nothing for it. The timbers of the yacht began to shiver, and I expected every moment she would be scuttled, so I threw off every stitch of clothes I had, except a chamois-leather under waistcoat, hastily crammed this very case you see here into a small breast-pocket, where it stuck very tight, and without saying 'With your leave or by your leave,' plunged headlong into the ocean; for you must know, Green, I am rather a good swimmer I flatter myself, and that was my only chance. I just turned my head once and saw that the yacht had gone down, nothing of her being visible but her masts,—she was schooner rigged, and a regular clipper; so I laid myself down to my work and struck out. How long do you think I was reaching the shore?"

"I really can't think. I never swam anywhere except on corks in the Pentonville baths. If I had stayed at Boulogne long enough perhaps I might have got on; how long were you?"

"Upon my honour and soul you'll hardly believe me when I tell you, but I did it in exactly five-and-thirty minutes and a quarter. When a fellow swims for his life you know he does do it."

"How did you know the exact time?" I inquired.

"Oh! why,—you see—the exact time,—why, the sun always goes down in those latitudes at precisely twenty-five minutes past eight in the evening—in the evening you see—and, and just as I paused for breath within a stone's throw of the beach, I heard the clock strike nine from one of

the churches of a neighbouring Moorish town, Ben-scratchem, I think it was, I passed through it afterwards on my way to Fez. Well, I threw in the odd fifteen seconds for the next half-dozen strokes, and then I was high and dry on the coast of Africa."

Sir Henry stopped for a moment to renew his calculation on the promissory note, but I was too deeply interested in his narrative not to urge him to proceed.

"What did you do next?" I asked.

"Why, I was rather at a loss what to do, but I was soon saved the trouble of thinking, for a party of Barbary corsairs who had seen the Orange-flower through their glasses, and had closely watched my movements, rushed out from behind some rocks and made me a prisoner at once. They were a good deal disappointed at finding me, as they supposed, naked, for the chamois-leather waistcoat stuck to me like my skin, and as it was almost dark they could not perceive any difference. So they hauled me along to make a slave of me, and I was marched up in chains to the governor's palace. I passed the night in a dungeon, about forty or fifty feet under ground, and next morning was brought before the Dey of Algiers, who happened to be travelling with his wife and family along the coast. He was a good deal struck by my appearance, and offered to make me his prime minister, provided I would change my religion, but that of course I refused; so I was led back again to a different prison, and allowed three days to consider of it, at the end of which time, if I still persisted in my refusal, my head was to be struck off. This was rather a ticklish position, but I knew the customs of the country, and that every thing was to be done by bribery, so I sent for the head gaoler, and suspecting him to be a freemason, I gave him the sign, which to my great gratification he answered. A few words in Arabic settled the matter. First of all he got me some decent clothes—a turban, a jacket, and a pair of loose trousers—then he sent me in a very good dinner, with a bottle of the very best port wine I ever drank—from the dey's own portable cellar—they carry their wine in that country, when they travel, on the backs of the camels—and after that I had a cigar, and made myself tolerably comfortable with some cold brandyoarrr!"

"And did he do all this," I asked, "merely because you were a freemason? by Jove, I'll enter a lodge to-morrow."

"I'll introduce you—my lodge here in Paris—'the Star in the East,'—the most respectable in France; I'm a past-grand, so is Louis Philippe. What did you say? Oh, about the gaoler. No, not exactly,—a trifle of money passed between us. I agreed to give him a thousand piastres to supply me with what I wanted and set me at liberty."

"But where did you get the money?"

"You forget the note-case in my chamois-leather waistcoat-pocket. I drew a bill for double the amount on the Bank of England, and he gave me the difference; I was obliged of course to draw at sight, but that made no difference. The next day as I was sitting at my prison window, which looked out upon a beautiful garden, a pebble struck me on the turban. I looked up and saw for the first time that my dungeon was under the governor's drawing-room, and there was a lovely creature peeping through a blind. I afterwards found that she was the dey's youngest daughter, she was called Lilla Fatima, and had the finest black eyes, Green, that

perhaps you ever saw. I was about to call out in admiration, but she put her fingers on her lips and winked with one eye—a peculiar way they have in Barbary of expressing their meaning—and then pointed over her shoulder, as much as to say the old gentleman's in the way just now; after that she closed both hands and opened them again, stretched out her right arm to the east, and picking a blossom off a myrtle pressed it to her pretty lips and threw it down to me. I stooped to pick it up, and when I turned again towards the lattice she had disappeared. All this was plain enough. Lilla Fatima had fallen in love with your humble servant while he stood in the Hall of Lions (as the place was called) to be examined before the dey. When the gaoler came again in the evening with the hot water, sugar, and spoons, I told him he must have a couple of dromedaries ready outside the eastern portal of the dey's garden exactly at half-past eleven that night, and I gave him another note of hand for a thousand piastres. He kept his word, but I must tell you, Green, that the dey's daughter had previously done the same. As soon as it was dark she came down a ladder of ropes from the balcony of the drawing-room, with a casket of jewels in one hand and a small carpet-bag with her night things in the other. You must excuse my repeating the conversation that passed between us—ha, ha—all I need say is, that about eight o'clock the next morning, after travelling all night as fast as the dromedaries could lay legs to the ground, we found ourselves at the gates of Fez. We were married directly by the cadi; a rich Jew cashed me a bill for as much as I wanted to take us to the coast, and we made the best of our way to Sallee, and from that hour to this I can never think of the Dey of Algiers without laughing, or see a bill stamp without blessing the inventor."

"Well," said I, when I had heard this remarkable narrative, "I never should have imagined you had gone through so much. But you haven't said what became of Lilla Fatima."

"Don't ask me," returned Sir Henry, growing suddenly very red in the face, and putting his handkerchief up to his eyes; "hers was a terrible fate—but the subject is too painful for me to dwell upon at the present moment. There, I have written out the note—the exchange is now twenty-five francs eleven centimes—a hundred pounds makes two thousand five hundred and fifty-five francs; add forty-two francs interest, at five per cent, for three months; total, two thousand six hundred and seventeen francs ten sous. Be sure you present the note when it comes due; I never like to have any thing standing over."

I could not but admire Sir Henry's methodical way of doing business, and his confidence in my integrity in placing the security in my hands before he had received the money for it; but I resolved he should not be a loser by it.

As soon as I was dressed, we went out to the Boulevard, and breakfasted at the Café Anglais, and having despatched a very substantial meal, which I tempered with a bottle of Pommard, and Jones with a glass or two of brandy-and-water, which he generously insisted on paying for, we walked over to Laffitte's and got the money. I handed him five notes for five hundred francs, drew a sufficient sum for my own wants, and then we set out for the Tuileries, taking, at Sir Henry's suggestion, the Palais Royal on our way.

Chap. XI.

I had reflected upon the emotion displayed by Sir Henry Jones at the conclusion of his adventurous recital, when I inquired, after the fate of the lovely Mogrebin, and I entertained no doubt that the wounds occasioned by her loss, were yet far from being healed; and this reflection encouraged me to hope that the attentions which he paid to Mademoiselle de Vaudet arose merely from the exuberance of animal spirits with which he was so richly gifted. Indeed, when I called to mind the evident sympathy which Angelique had manifested on seeing me in the cabaret, and contrasted the style of thing that characterised me in comparison with that of those who surrounded her, I felt sufficiently reassured to dread nothing in the way of rivalry.

As there is nothing that predisposes the female heart so much as gallantry, I at once made up my mind as to the course I intended to adopt.

"Sir Henry," said I, as we made our way to the Palais Royal, along the Rue Vivienne, "I have something to say to you in confidence."

"My dear fellow," he replied, "I shall be delighted to hear it. Having been the confidential adviser of two sovereigns—you know whom I allude to—I need hardly say that your communication will be safe; as safe," he added, with solemnity, "as a sacred edifice!"

"This is the fact then," I rejoined; "Angelique de Vaudet loves me to desperation, and," added I, with pardonable duplicity, as I pulled up my shirt collar and struck out my left leg, "I feel rather disposed to encourage her—indeed, I may say that she has won my affections."

"The deuce she has!" cried the baronet; "upon *my* soul, Green, you *are* a knowing one, and no mistake. But I'm not a bit surprised at it: I felt sure when you sat by her at dinner the other day, that it was all up with every body else. I had no thoughts of her myself, though I sometimes drive away the demon of memory by mingling with woman in the festive dance"—here I fancied he dashed away a tear—"this I will say," he resumed, "that if ever two people were formed for each other—damme—upon my soul—ha! ha! ha!—I really do congratulate you."

The frankness and manly sympathy of Sir Henry quite charmed me.

"I have been thinking," I said, "in what way I shall make my declaration. Of course I have had plenty of *affaires du corps* at home, but upon my word this is the first thing of the sort since I came to France."

"Why," replied the baronet, "there is a regular etiquette in making your approaches in this country. The proper mode of managing the matter is through a friend. I'm sure I shall be only too happy to be of service to you."

I was delighted with the kindness of this offer, and returned my acknowledgments.

"What is the first step," I asked, "that you recommend me to take?"

"If I were in your place," replied Sir Henry, "I should make her a handsome present."

"Exactly what I was thinking of," returned I, "what is the kind of present, do you suppose, that she would like?"

"Oh, I fancy if you were to begin with a bracelet, or a ring, or some

such *bijou*, it would have the best effect. I'll find an opportunity of delivering it, for, of course, her mother must know nothing of the affair at present, and you must not be seen personally in the matter. Delicacy, my dear fellow, delicacy is the life and soul of these things."

We had by this time reached the Palais Royal, and after looking round us a little we went into a very glittering *boutique*—not that where I purchased the order of the sign of the Legion of Honour—but one where Sir Henry himself was in the habit of dealing. He introduced me as an "*excellent pratique*," a term of great distinction in Paris, and nothing could exceed the civility of Madame Fayolle, who kept the shop. She admired my taste greatly in the choice I made of a very rich green enamelled bracelet with emerald clasps, and Sir Henry applauded my ingenuity in selecting an ornament whose colours must always recall the giver; I was myself so well pleased with the selection that I hinted to Madame Fayolle the possibility of my coming again to purchase the *corbeau de mariage*, at which announcement she showed her white teeth and laughed in the most good-humoured manner. I paid down my four hundred and thirty francs for the bracelet—a perfect bargain Sir Henry said, as he took charge of it, and we then bent our steps in the direction of the Tuileries.

I observed that Sir Henry seemed absorbed in thought, and I myself felt some slight trepidation as we drew near the palace, at the prospect of being so soon in the august (or, perhaps, I should rather say, considering the period of Louis Philippe's accession to the throne, the July) presence of monarchy, but the recollection of my own wrongs and the personal regard entertained by the king for my distinguished friend, restored me to my accustomed *mauvaise-honte*, and I boldly followed the baronet into the hall of entrance. A tall porter in the livery of his dynasty, saluted us courteously in the French language, and Sir Henry, who by virtue of his position assumed the office of spokesman, replied in a similar dialect. As he spoke with his accustomed rapidity I had some difficulty in following him, and indeed I am rather indebted to his account for the knowledge of what he said than to what I exactly heard. The colloquy was of some length, for it was necessary to explain to this Janissary the purport of our visit, lest it should be construed into an attempt on the king's life; so at least I imagined, and acting under this impression, whenever I heard my name mentioned, which occurred frequently in the course of the conversation, I nodded approvingly to the porter, and shouted in loud and loyal accents, *Qui Vive!* which I must inform my English readers means, "God save the king!"

We did not, however, obtain an immediate audience, and for this reason—the king was not at home.

"Otherwise," said Sir Henry, "we could have walked in at once."

"I shall be obliged," I said, "by your telling me all that took place between you and the royal minion, for the cold I caught yesterday has made me rather deaf this morning."

"Oh, I first of all mentioned my own name—intimate friend of his majesty—the porter, you see, was a stranger—a Swiss, didn't know me; if it had but been any of the other people—however, it was all the same; well, I said I had come to call upon the king, and had brought a particular friend to introduce to him. The Swiss asked me who you were. I replied the celebrated Jolly Green, a distant connexion of the Queen of England, that was when he took off his hat and bowed to you,

and you cried out *Qui Vive*—there's nothing like impressing these fellows with a notion of one's importance, and, in point of fact, there isn't a man in Paris that wouldn't believe an Englishman was any thing he liked to call himself, as long as he seemed to have plenty of money. I then said that besides the pleasure of making the king's acquaintance, you had something to communicate to his majesty of great personal interest—but whether to himself or you of course I left, diplomatically, in the dark. He was curious to find out what it was about, but I fenced that off—never do to show all one's game at first, always keep a trump card in the corner. I told him it was either the Queen of Spain's marriage or the submarine telegraph, I wasn't sure which. He shook his head and looked very cunning, as much as to say he expected so, and then added that he was sorry to say the king and queen and all the royal family had gone out walking, and as they had a good many places to call at, he didn't think they would be in much before dinner, but if we liked we could go in and sit down. Now as I knew you did not care about that, I said we would take our chance another time, and then I gave him our cards, and then you know you gave three cheers, and so we came away."

If I was disappointed in not being immediately presented to his majesty, it was at any rate a pleasure to be able to confirm by my own experience the accounts I had often heard of the simplicity of the royal habits, and this knowledge was increased by an observation incidentally made by Sir Henry.

"I shouldn't wonder in the least if the king were to call on you himself; or perhaps he'll send you an invitation to dinner; or as they are all so social, and the French don't come it strong in the way of dinners, to drink tea and smoke a cigar in the picture-gallery; a place, by the way, that you must make a point of seeing. Are you fond of pictures?"

"Why I am rather given that way," I replied. "There is a friend of mine in London, a celebrated critic, with whom I frequently go to exhibitions and picture sales—you have heard of the great Jawley, I dare say—and if he has not taught me to know an original when I see one, his labour has been in vain."

"Which school do you prefer, the Italian, the Spanish, or the Dutch?"

"All have their merits," I answered, as I endeavoured to recall the brilliant *banalités* of my dogmatic and eloquent friend; "the Italian painters have an *abandon* in their *chiar' oscuro* which mellows up their flesh tints in a way that no other school can imitate: the frigidity of their outline is another remarkable feature, and the harmony of their *impasto* is unique. On the other hand, the great Spanish artists have taught the world that the real beauty of art consists—consists in—a—a—a due appreciation of its—its æsthetical attributes; and that to rouse the soul to its nobler emotions, the pallet must appeal to the hidden influences which germinate unbidden in the spectator's mind. This I take to be the great secret of their success. That of the Dutch school, on the contrary, arises from an utter disregard of minute observances, which only tend to check improvement, and interpose a serious clog to the legitimate advancement of art."

I watched the effect which these words would produce on Sir Henry Jones, and I was gratified to find that I had given him a notion of my

tritical powers of which he had previously conceived but a slight idea. He literally gasped with astonishment; his blue eyes rolled wildly; and it was some moments before he could recover himself sufficiently to resume the subject. When he did so, he said,

"You're rather too much for me in this line, Green; I must take a leaf out of your book the next time I go to the Louvre with my relatives from the provinces. I must get you to come and see my collection at Swindlebury, one of these days, and give me your opinion of it. I've got some things there that will surprise you. What do you think of a 'Sunset,' by Petronius Arbiter, that cost my governor's governor nine thousand guineas! He paid the money down to the pope himself, who sold it, on the great marble table in St. Peter's, and, after all was obliged to smuggle it away in the night, for fear of a popular tumult! There's a 'Holy Family,' too, by Voltaire—he excelled, you know, in such subjects—and a 'Flight into Egypt,' by Della Crusca, that are said to be worth any money. The National Gallery want to get them; but as I don't happen to want money, I'm afraid the Gallery must wait."

I confess that, much as I had listened to the pictorial eloquence of Jawley, I could not tax my memory with any recollection of the distinguished artists of whom Sir Henry spoke; but I made a careful memorandum of their names, and promised myself much pleasure when I should visit the old halls of Swindlebury.

"Whereabouts," I asked, "is your family mansion situated? I have not travelled much in England, but perhaps I may have seen it from the roof of a coach, or passed near it by the rail."

"If you have you can't have forgotten it. Did you ever see a very large white stone building, with an immense portico, and wings, and colonnades, and an enormous quantity of stabling?"

"I think I have," I replied.

"Well," said Sir Henry, "that's it.

"What county did you say?"

"Were you ever in the—the West of England?"

"I was once at Exeter."

"Ah! then you must have seen Swindlebury. It stands in a large park on the right hand side between Exeter and London. It's one of the oldest places in the country. My ancestors, Green, came over with the Conqueror; the head of the family, Rollo, Lord of Jonesse in the Norman Bocage saved William's life at the battle of Hastings, and the king in recompense gave him the manor of Swindlebury, and four-and-twenty knights' fees to maintain it, with free soccage, unlimited jurisdiction, and the privilege of shooting all over the country. He married Sybella, daughter of Peter the Scoundrel, Seigneur de Noiregarde, a baronet, a doctor of laws, a trustee of the British Museum, and a count of the holy Roman empire. Their son, Dolphinus de Jonesse, built the old castle of Swindlebury, now in ruins, which was battered down by Oliver Cromwell, the year of the rebellion of the great barons. In consequence of this untoward event, Dolphinus, who was one of the original witnesses to Magna Charta, retired into private life and devoted himself to the science of astronomy. His lineal descendant, Reginald Fitz-Jones was present at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and obtained permission of Edward the Third to quarter the arms of Jones with those of Smith, a most unusual privilege. Do you understand heraldry?"

I confessed that I was not deeply skilled in the science, though I was very fond of it.

"Ah! in that case, perhaps you'll hardly understand my shield. Wavy of the third, three fesses embattled, counterchanged gobbony, for Jones; twelve mullets, hauriant gules between three sledge hammers, regardant of the second, for Smith. Crest, a dog snarlant, defending a bone proper; motto, 'Let us do as others do,' or as the old Norman-French has it, 'Faictes cil ke ferunt altrui."

"I should like to have a drawing of your coat of arms," I observed.

"I'll do it for you myself," replied Sir Henry. "Ah," pursued he, excited to the subject, no doubt, by the reflections which heraldry naturally inspires,—"there have been some remarkable people in my family. Perhaps there are few names so historical as mine. Not a page in the annals of Britain but is stained with our nomenclature. Wales, also, is deeply indebted to us, for I believe we were the first to people the principality. I have done my best," he added, with a half-suppressed sigh, "to lessen the weight of obligation which is always so irksome to the generous spirit of a free people. Another time, perhaps, I may speak to you more at length on this subject, meanwhile, what are your plans? I suppose you mean to go to the grand review?"

"I had not heard of it," I replied, "but I shall be very glad to go. When and where does it take place?"

"The day after to-morrow, on the Plaine de Grenelle, beyond the Hôtel des Invalides. Five-and-twenty thousand men, a correct representation of the battle of Waterloo—as it was to have been fought. Marshal Soult will ride one of Franconi's horses, by particular desire of Louis Philippe. I was asked to command the English cavalry on the occasion, but I declined. There will be a large party of us from the Rue Louis le Grand, two carriages full. Mademoiselle de Vaudet intends to go on horseback, and I am to be one of her cavaliers, hadn't you better be the other?"

"But where can I get a steady—that is—a horse—one that will stand fire, and not kick."

"Oh! there are plenty to be had in Paris. French horses live on the smell of gunpowder. Regular quadrupeds in the strictest sense of the term. I'll undertake to mount you. My friend Crémieux has got some capital nags. Talking of nags, there's a very interesting ceremony to take place to-morrow in the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, opposite the July column; I should like you to see that."

"What is it?" I asked: "my object in coming abroad was to enlarge my sphere of observation, and whatever tends to encourage the expansive faculty, will always claim my attention."

"This will edify you then," replied Sir Henry; "I need not tell you what a pious nation the French are—you had proof of that yesterday at the Hermitage. The fact is, they never do any thing, no matter what, without asking a blessing upon it. Whether it's to catch herrings, open a railroad, or lay on a main of gas, is all the same to them; out come the priests, down go the people on their knees, splash goes the holy water, Te Deum is chanted, and it's all as right as a trivet. They call it inauguration."

"And what do they propose to inaugurate to-morrow?" I repeated.

"Guess."

"Perhaps it's the Chamber of Deputies."

"Not exactly;—like Macbeth, they stand in need of blessing, but the subject is one of far more importance to the Parisians. What do you think of a new line of omnibuses."

"What! Bless the 'buses! And do they really mean to do this?"

"As sure as you stand there. I had a programme of the ceremony in my pocket—can't find it—only mislaid—show it you by-and-by. Yes! —at half-past ten o'clock to-morrow morning, the Archbishop of Paris, and all his staff, will set out from Nôtre Dame, cross the Pont d'Arcole, pass by the rear of the Hôtel de Ville, and up the Rue St. Antoine to the Place de la Bastille, where he will meet the Duke de Nemours, the Duke de Montpensier, the Minister of the Interior, the Préfet of the Seine, the Ambassador of the Two Sicilies, the leading orators of the two Chambers, and the Forty Members of the Institute. The National Guard of the eighth arrondissement will be drawn up on one side; on their left will be the whole of the corps de ballet of the Academie de Musique, and on their right the faculty of the law, headed by their bâtonnier. The new omnibuses, which are to make the circuit of Paris by the Boulevards, starting every ten minutes, will be ranged directly in front of the National Guard;—as the clock strikes twelve the cannon of the Invalides will fire, the archbishop will deliver a sermon,—cakes and ices will be handed round, and the telegraph on the hotel of the Minister for Foreign Affairs will communicate to distant nations the interesting fact, that the journey round Paris may henceforth be accomplished at the moderate rate of twenty centimes per passenger. This is a fact, upon my life and honour; it's thought the funds will rise tremendously, for, of course, it will be looked upon as an additional guarantee for the preservation of the peace of Europe."

"And does all this depend upon the new line of 'buses? I always thought the French were a remarkable nation; now I'm perfectly satisfied of the fact. Of course, I shall make a point of being there—if you'll go."

"Wouldn't miss it for the world," replied the baronet. "But God bless you, my dear fellow, this is nothing to some of the things I'll undertake to show you. But, *au revoir*, *mon cher*, I have a little business to attend to just now; I shall look in at the usual *soirée* to-night, and then will arrange a good many comfortable little plans."

With these words we separated, Sir Henry to attend a meeting, having I believe the benefit of the unfortunate Jews for its object, and I to seek my chamber, and meditate upon the spacious field of love, ambition, and adventure that was spread out before me.

A GLIMPSE OF THE FRONTIER, AND A GALLOP THROUGH THE CAPE COLONY.

BY CAPTAIN BUTLER, 59TH REGT.

CHAP. II.

Algoa Bay.—Cape Hac.., and Horse-dealers.—Gipsy Equipment.—Utenhaige.—Boor's Establishments.—A Mountain Bridle Path.—The Knysna. —A Village Soirée.—A Small Boor in Search of his *Uncle*.—Ascent of the Gobbelous Rivière.—Interior of a Boor's.—The Congo Caverns.

THE first object that strikes the eye on approaching Algoa Bay or Port Elizabeth is a young pyramid on the heights, erected by an uxurious governor to the memory of his consort. That which first assails the ear is the incessant chatter of the bull-frogs; the streets are deep with sand; every second house is a canteen or pot-house, and the inhabitants are a population of horse-dealers. Every inhabitant of Port Elizabeth has the very best little horse in all Africa, which is perfectly sound and "has gone through the entire Commando" (or Kafir war), but which he has resolved, after a struggle, to sacrifice for a mere trifle, just to oblige the regiment lately landed from old England. The accomplished quadruped generally strikes the stranger towards whom so much kindly feeling is displayed, as being an ugly little brute with a fleece like a goat, as lazy as a donkey, and having a raw a yard across under the saddle; but this is prejudice, it is insisted that handsome is that handsome does, and that the little horse is perfection. Port Elizabeth, though at present consisting only of a few straggling streets, is the sea-port of the frontier, and rapidly increasing in prosperity; it is an open roadstead, the anchorage is far out, and every thing is landed in surf-boats, a tedious operation, when the surf is every second day too high for work.

We here added to our gipsy establishment a bell tent, four more horses, and a soldier servant, and occupied a green spot among the sand-hills along the sea-shore, as well to enable us to enjoy a plunge into the surf in the morning as to be clear of the town, and so far on our road to Utenhaige, our next day's journey. The next morning proved wet, the Thalia, in which the regiment had embarked, sailed, and the rain as the day advanced increasing, we found our tent in a short time insulated by the overflowing of the neighbouring stream; the day was, therefore, spent in overhauling our preparations for the journey, devising plans the most economical as to compactness for adjusting the packs and instructing our novice servant in *knee-haltering* the horses, to do which latter with despatch requires some practice, and though barbarous in appearance, is adapted to the country and the beast. The frontier hack is a hardy little rough and ready devil, with a big carcase and a goose-rump. He is subject to few diseases, except when a pestilence called the horse-sickness rages, and carries universal havoc into the herds. His usual pace is a canter, which he keeps up for two hours, when he requires an *off-saddle*, and being *knee-haltered* he indulges in a roll, which serves him for meat, drink, and clothing. He then, if permitted, takes a mouthful of grass, and being remounted resumes the same pace, his under-jaw all on

one side, bearing against the cheek of the bit. There is a variety, called after the colour (roan or strawberry), the blue and red *schimmels*, whose shapes are superior, and whose character for endurance and courage stands high. The origin of the Cape horse is Spanish *viâ* South America.

Our projected mode of travelling by tent, we were told, was by no means usual. The hospitality of the boors, as in all thinly-peopled countries where no inns are established, being great; we however adopted it as more independent, and of the hospitality as yet we knew nothing—it remained to be tried.

Our first day's journey was one of experiment; a bell tent is an ungainly though not a heavy load for a horse, and to ride one of three horses, lead the others abreast, and carry a gun, requires care at first; on, however, dashed our cavalcade in spite of occasional disasters; our path lay by the *salt pans*, where the salt is racked off the surface of a large overflow. Our approach seemed to cause a sensation among a party along the water's edge, gaily dressed in pink jackets; to our surprise, the pink jackets seemed to expand as we drew near, and the party rose into the air—they were flamingoes. Without any other object of interest but that of an ever-shifting scene, we reached and pitched our tents at the neat little Dutch village of Utenhaige. The village is situated at the edge of a jungle country, in whose recesses is found the *blue-boc*, the most diminutive of antelopes. A water-course runs down each street, and every house has an excellent garden, well irrigated, and supplied with fruit in the tenses past, present, and future. Our journey onwards lay through alternate bush and barrenness, enlivened by one oasis, Van Staaden's Rivière, where, in the prettiest spot imaginable, at the edge of a straggling forest, through which a charming river wound its way, dwelt the widow Newkirk and her pretty daughters. Alas! whatever we felt—we wanted words in Cape Dutch to express, so on went our cavalcade till towards evening, when we encamped at the border of a lagoon or *vley*, where wood and grass and the other requisites for our Scythian mode of travel abounded. On went our saddles with the earliest dawn; we traversed twenty miles of bush, and reached the Gamtoos River, a broad stream where there was a ferry to pass. The scenery about the ferry was picturesque. A grumbling Englishman, who fancied himself the victim of a conspiracy among the surrounding Dutchmen, gave us a very good breakfast at a very neat cottage, and we made preparations to pass the river. The ferry was out of order, so we had to swim our eight horses after a lesser boat. While we were drying our horses, a boor came down to the ferry driving a spring waggon with eight horses in hand; this was the first equipage of the kind we had seen. The boor was journeying to answer the summons of a Hottentot servant for striking him. Whether the verdict was to be "served him right" or not, the summons was to cost the boor a fortnight's loss of time in travelling, as well as a fortnight's loss of his servant's work, while the excursion was one of pleasure to the Hottentot, adapted alike to his indolence and vagabond nature. An hour-and-a-half's canter brought us to Gobbelous Rivière, where we encamped by the river's side. At a neighbouring farmer's we purchased forage, mutton, butter, eggs, peas, potatoes, and bread, and fared sumptuously. We sat for some time with the boor, his frow, and ten children, trying to converse in Cape Dutch; the party were industrious and overflowing with good humour.

Starting at sun-rise, we galloped over dreary and undulating plains covered with a rich variety of flowering-irises, orchises, and lilies of every hue, and after a weary day, during which we saw but two or three farm-houses, remote and desolate looking, we arrived at the Kromme River, and encamped, dining upon the contents of our saddle-bags and picqueting the horses round the tent.

Our follower, who had been ever since we started becoming more perplexed by the precariousness of our supplies, and the doubts that had sore troubled and sat upon his mind like a nightmare, becoming at length intolerable, here relieved himself as he sat before the tent with his pipe firmly inserted between his jaws, by demanding permission to speak and inquire whether we had ascertained if "rations were always to be had in travelling through these mountaineous districts?" We reassured him, and his heart and countenance were lightened.

The rain was heavy during the night; our road next day lay for some distance along the bed of the river, which we crossed and recrossed several times during the morning, the water being half-way over the saddle-skirts. The road was also very slippery, an inconvenience which renders travelling in South Africa almost impracticable during or after rains. In cantering along where the banks of the river were clad in bush, we put up several pheasants, and finally encamped at Jager's Bush, near the abode of Field-Cornet Meeden's. A field-cornet is an officer holding a certain rank in the burgher force, assembled according to the conditions of the tenure of land, for a *commando* or expedition against Kafirs or other enemies, each farm being bound to furnish a certain number of mounted and armed men: he also assists in expediting the relays of horses for the mail, and other trifling magisterial functions. The mail is carried on horseback in seven days between Cape Town and Graham's Town, except when horse-sickness rages. The field-cornet's was a comfortable farm-house, the jolly countenance of his good-humoured frow was rippled by more than one simper as she pocketed the *gelt* for our supplies—only three shillings for two fine fowls, bread, butter, lemons, *beltong* or dried beef, with eggs and forage. The nomade life is one that increases in attractions; the fire was burning briskly before the tent-door, the night was fine, the bull-frogs noisy, the river gurgling close by, the fire-flies flashing among the bushes, the wild fowl clamorous, and the call of the blue-crane heard at intervals high over head.

Our tent was struck early the next day, and we journeyed to Waggon-boom Rivière, encamping in the neighbourhood of several farms. In the morning we underwent a misfortune common to all travelling after the manner of the country, with horses; three were missing, having followed the herds of the boors to their pastures, and half the morning was spent in searching for and recovering the truants. At length we saddled up, and after a long day's ride, during which we stopped at a worthy boor's at their hour of dinner, and were immediately, after the hospitable custom of the country, included in the party, and passing over a dreary tract of hill and plain, we came upon another farm, where a prize-ox-looking figure asked us the usual number of questions as to the names of ourselves, our wives, our children, and our business, which we having answered satisfactorily, he recommended us to stop at the next farm, about an hour-and-a-half on, where his sister lived. As we gazed upon his huge proportions, we became curious to see whether a sister could equal

in obesity this prodigious male. On we cantered, and at length reached the Field-Commandant Rodermeyer, a boor, combining in his person the various functions of commandant of burghers, horse-breeder and dealer, farmer, waggon-maker, and blacksmith. Neither did his excellent *frow* disappoint our expectations as to girth, she was quite the female of the male of the last farm—a kind-hearted soul withal. After concluding with us a negotiation for our supplies, she added, as a present, a bottle of very palatable wine and a dish of strawberries. There is a heavy fine for selling wines and spirits without a licence, and licensed houses along the road are few. This we had learned from thirsty experience; the above bottle of Cape wine was the first fluid to dilute the running stream that we had had since Utenhaige's very small supply had failed: a state of destitution by no means desirable during a long course of daily galloping under a burning sun. The country we had been traversing since crossing the Kromme River is called the Long Kloof, it is famous for breeding horses, English sires having been introduced by a former governor at Cape Town, and the improvement of the breed much encouraged. The field-commandant is distinguished among breeders, and also said to have distinguished himself in the Kafir war. Now as every fellow that we encountered upon the frontier with an ostrich feather in his head and a pair of dirty crackers or brown leather trousers on his other end was pointed out as one who had distinguished himself in the Kafir war, where the entire amount of distinction achieved was small, the laudatory phrase, like that of "the little horse that had gone through the entire commando," had acquired a certain degree of ridicule in our ears. However, the commandant had done more than bag a runaway Kafir; he had been surrounded in the Fish River Bush with his burghers by the Kafirs, who attempted to rush in by surprise and overpower him; the commandant fought his party steadily and well, and repulsed the savages with slaughter. The excellent boor's young horses were at another farm, which was too distant for us to visit. Leaving the commandant's "*field*," we galloped on the next morning to Mynheer Sondac's, at Wolf's Kraal, which worthy boor and his worthier frow having entertained us hospitably at their early dinner, and filled our saddle-bags with eatables, for which they positively refused to accept payment, gave us further ample directions about our further route, with an earnest kindness which of itself was equivalent to the twopence at parting of the good Samaritan, and laid us upon our right track.

The hospitality of this worthy couple was the more remarkable, as their house lay upon the high road, where they must have been pestered with travellers, but such is the system of the country, a traveller rides up to a boor's house, asks permission to *off-saddle*, and is received with a hearty welcome; a chair is placed for him at each meal, and in the morning the only thing for which remuneration is accepted is the forage. The boors live in rude abundance, but the want of markets for their produce renders prices extremely low, and the houses exhibit nothing of luxury in their construction or furniture, nor even of common comfort.

We here struck off the high road to Cape Town, and following Mynheer Sondac's directions, up a bridle path, along which we with difficulty guided our horses, the path being ingeniously lead over the highest craigs and down the roughest steeps, and having thus journeyed for two hours, we pitched our tent near a miserable hovel in a wild

mountain spot. The owner of the hovel, a hungry-looking boor, of whom we heard afterwards that he had once eaten an entire sheep in four-and-twenty hours, very civilly accompanied us upon an unsuccessful shooting excursion among the hills, and we returned through a drizzling rain with a prodigious appetite, to appease which we found that Mrs. Sondac, among minor delicacies, had provided a delicious piece of corned mutton, as a *pièce de resistance.* The boor's frow was troubled with some ailment for which she desired our advice; in vain we disclaimed any knowledge of medicine—she persisted—her details were ample, volubly and earnestly given in Cape Dutch; fortunately for all parties, we could only comprehend a word here and there, and at length, getting rid of her importunity, we fell off upon our carrosses into a slumber which fatigue only can earn.

The morning sun rose brilliantly over the peaks of the hills, whither we made our way with yet more difficulty than the previous evening; the scene was gloriously wild, the narrowness of the path—on one side the mountain, on the other a precipice, which, as our soldier servant observed, with a grin, would have made an Irish goat cross himself to look down upon, obliged us to tie the horses one after the other by the tails, and thus we scrambled on, till descending into a beautiful little *kloof,* down which coursed a rivulet, making its way through the rich verdure, and dividing the trees and flowering shrubs, we felt ourselves irresistibly tempted to linger there, and a brace of pheasants having got up before us, and the quacking of a wild duck having been heard from along the stream, we yielded, off-saddled, and pitched our tent. We did wrong, the afternoon sun beat down violently into the little valley as if its rays had been concentrated as through a burning-glass—to shoot was out of the question; we lay gasping under the bushes till the sun had disappeared behind the hills. At night the valley glittered with fire-flies, and cicadas and bull-frogs raised their tuneful voices in emulation. Pressing on next morning over a succession of ridges and rugged hills, we gained the mountain side, surmounting whose highest peaks we spied the distant sea, and hurrying over hills and valleys into the flat country below, we came upon the herds, and finally the farm of a family of boors, and rested during the mid-day heat. The only traces of the handywork of man that we had seen since leaving the hungry boors had been the track that we followed, and a wolf-trap set in a secluded spot along a stream. The farm at which we halted was, according to the occupant's account, his sour grass farm; the cattle require a change of pasturage, and the boors migrate from sweet grass to sour, and back again, according to the seasons. Never was rude abundance more abundant than at these farmers' mid-day meal, the table groaned under a pyramid of mutton stewed in sheep-tail fat. A long evening's ride brought us to the Knysna, the loveliest spot we had yet seen in South Africa, and we pitched our tents on the lawn of the proprietor, an Englishman, who received us under the shade of his fig-tree.

Reputed, perhaps only on account of a peculiarity of name, and a strong personal resemblance to the present king, to be an indiscretion of George the Third's, our host had come early to the colony and obtained a grant of the neighbouring farms, retaining them during the Dutch interregnum. And here having established himself and patriarchically begetting a host of children, each bearing a resemblance provokingly

strong to the copper coinage of the ruling dynasty, he dispenses the rights of hospitality, living in a style of comfort and comparative luxury rarely encountered in the rural parts of the colony. Shut out from all thoroughfare by the badness of the roads, the Knysna nevertheless attracts many a traveller by its merited reputation for the picturesque. The river, emerging from the Zitskamma forest, after spreading out into a large lake, empties itself into the sea, through a narrow passage between the cliffs. It had been in the contemplation of the colonial authorities, and why abandoned it is not easily perceived, to have established a considerable port here; a rude lighthouse had been built and a dockyard commenced. It was said that the proprietor's love of seclusion had thrown obstacles in the way, but the unfinished walls are all that remain to testify to the intentions of the government. The forest employs numerous woodcutters, and in its recesses are still found a few elephants and buffaloes, the remnant of the herds among which the achievements of the lively Le Vaillant are recorded by his fantastic pen. Heavy rains detained us at this spot for three days, but not unpleasantly, the young ladies played chess and talked bewitchingly, and at intervals when the rain in mercy ceased, rode out and showed us the country, swimming their horses across swamp, stream, and overflow, leading us through their gardens, rich in tropical fruits and flowers, native as well as exotic, and displaying collections of birds and shells, the natives of local forest and sea-shore. Of the birds the most remarkable, one for his emerald plumage, the other for his services, were the golden cuckoo and the honey-guide, also a cuckoo; the first is decoyed by imitating the very beautiful whistle of the male, who comes down to combat his fancied rival and dies for his gallantry. The most beautiful of the shells is the paper nautilus, which is found all along the coast but rarely perfect, the shell is so very fragile, and the wild surf of an African coast is but a rough landing-place for so frail a specimen of Nature's ship-building.

Reluctantly leaving these scenes worthy of the happy valley, we got ready our travelling equipage and after an hour's ride crossed the ford of the Knysna and turned our horses' heads towards the opposite side of the bay, where an officer of one of his majesty's regiments having been lured by the attractions of a fair daughter of the land rejoicing in the maiden sobriquet of the Knysna Lily, had won and worn the flower, turned his sword into a ploughshare, and set up his staff to convert the wilderness into his dwelling with that fair spirit for his minister—and verily she was an excuse for a lieutenant's dream of love. Here we pitched our tents, and it being yet early in the day we took a boat and guns and rowed up the river for about ten miles with our host, where the current, in consequence of the rains, having become too strong, we were forced to return; the banks were clothed with magnificent yellow-wood trees, their giant stems and boughs covered with hoary moss, while the wild vine flung its bright green mantle of foliage over their summits, and dropped its twining cordage to their feet. The river wound through the forest presenting at every bend a splendid scene of wood, water, and cliff. The eagles screamed as they soared above us, and the wild fowl passed and repassed over our heads. Lower down the stream we passed a slip where our late host had built a vessel of a hundred and sixty tons' burden, to carry timber, chiefly stinkwood, used in the colony as a substitute for mahogany, and so called on account of its fragrance. Down the stream

and along the banks of the lake we saw an endless variety of herons and white egrets wading and fishing.

On our return we scarcely recognised the interior of our tent, so carefully had our kind host ministered to our comforts by providing us with the unaccustomed luxury of beds and furniture; for my own part this was the first bed I had seen since I had left the troop-ship, and her berths were not very eminent considered as beds. Nor were our other creature comforts less carefully attended to, nor did they present a less striking contrast to the cuisine of the *bush*, or the rude interior of the unsophisticated boor. The board was spread with the *in solita gaudia* of Bordeaux and savoury viands such as the heart loveth, and when we sought the repose of the pillow, sleep came upon us like the balmy slumbers of a good man after a virtuous action.

After breakfast next morning, and watching for some time the motions of a flock of snow-white pelicans that were fishing in the river's channel, we sallied forth on horseback with our host to ride over his farm and shoot, fish, and wander in search of the picturesque till evening. Our host's property was bounded by the sea on one side, by the bay and river on the other; the high lands were covered with heaths and aromatic shrubs, among which lay numerous *greisbocs*, an antelope of the size of a roe deer and of nearly similar habits. The fishing off the rocks was admirable; and from among the clumps of bush and jungle the bush boc would spring up, bounding into the next thicket unless brought down by our shot. The bush boc is a very beautiful animal of a dark brown with a few white spots; his horns are slightly spiral, thick, and sharp, and with these he makes a gallant defence when wounded, frequently killing and maiming the dogs. *Pous*, a species of large bustard, with pheasants and quails, seemed to be sufficiently numerous, and the wild fowl of the river innumerable. In crossing the brow of a hill we found a withered tree whose naked boughs were occupied by about a dozen huge vultures; upon examination we found that they were gloating over the carcase of an ox that had been two days dead, but which was yet untouched by them except as to its eyes; like lovers of venison, they were waiting till the carcase should attain the proper height of flavour. It is not often that the vulture is such an epicure in this part of the world; a fallen bullock seldom lasts for twenty minutes before the attack of these ravenous birds.

Among these agreeable pursuits two days passed quickly over, and on the third our host rode with us for the early part of our day's journey. Burrowing animals are numerous throughout South Africa, but here the earth seemed honeycombed; at every second step our horses were up to their knees, often deeper. We crossed the Doukamma River, along whose banks the forest scene was magnificent. The wild vine with its tangled cordage called *Bavians tow*, or monkey rope, giving a peculiar character to the huge stems. We passed or waded through the Rughda Vley, under the guidance of a Hottentot, who was sent down to our aid from a neighbouring farm, and who preceded us, probing for the very uncertain fordable course. We also crossed the Zwart River, with its precipitous banks, stopping for the night near a farmhouse, and next day journeying through Trakadeton's and Kayman's River, passing the latter where the baboons were watching us along the cliffs, and reaching the summit of the latter, we looked back and saw the black stream of the river winding through its rugged bed down into the ocean, among whose

bright green waters she mingled herself, preserving her sombre colour to a considerable distance. *Non meus hio sermo*—I do not vouch for it, but it is said that when waggons are journeying through the adjoining Zitskamma forest, the drivers keep up a constant cracking of their whips to frighten away the elephants, who have been known in a caprice to attack the waggons and break them to pieces.

Passing through Pompoen's kraal, a spot celebrated by Le Valiant, we reached George, a pretty village, where every inhabitant, to show his loyalty, had a flag-staff planted before his door. We put up at a worthy magistrate's, whose desire to oblige us could only be equalled by his anxiety to procure certain municipal regulations for the better government of the good town of George, and if he has been as successful in the last as in the first, I dare take my affidavit that George is by this time for the size of it, as well regulated a town as any in her majesty's dominions. The magistrate was evidently pleased with the employment of showing us the lions, and exhibiting us as lions to his acquaintance, and a pretty pair of lions we were by this time; our clothes, originally seedy had left many a fragment in the thorns as we brushed through them, nor had we been sparing of needle, thread, and patches. Our worthy follower had studied the tailoring art under the sail-maker of the troop-ship; his patches were cut accordingly, and he repaired at each halt with much diligence. Neither with the respectable exception of a pair of shoes, with which I shod myself, were we enabled to better ourselves here, ragged we entered George and ragged we went out of it; nevertheless, in this plight did our host insist upon conducting us to a conversazione, where a young lady of much fascination played on the pianoforte and warbled the company into ecstacies. The young men of wit and fashion of George hung over her enamoured. The postmaster, a functionary who united in his person many discordant occupations, and who might have been even barber and surgeon—at least his name had a Spanish barber sound, and Captain Van Bum, who had distinguished himself during the Kafir war, by building a mud fort, in virtue whereof he wore in private life the title of captain, and a pair of indiscriminate coloured moustaches over a mouth of prodigious dimensions, were the leading *dramatis personæ*, and were in the seventh heaven of love and music. The old people talked local politics, and drank brandy-and-water, and we having joined heartily in the plaudits, the politics, and the punch, retired with the magistrate to the arms of Morpheus.

The next morning a young man-child boor made his appearance, and harangued the magistrate at some length upon a subject, in which, by his gestures, we were evidently implicated. Being interpreted, his complaint was, that his two uncles, meaning us, had passed through his turnpike the day before, and he had followed them for the money; the relationship having been explained as idiomatic, we paid our nephew two-pence farthing for the invisible turnpike, for which he had ridden fifteen miles and was to ride it back.

And now filling our saddle-bags with coffee and other necessaries at the *winkel* of the insinuating postmaster, we took leave of our hosts, and turning our backs upon Cape Town we began to ascend the rugged pass of Cradock's Kloof; we soon found ourselves enveloped in a thick mist, which made the difficulties of the road appear still greater. A precipice on each side, we appeared to be suspended in mid-air on the narrow causeway which worked its way up the pass in a zigzag, and we could scarcely

imagine how it was possible that waggons with their long spans of oxen could ever accomplish the ascent—yet this is the high-road to the frontier. We stopped for the night at Camphar's, where our projected road turned off. The shrill speaking frow sitting behind her coffee-table, after the custom of the country, sold us what we wanted for our tent establishment. Her countenance and her temper seemed equally flushed with the *rose,* a species of erysipelas which prevails at the Cape; it might have been our want of familiarity with the amenities of Cape Dutch, but every sentence that she uttered seemed to be a shriek of abuse, and it may have been only manner, but her gestures in handing us our purchases were next thing to flinging them at our heads. The next morning, striking off the high-road, through Plessis Poort, a break-neck path, we reached Gideon de Yagers. One of my companion's horses having been knocked up on the road, exhibited *so* woeful a countenance, more countenance, indeed, than I ever thought the features of a horse were capable of expressing, with his teeth closed upon a whisp of tough heath, to enable him to grin and bear it; nevertheless, the forage here enabled him to revive and travel well the next day. A rivulet works wonders in the brown desert, it irrigates the corn land of the remote abode; it is conducted through the fruit garden in numerous water-courses; it is led out to leap over the ricketty water-wheel of a small flour mill; it expands into a pool to wash the sheep; it sinks into the thirsty earth to reappear again twenty miles off, and cause another boor's place to flourish in the midst of a wilderness.

In the course of the next day we passed the Oliphant's Rivière and *off-saddled* at a cluster of farm houses, where there was a plantation of bamboos for waggon whip handles, and abundance of orange trees. Resuming our journey, the path lay up a *poort,* or rough valley, between high cliffs, down which ran furiously the Gobbelous River, swollen by rains, and this we had to cross twenty-three times in the course of the day, with much peril to ourselves and horses, who were frequently off their legs, the current being rapid. The scene was highly characteristic of the country; a large party of baboons, led on by an old satyr-faced rascal, with a gray beard, kept pace with us above the rocks, evidently enjoying our peril as we floundered through the water—a led horse was more than once carried away and with difficulty recovered; we, however, finally arrived safe at some farm houses in the neighbourhood of the Congo caverns, where we pitched our tent and proceeded to overhaul our saddle-bags, and create order out of the disorder of sugar, coffee, shirts, and stockings all thoroughly drenched together.

The next morning being wet, we notwithstanding rode to the Veld Cornet's, who had the care of the caverns and the perquisite of ten rix dollars from each party of visiters. The distance seemed only to increase as we got over the ground; three hours' good riding, however, brought us to his door. We found the interior such as became a wealthy Dutch boor. At one end of the room sat the corpulent frow issuing orders and pouring out coffee; at a table apart the phlegmatic boor himself, at his breakfast, a little black girl, in full undress, flapping away the flies with a plume of ostrich feathers; at another were his hulking sons and a schoolmaster, eating away, the young frow handing about the coffee, bread and butter, and parings of *beltong,* and several Hottentot servants were rolling up tobacco and otherwise occupied; long roërs (*rifles*), twisted powder-horns, and old portraits of Alexander the Great and Blucher were hung

around the walls, and leather sacks of grain and uncouth saddles were heaped in a corner. Having breakfasted and explained our errand, the sons saddled up and accompanied us to the grottoes with a bundle of candles; on our way we stopped at several houses, our companions having numerous acquaintances among the young frows, to flirt with after their ungainly fashion. Cape Dutch is not the language for love. The houses were some of them very Dutch, even to the quaint old gates outside, and their Teniers' interiors. We found the entrance to the grottoes on the side of a rough hill, overgrown with *bush* and Palma Christi; our horses were nearly done up, and with difficulty clambered among the rocks. Leaving them at the entrance and descending by a ladder out of the outer chamber, we found ourselves in the middle of arcades and columns, and baths wrought by the fantastic hand of nature, out of stalactite and stalagmite, in the usual grotesque Gothic style of limestone caverns. We explored the subterraneous labyrinth till our candles were nearly consumed; in one branch the bats were so numerous, especially in one recess, as to put out several of our lights. Emerging into daylight, we took leave of our guides, and rejoined the encampment. Entering the nearest farm-house a frow offered us some delicious looking rolls, "Thank you," we replied in Dutch with the utmost alacrity—the rolls were immediately withdrawn; thank you in this country means no: a decided negative.

Chap. III.

Cicados and Beetles—Attagua's Kloof—Hunting the Zebra—A she Bosjesman or Hottentot Venus—A Plague of Flies—Passing the Rivers—Chorus of Bull Frogs—A Mountain Pass—Missionary Station—A Forte Piano—Moravians—Fransche Hoek Pass—A tough Turkey—Stellenbosch—Approaching End of the Horses, of the Journey, and Arrival at Cape Town.

Nothing remained to detain us in the neighbourhood of the caverns; our next object was to hunt the *wilde-paard*, or zebra, a chase for which our horses were becoming daily and rapidly more disqualified. Our tent was struck, and we descended the Gobbelous, whose waters had not yet subsided. We turned off our former road near the bamboo plantation, and turning our heads towards Attaqua's Kloof, pitched our tents for the first night upon the banks of a fair stream—the Wynand's River.

The next day we crossed the Oliphant's and Suffraan rivers, through a dry and sterile country covered with locusts and grasshoppers, whose shrill notes were excruciating. The face of the country seemed to be abandoned to the insect tribes, which were running riot upon its surface; beetles with horny elbows, and all manner of cicadas would dash in blasts against us as we cantered along; the sound was as if innumerable tea urns were hissing unseen, and hecatombs of beef-steaks were frying upon countless invisible frying-pans. Meeting with but one or two houses during two dreary days' ride, we were reeling in our saddles under a scorching sun, when a portly boor on a portly horse hove in sight, and having checkmated us by drawing his horse across the road, saluted us with the usual question of—"*Who's Mynheer's nom?*" and having satisfied him upon this point and a dozen others of equal importance, he demanded next where we were going. I told him we were seeking the place of one Robenheimer, but that the harder we rode the further off it appeared.

"*Ich am Robenheimer*," exclaimed he, pointing his two forefingers inwards upon his burly person; and now having presented to him a note from the magistrate at George, he at once began to act the part of host, and turned back with us to his house, beside which we pitched our tent.

The mode of living and establishment of a patriarchal boor deserves to be described. Robenheimer's dwelling is a large straggling farm-house, situated on the high-road, and, like a certain Trojan, whose hospitality is lauded by Homer, "παντες γαρ φιλεεσκε ὑπειοροδον ωικια ναιων," his ample hospitality is for the same reason as amply claimed; his farm is what is termed a full place, or about 8000 acres; of this only a very small portion is under cultivation in front of his house, where a rivulet is led out to irrigate his field of wheat, his oats, his vineyard, and his garden. The remainder is a *karroo* or desert, covered with aromatic shrubs, euphorbias, and such plants as delight in an arid soil, but also producing grasses, invisible to a stranger's eye, but sufficient to furnish grazing for his cattle, horses, and fat-tailed sheep. Several sons and their families are stationed within the circuit of a few miles, upon similar farms, each with its little corner of cultivation and garden, and wide tract of *karroo;* the great ambition of a boor being to have all his sons settled upon full places, but these are readily distinguished from the paternal abode by the small extent of the buildings. Besides these sons already provided for with full farms, several with families are living in the same range of buildings with himself, carrying on the trade of waggon-making—a profitable business—and these have their forges and workshops, and several waggons finished and unfinished grouped about. Apart from the house are the *kraals*, for the cattle and horses, fenced in with thorn bushes and palings, and the circular threshing floor, surrounded by a paling, in which the horses are driven round and round to trample out the grain. The host being himself a widower, the usual grand coffee establishment did not exist, and a strapping daughter seemed to preside over his domestic affairs without exercising the despotism of a frow. Never were women kept in better order than in his and his sons' houses; they seemed to perform the functions of making and nursing children and waiting on the men, without ever dreaming of sitting down to table or putting in a word. The old boor was frank and jovial—a fine type of his race—speaking a little English, and we, by this time, a few words of Dutch, there was no lack of conversation. He talked with great pride of Sir Lowry Cole's having paid him a visit for two days when governor; discussed Dr. Phillip and philanthropy, and complained of the ruinous tendency of the slave-laws, but all in excellent temper. While we were chatting away the time till dinner or supper a Hottentot herd brought in some ostriches' eggs, one of them was converted into an omelet; we thought it admirable, washed down by some very palatable wine made from the adjoining vineyard.

The next day was to be devoted to the chase; our travelled horses were at once rejected—besides their want of condition, they were shod; it was pronounced that no horse with shoes could keep his footing among the *wildepaard* mountains. However, old Robenheimer having taken us into his kraal selected for us two active-looking hacks, which he assured us would show us the game. Their legs showed many an honourable scar; mine was a raw-boned black very like a dromedary in his appearance and action, my companion's a small but compact white with red eyes. Three Patagonian sons accompanied us on strong small horses. The old

boor regretted much that the best hunter of his family had just left for Cape Town, with a pair of zebras which he had lassoed and succeeded in breaking. We beat through a tract of *karroo* towards a wilderness of barren mountains that separates this part of the country from the sea-coast, the inaccessible tops of which, they told us, were the place of refuge, when pursued, of several large herds of these beautiful animals. At length the cheering signal was passed along the line, "*Thoar lope the wilde;*" the game had been spied by a boor's keen eye—we could barely distinguish it with a glass, but there they were—four zebras and a foal, trotting quietly along a distant ridge, and turning warily on its brow to stand still and watch our movements. The boors glanced their eyes over the country and chose their line; I was listening to some directions as to mine when off went the herd. My rawboned dromedary evidently understood his work, his eye was upon the herd—his ears were pricked—I gave him his head, and off he went too. His first course was by no means straight at the herd; gaining the top of a rugged hill, we dashed down a long slope and headlong into a ravine beyond; the ground was rocky, broken, and interspersed with aloes and strong bush; I had long lost sight of the game, and left the affair to my well-trained horse, who, dodging in and out through the bush, and turning sharp round the rocks, still kept at the top of his speed. I did my best to sit close, but this is no easy matter with the incumbrance of a double-barrelled gun to a beginner; at one moment my thigh was bruised by a projecting rock; at another my shoulder came against the spines of an aloe; but on I went with a turn of the mane round the hand that held my gun. Emerging from the ravine I caught sight of the herd again, my horse had cut them short, but they were still distant, and making over the crest of a hill, where they disappeared. Again my horse *ran cunning*, turned sharply off, and gained the crest considerably ahead of where the herd had vanished; an unfathomable sea of brushwood seemed to lie beneath; but the veteran zebra-hunter knew the game tracks well, laid back his ears, and plunged down into the bush; the jungle closed over me, and I was sensible of nothing but being banged and switched over the head, and ears, and thighs, for five minutes, and only indebted to my hold upon the mane for not being torn out of the saddle. A pungent smell of rosemary, wormwood, turpentine, and aromatic gums, filled my nostrils from the crushed brushwood, and I felt choked by the dust and farina from their blossoms, however, we at length emerged from the bush, and my horse for an instant pulled up; there was a clatter along the opposite hill—the zebras were visible through the thorns for a while, but they had gained their path to the mountains—we were beaten. My horse made a snort of impatience at his failure in intercepting them, then turned sharply aside and trotted off for fifty yards through the straggling thicket, his whinnying was quickly answered from a neighbouring glade, and we came upon a white horse standing blown, with his saddle empty, and a few paces further I perceived my companion, equally blown, with his arms round the neck of the little zebra foal, which he had succeeded in riding away from the herd, and, after a hard gallop, had brought to a standstill. The boors, who now came up, declared him to be too young to take home, and the little beauty, after satisfying our admiration, was let loose. However, his fate was sealed; the dogs got upon his trail and worried him; he was therefore killed, and his skin became my companion's spoil. After a sufficient rest, we beat up the kloofs for koodoo—one of the largest and the state-

liest of the antelope kind;—we had, however, no success, the bashful koodoo declined to leave his lair in the thicket. Next day we had a sharp burst after a troop of ostriches: they gave us a headlong gallop, and the enjoyment of finding ourselves engaged in so novel a chase; but we had not learned how to cut off the game, and the chances that our horses gave us, we were not quick enough in making the most of by sufficient activity in dismounting and firing. We returned plumeless and trophyless.

In the evening our host brought up for our inspection a she-Bosjesman wearing a more prodigious apparatus for a sedentary life than we could have imagined it possible for a woman to carry. Having waddled to our tent, the extraordinary being without hesitation peeled off her scanty garment, to enable me to take a sketch of her fair proportions, muttering all the time, "G—d d——n boor," which appeared to be all the English of which she was capable. The accumulation of fat was entirely confined to the portion of her person between the hips and the upper part of the knee, and on the arms from the tip of the shoulder to the elbow. The lower legs and arms were otherwise delicately formed. There was an oily semi-transparency—a "*vultus nimium lubricus aspici*"—about the creature's phenomena which was any thing but pleasant for the eye to rest upon, and my notes being finished, we gladly purchased her rapid exit for a rix-dollar.

Leaving honest old Robenheimer, with a good supply of his wine in our saddle-bags, which being an article that he sold we were enabled to purchase, we rode through the karroo to Mynheer Zwnenpoel's, for whom we had also a letter from our friend the magistrate. We found that the farm was situated up a winding *poort*, down which rolled a stream; leaving our tent at the entrance of the valley, by the water's edge, we rode up the *poort* till we discovered the house picturesquely situated about a mile off. Zwnenpoel was absent, and the frow, though voluble, was impracticable in our bad Dutch, and spoke not a word of English. Her language was vehement, but the only part of it that was intelligible was an inquiry as to how many Kafirs we had shot on the frontier, and the assertion of her readiness to assist in rending as many of the race as she could lay hold of limb from limb. Our servant's ingenuity was afterwards more successful; he tried to make her understand by speaking bad English, after the custom of his country, and, at any rate, brought us back milk and fruit. This house seemed to be beset by a plague of flies. The cattle kraals are generally close to the dwelling-houses, and the swarms that are engendered in the floors of these, where the manure is daily accumulating, are prodigious; fly flappers are a constant article of domestic furniture.

Through the live-long night the frogs kept up an incessant concert; a silence of half a minute would sometimes occur—a single note would then be croaked out from beside us, answered by a treble from the other side—a more distant strain would then commence, and the whole streamful of vocalists would execute a chorus of an hour's duration.

Journeying hence, we travelled a weary route through the same thirsty *karroos* enlivened only by the occasional appearance of a few ostriches and bocs, the former, with their long strides, out of sight almost as soon as spied; and our horses, incapable of more than the travelling canter. We forded the Oliphant's River—a broad stream near whose banks I almost rode over the largest yellow snake I had yet seen, a species said to be very

venomous; he appeared to be about eight feet long, and threaded his way through the bush when disturbed at a swift pace.

At the passage of the Tau River, which, from the appearance of its banks, seemed to be subject to violent floods, our faithful follower, who liked occasionally to exhibit to us his superior sagacity, instead of following our steps, turned aside by some short cut, and was crossing a sand-bank, deceptively smooth, when, all at once, he and his three horses got into a quicksand. One of the latter, he of the countenance, disappeared altogether for a few seconds, and how the man and his horses floundered out, encumbered as he was with tent-poles, and his horses with packs, I know not; however he did emerge with his genius for original discovery very much rebuked, and as he met with more laughter than sympathy from his masters, wishing himself "back again in Ould Ireland," or "with his rigiment," or, that he "had known all before he started:" however, he recovered his good humour, though not his tongue for some days.

From Zwnenpoel's to a farm under the Zwartberg, we encountered no human being; it was a perfect wilderness; and the farm with its vineyard—which gave promise of *vin de pays* to slake our thirst withal—rejoiced our hearts, as we spied it yet in the obscure distance; nor were we disappointed; the best bread, the best butter, the most delicious salad, the tenderest fowls, and the finest forage, regaled our weary selves and horses, and five bottles of *vin ordinaire*, cooled in a stream whose sources were glittering down the sides of the opposite craggy mountain, washed down the sand-banks that had been accumulating in our throats.

Starting next morning with supplies for the journey, for which and the hestern delicacies a mere trifle was demanded, we skirted the foot of the rugged barrier of hills which separates this country from the plains of Swellendam and the sea, till we espied the pass by which the barrier was to be surmounted; and here, taking an abandoned road by mistake, and which at a distance appeared to be the best; we soon found ourselves entangled so that we could scarcely advance or recede; repeated torrents having come down from the mountain-tops, and taken the direction of the road, had hollowed it out into water-courses, and divided it with chasms from which we extricated ourselves with a fatigue to our horses from which they never altogether recovered. We, however, at length surmounted the pass, and towards dusk encamped at a wild-looking farm half-way down the other side.

Descending next morning into the plains, and passing several streams and farm-houses—our object being to reach Zurbrak; after taking a path along the foot of the hills, we joined the high-road, and along the weary way were assured by several travellers that "it was not so far" —"*Ne, mynheer, tis neet se fear ne*"—a measure of distance something between a hundred yards and a hundred miles; and having got far ahead of my party towards evening, and no living thing being in sight but a solitary secretary-bird, who was chasing lizards through the sour-grass, I *off-saddled* near a lagoon, and, having waited till near sunset, was on the point of saddling-up and riding back when figures were perceived in the horizon, and the party approached, one being on foot, and three horses out of the five knocked up. My companion was not the man to take trifles to heart; we slept on the spot, having still enough in our saddle-bags to make a tolerable repast.

After a long ride next morning, still tantalised at each farm-house by the eternal "*Tis neet se fear ne,*" we reached the missionary station of

Zurbrak, where we pitched our tent near the good missionary, who gave us a breakfast, for which we were well prepared, and also a good deal of information about the interior, where he had resided at various outposts of Christianity.

We found here a great deal both in performance and in preparation of the lazy industry practised at the *schools*, and the next day, being Sunday, met large parties of well-dressed Hottentots on their way to church. The country along the foot of the mountains being well watered, farms were numerous. Stopping for a while at an apoplectic boor's, who had a talkative son-in-law who had seen the world, and enlightened us much upon the subject of sheep-farming, we, late in the evening, reached Swellendam, and having passed by all the best outspanning places in looking for a better, we at last stopped at the worst; and, having gone into the town to purchase some dinner, we found that in consequence of its being Sunday we could get nothing, and returned in angry famine to our tents. Our follower returned later with a supply of forage; he seemed disturbed by some unusual gaiety, which expressed itself by a disjointed chuckling, and a series of interjectional fragments. "Oah!"—"Bad luck to my sowl!"—"The forte piano, is it!"—"Well, that's great promotion in the rigimint!" It appeared that he had gone up to a well-appointed house to inquire for forage, and two young ladies having mistaken him for a traveller of distinction, had brought him in and placed him on a sofa and laid tea and cakes before him, and played on the piano to charm his ear.

Our horses having now several shoes off, we next morning endeavoured to have them replaced, but finding from the manner in which the first horse was handled that the art of farriery was in its infancy in Swellendam, I preferred taking on mine barefooted, and, as it happened, I was right, for none of those replaced remained on an entire day. The Cape horses' feet are very hard, and, except at Cape Town, horses are seldom shod. I must, however, do a worthy ex-Irish Artilleryman in Graham's Town the justice to say, that of three horses that he shod the day before we started, the first shoe that came off had been on five weeks.

Saddling-up in the evening, and shaking the dust off our feet as a testimony against the inhabitants for our inconveniences, which would all have been obviated if we had had the precaution of going on our arrival to the head magistrate's, we encamped at the ferry of the Brede River, and fared sumptuously on the contents of our saddle-bags, and in far better humour than the evening before. And now being on an uninteresting high-road, on the third day we found ourselves near Genadendal, a Moravian missionary station, and crossed a wooden bridge that looked so tottering that I could only venture one horse over at a time—my companion had taken a short cut by a deep ford, and I had come round to avoid wetting the tent, which saturated with water is double the weight. We reached the pretty and prettily situated village, with its green gardens and vineyards, and swarthy women, all flocking round us to inquire when their husbands, who had been detained in Hottentot militia corps since the Kafir war, were coming back from the frontier. Refreshing ourselves with bread and wine at the *stranger-house*, we went through the missionary establishment, where several trades were carried on, and the aboriginals instructed in the cutlers', tanners', and other handicrafts, besides the reading, writing, and religion, of other institutions.

We encamped a few miles beyond the village, and in the morning,

proceeding through a rough mountain country, retarded again by the knocking up of him of the countenance, we pitched by a stream where there was some "land," that is, barley and oats growing. The temptation was too strong for the horses, who broke from their pickets during the night and rioted in plenty. This, though it smote our consciences when manifested by the morning sun—filled their bellies—one of them to that degree that he nearly died of repletion.

For some time our guns had been a mere encumbrance; our horses being too much done up to be taken off the road; but this morning, tempted by the sight of some *paus* at a short distance—a species of bustard, large, and capital eating—I wandered from the roadside, and was getting within range of the game, when the mare that I was riding came head over heels. Flattering myself that this was entirely accident, I suppressed the *lapsus*, but as she manifested a predilection towards the surface of the road during the day that could not be disguised, we found that we could no longer conceal it from ourselves, nor each other, that we were nearer the end of our horses than our journey.

Our road lay along the base of a bold mountain barrier that appeared all rock and stone, and reaching the foot of the pass of Fransche Hoek, we stopped at a neat little auberge kept by a quondam sailor, a Dane, who, producing an excellent lunch and some good wine, amused us the while as he walked up and down the room with his arms folded as if he were in the maintop, with a variety of topics; more particularly dwelling upon the folly of the Danish government, at the bombardment of Copenhagen, in not listening to his advice, which would have enabled them to have made a mouthful of the British fleet.

The valley of Fransche Hoek was first occupied by huguenot emigrants. There are honoured names among the humble wine-growers of the Paarl district. In traversing Du Plessis Poort the name recalls the stirring scenes of the times of *Henri Quatre*, in which De Mornay Seigneur Du Plessis bore an honourable part, and upheld the huguenot cause till the passing of the edict of Nantes. Whether those of the name who emigrated to the Cape at the revocation of that edict were descendants of the above worthy of the court of *Henri Quatre*, or of a certain Comte Du Plessis Preslin who was dispatched by the same monarch upon a bloody errand to the bower of the fair Gabrielle, or of any other historical Du Plessis, is perhaps recorded in their family annals. There is, at any rate, a fable which we picked up at a canter, and which I give "*currente calamo*," that Napoleon, when ancient nobles were at a premium at his court, sent to the head of the Du Plessis at the Cape, with offers of riches and honours if he would re-migrate to Paris and resume the station of his forefathers. The emperor's emissary found the Du Plessis, an humble farmer, in his vineyard in the desert: but, with the station the spirit of his forefathers had gone from him—the phlegm of the boor had succeeded to the fire of the Frenchman—he was deaf to the calls of ambition, and preferred that his children and his children's children should continue their lowly occupation of brewing Cape Madeira in the wilderness to the temptations of a more dazzling career.

The road through the pass of Fransche Hoek, though steep, is admirably laid out; and as the track of the old road is visible throughout, now mounting over some towering peak, now ducking into an abyss below, the comparison furnishes the *laudator temporis acti* with a practical confutation—at least upon the subject of road-making. It was intensely

hot in mounting the pass; when we reached the crest, it was still hotter; descending into the valley, the oblique sun made us reel in our saddles, but when we reached the sandy flats below, it could no longer be endured. After several weary miles, being ahead of the party, I pulled up at a rivulet, without a farm in sight, and off-saddled. Upon overhauling our saddle-bags, we found that we had brought with us from the Dane's an immense turkey, which that worthy had assured us was as tender as a pullet. We promised ourselves a feast, but scarcely had the tempting fragments been removed from the wooden spits upon which they had been roasted round the fire, before we discovered what, if we had had the slightest skill in henwifry, we might have easily known before, that the Dane had imposed upon our inexperience the venerable progenitor of all the turkey cocks within twenty miles—a King Priam among turkey cocks—out of whose sinews might have been spun harp-strings, and upon whose obdurate breast a four-pair of jaws' masticating power might have been employed for an unlimited period in vain. Our cup of bitterness was only prevented from overflowing by the grotesque gestures and self-communing of our follower, who was tugging away at a third limb outside the tent. His countenance was at all times a rare specimen of the tragi-comic; he had the Scythian features of the aboriginal Irish, with a slight cross of the bull dog; and he had used his jaws throughout as a third hand. Those teeth that had succeeded hitherto in loosening the hardest knots, and in holding the tent steady in pitching, blew it never so wildly, were totally baffled on the body of that turkey cock—what could we expect from ours; fortunately, bread and wine yet remained, and a few vegetables. Starting the next morning through a deep sandy country, the road to Stellenbosch was before us; to our right the village of Pearl and Drakenstein. We looked wistfully down this, the finest part of the colony, emeralded with vineyards, but we turned again to survey our horses, shook our heads, and followed the high-road in silence.

At Stellenbosch, a pretty Dutch town, the landlord of the hotel refused to take us in, alleging that he was afraid of our country horses, the glanders and horse-sickness being abroad. I believe he was still more afraid of ourselves—we certainly by this time presented a very burglarious aspect; the horse that I rode gave up in despair as we passed the last houses of the town, and fell twice before we could reach a spot fit for an outspan.

Stellenbosch is a favourite resort of the Indian *employés*, who migrate to the Cape for the regeneration of their constitutions; the effect of the climate is extraordinary. An unhappy cargo arrives in the last stage of lemon-coloured emaciation. The cadaverous group, each with a Strasbourg liver under his arm, or none at all, is distributed through the farms to graze among the vineyards, drink milk *quantum suf.* and drawl Cape Dutch to the young frows. In a fortnight or three weeks they find themselves so blown out by the first, bleached by the second, and cheered by the last, that it is said their own dogs bark at them as they get up in the morning. The grape and milk system to the Indians at the Cape is the nearest possible approach to the waters of perpetual youth.

By an alchemy, in which soldier servants are adepts, our exemplary follower had contrived, though apparently close to our heels, in passing through the town, to convert some of his money into Cape brandy, and retiring into the recesses of the bush at our resting-place, he soon reduced

himself to a glorious state of oblivion; when the time arrived for continuing our journey, he was with difficulty traced to his retreat, with greater difficulty roused, and with still greater difficulty got to mount, and keep on horseback as far as the next farm, where we spent the evening in examining the boor's establishment for wine-making, and tested the contents of eight mighty *leagers*, which were placed on end in a row, in as imposing an attitude as the celebrated ton in the cellars of the Castle of Heidelberg.

The next morning we descended into the Cape Flats, along a deep sandy road, running through shifting hillocks of sand partially grown over with proteas, tall rushes, and an endless variety of heaths, for which the neighbourhood of Cape Town is celebrated, with numerous flowering bulbs; several projects for reclaiming, or *taking in the Cape Flats,* have produced more bad puns than good land.

We now passed over a broad tract of sand without any herbage whatever, crossed the Salt River, and pursuing a road which skirted the sea shore, began to perceive that we were approaching the end of our journey, by meeting several equipages driven by Malay coachmen, with conical hats, and drawn by well-bred horses with action very different from what we had lately been accustomed to see. We shortly found ourselves entering the Castle Barracks, where the carry arms of a grenadier sentry announced to us that we were recognised through our Cape ruffian garb.

Of the horses that had borne us through our seven weeks' wandering, with an activity that had only latterly begun to fail, and upon very uncertain feeding; by dint of watching, stitching, and stuffing my saddle at intervals, I had brought in my three with sound backs, but then they had four broken knees among them, the others had all sore backs, but they had, perhaps, fewer broken knees in proportion. For their subsequent fate, my mare, notwithstanding the dilapidated state of her personal charms, having been put into a large stable, caused such a sensation among the horses, that she was voted a nuisance, and passed into the hands of a Malay; he of the countenance, was also disposed of by the servants, a third died the day after, but the rest lived to recover and do good service. For ourselves, the bush life had chased away lameness and rheumatism both from myself and my companion, and I record it as a singular fact, that having scarcely ever slept under a roof for the last four months the first night that I now did so I awoke next morning with a cold.

It was due, perhaps, more to the novelty of our Scythian mode of travelling through tracts where all nature spoke a language so different from any thing European, that enough of excitement had been kept up to render our excursion one of pleasure even to the last day. In recalling to mind the distances we had traversed and the adventures of our route, there were wild scenes of barbarism along the frontier, among which imagination loved to loiter—there was a sylvan seclusion among the valleys of the Knysna in which it loved to repose—and that headlong gallop after the herd of mountain zebra was well worthy of another journey; but it must be confessed that the general impression in travelling through deserts so thinly peopled was one of desolation; a brown path apparently without end through twenty miles of dreary plain, waiving with the blossoms of the amaryllis and Africander, then a stream and a straggling farm; twenty more miles of bush and korroo, then a valley and another barbarous abode, these are the characteristics of a thousand miles of South African scenery; the mischances of the route alone to relieve the monotony, or the unfrequent apparition of strange forms of animal life.

THE PASSES OF THE PERSIAN APENNINES.

(EUPHRATES EXPEDITION.)

By W. Francis Ainsworth, Esq.

A Hyæna hunt—Valley of the Shapur River—The Pass of Mullu—Plain of Khaist—Pass of Kumarij—Salt Mine—The Turks' Pass—Persian Summer Palace—Sculptures of Timur Khan—The Girls' Pass—The Art of dining in Farsistan—The Old Woman's Pass—Plain of Almonds—Sculptured Lions—Plain of Shiraz.

We awoke in our last on the extravagantly hot plains of the Dashistan, our head pillowed in the fragments of a water-melon, and in a few minutes having recovered from our surprise, were mounted and *en route* over the same level burning plains. Notwithstanding the reiterated complaints made by preceding travellers of the poverty, dreariness, solitude, and heat of these plains, we were delighted with the novelty of the scene. No one is bound to mould his sensations by those of others, and for ourselves our journey across the Dashistan was one unalloyed pleasure. The novelty and the variety of the forms of animal and vegetable life presented an untarrying source of interest and admiration. Animal life on these hot plains is indeed extremely prolific. As the break of day began to unveil the far-off horizon, troops of gazelles were to be seen browsing on the scanty herbage in almost every direction ; flights of bustards rose on our approach, gigantic lizards (Ameiva), about two feet in length occasionally shot across the path ; the bright-hued bee-eater screeched above our heads, while the beautiful blue-crow sat on the prickly thorn silently watching us as we passed by. As evening approached numerous jackalls and hyænas began to prowl about. The exceeding indifference of the latter to the presence of man was the cause of my being placed in a most undignified position before the dragoman and muleteer. We had passed Barazgun, the residence of Ali Khan, who is considered to be one of the most powerful chieftains in the Dashishtan, and were approaching Dalaki, not far from the foot of the hills, when the imperturbable proximity of a bristly old hyæna excited an uncontrollable desire to make a closer acquaintance with so surly-looking an antagonist. My pistols were loaded for other purposes, so not wishing to use them I drew my sword, and trotted up rather to see how near the beast would let me come than with any other view, but as the animal scarcely condescended to move off at more than a walking pace, I put my mule to a quicker step, and thinking I might come up with him got somewhat excited with the chase. The mule I rode was a sorry Bushire hack, the plain was irregular and stony; I had just got up with the grizzly quadruped, and was hanging over the mule's neck to take a cut at him, when the beast went down upon both knees, and sent his rider sprawling below the hyæna's nose, his sword-arm extended and his knees in contact with a stone, and that so rudely as for a moment to make the head reel round as in sea-sickness. The magnanimous, albeit ill-looking animal, did not take advantage of the fallen position of his foe, but moved off with a look of extreme contempt. The attendants were

all this while enjoying my discomfiture from the road, nor did they offer to come to my assistance. The Persians like the French, do English travellers the honour of considering them to be all either mad or eccentric, and this was looked upon as a slight fit from which I should recover after a few moments' quiet. It was dark before we reached Dalaki, and just as I was about selecting a spot on the outskirts of the village for a few hours repose, I heard a noise as of some one hurrying on a party on horseback, with hasty ejaculations followed by occasional applications of a whip. This could be nothing else than another eccentric Englishman, so I hailed, and my surmises turned out correct. It was an officer on his way from Teheran to India, whipping his black-capped guard of Tajiks before him, being desirous, with the moderation so peculiar to our countrymen, of reaching Bushire, a distance of forty-eight miles, that same night.

Dalaki is celebrated for its bitumen fountains, this useful substance oozing out upon the surface of the water in several distinct springs or wells at the foot of the hills, where it is carefully collected by the proprietors. The next day we were to enter upon the Sirhur, or hilly and comparatively cool country. These hills are a portion of that great belt of rocks and mountains which stretches away from the Indian ocean to the Taurus—the long range of the Persian Apennines, inhabited by so many different living tribes, Kurds, Chaldeans, and Jews—and which reveals so many relics of an obscure and little-explored antiquity within its wild and rocky recesses.

The entrance into this region of hills was characteristic enough. It was a narrow stony pass with walls of rock on either side, and a stream struggling among fallen blocks for a bridle path. By this first pass we gained the valley of the Shapur river, which I found at this season of the year to be too salt to be palatable, and which yet abounded in fish, of which numerous pie-bald king-fishers were making an abundant repast. The valley of the river was replete with various and beautiful scenery. At its entrance was an artificial tower, but uninhabited. The cliffs on either side rose up to a height varying from four to five hundred feet, and were not less remarkable for their bizarre stratification and flexuous contortions, than for their bright and contrasted colours. The path led along the bed of the river, which was soon wedged in by the approaching cliffs, and we passed under the arch of a broken-down bridge, on which sat a lonely cormorant, and a little beyond, at a second ruin of a bridge, we forded the river and commenced the ascent of the first of the Kotuls, as the passes are called, this one being the Kotul-i-Mullu, and of the appalling character of which a good idea may be obtained from a drawing in Fraser's "Persia." "The traveller," says that distinguished traveller in reference to this pass, "has sometimes to guide his horse along the slippery surface of a projecting ledge; at others, suddenly climbing or as rapidly descending, he must thread his way among the crevices of huge unshapely blocks hurled from lofty peaks above, and which seemed placed to forbid the passage either of man or beast. The track formed by the feet of passengers, unaided in the least by art, resembles the dry bed of a torrent, and actually passes for miles among the ruins of the overhanging mountains. These assume the boldest and most fantastic shapes; sometimes seeming ready to close over head, at other points disclosing numerous ravines and hollows, whence occasionally

trickles a salt stream to pollute the clear river. No vegetation enlivens the gray-yellow rocks, except a few bushes of the wild almond; and the grotesque forms of the surrounding cliffs, the peaks and masses riven from the native mountain, and standing forth in the pale moonlight—for to avoid the scorching heat of day, the passage of this Kotul is most commonly made by night—together with the black, mysterious shadows of the deep ravines, form a picture which the traveller will not easily forget."

These "black, mysterious shadows" of this strange fantastic pass are not at all exaggerated figures, and such an impression had they upon myself, that when, on gaining the summit of the pass, the forms of two armed Persians, guardians of the place, made their appearance among the rocks, there were only two feelings upon the subject, either that they were robbers, or something unreal, fit companions for such unearthly scenery and chaotic confusion.

Two ruined towers stand at the head of the pass, which is succeeded by the plain of Khaist, or Konar Tacht, elevated about a thousand feet above the level of the sea. This is a fine open plain, about ten miles wide, for the most part cultivated, with here and there villages embosomed in date groves, and a caravanserai by the way-side. I spread my carpet in one of these groves, whereupon the chief of the village came and pressed me hard to sleep in his house, and when I declined, told me he could not be answerable for my safety if I slept out. This was an old tale and was utterly disregarded, much to the annoyance of the dragoman and muleteer, who always preferred the heat and insects of an interior to the coolness and imaginary terrors of an out-door bivouac.

A rocky, but wooded, district led us down from the Plain of Khaist to the valley of the Shapur river, the bed of which we again followed for a short time. At length after winding by the side of a ridge of rock which rises almost vertically from the river, we found ourselves at the foot of the Kotul-i-Kumarij, the second of these remarkable defiles. It was a very narrow fissure, up the perpendicular sides of which the road ascended like a climbing snake, and on the slippery surface of which the traveller is secured by a parapet skilfully thrown athwart the salient and re-entering angles, for a false step would hurl man and horse into a frightful abyss. It was in this pass that Kurim Khan finally defeated Azad Khan, and by his after treatment of an enemy, converted him into an attached friend.

At the summit of this pass, the road is carried by an arched causeway across a rivulet of salt water, in which the mules, fatigued by the toilsome ascent, and drooping beneath a summer sun, sought in vain to quench their thirst. As the defile of Mullu, terminated upon the Plain of Khaist, so that of Kumarij leads to a plain of the same name. This is the distinctive feature of these passes, which are but so many steps of one gigantic "ladder," rising from the sea to the interior uplands of central Persia. This is the term used by the historians of Alexander the Great to describe these passes, more particularly that of the Kal'ah Sifin.

The plain of Kumarij was about eight miles in length and five or six in width, upon the way-side was a ruinous caravanserai, and a little to the north the village of Kumarij, close by which is a mine of salt, which I turned off the great road to explore. There were two beds, one of which was upwards of forty feet in thickness, and of a degree of purity and transparency that far exceeded any thing that I had before seen.

'At the further extremity of the plain the ruins of old Kumarij skirted the hill-side, and a sleepy tower with a few tall trees, apparently shadowless beneath a vertical sun, pointed to where the plain narrowed to a rocky pass, designated as the Teng-i-Turkan, or Turks' defile, another step in this long enduring ascent. Although this pass was the least precipitous of any, the road was very stony and slippery, so much so that one of our mules fell, and cut a portion of the integuments clear off the frontal bone. This pass was shaded in parts, and within it were also some springs of good water. Beyond, the country opened upon the plain of Shapur, at the western extremity of which are the ruins of the Sasanian city, of same name, where the river issues from a mountain girt valley, while to the south, the valley of Kazerun stretches away to a lake that apparently receives the waters of Dasht Arjun, which are subterranean at their origin, and subterranean during the greater part of their course.

About three miles from the pass was a guard-house, in front of which a group of idle, ill-dressed soldiers were reclining beneath a tree. The sergeant of the guard approached me, rubbing his thumb and forefinger, after the fashion of an Arab plunderer, and insisting, in which he was backed by the dragoman, that it was customary to give backshish. I accordingly dealt out a Karuni which he tossed in the air with such ineffable contempt, that I rode up and took it away from him, somewhat to the surprise of himself and his companions. The same afternoon we reached the town of Kazerun which is situated nearly half way up the valley.

My arrival at this town (June 28th, 1836), was attended by a curious circumstance. I had just dismounted, and was standing in the vestibule of an Armenian merchant's house, when there came a violent shock of an earthquake from the north-east. The heat had been oppressive all day, the sky cloudless, with a slight breeze from the north-west. This valley appears to be particularly fertile in such phenomena, and it is to their frequent recurrence, added to constant civil warfare, that it owes its present dilapidated condition. It is, however, still a pleasant, cleanly-looking town, and has left lively impressions of a delightful spot, and of an hospitable and kindly treatment. The buildings are of stone, and the walls are mostly white-washed, which imparts to the town a very clean appearance. Nearly every court-yard has also its palm-tree. I was enabled to spread my carpet in one of these clean paved courts, with a bubbling fountain in the centre, and thus avoid the much-dreaded interior. I had scarcely been seated when an unknown friend sent me a present of apples, while an Armenian amused me with imitations of the gallant Persian Ambassador, Sir John Malcolm.

In the evening I took a stroll to the summer palace of one of the exiled Persian princes who visited this country some years back. The wings of the garden were occupied by pomegranate trees and laurel, and the side-walks were lined with cypress and roses. In the centre were some straight avenues of fine orange trees. There were no flowering plants. The pathway was made of pebbles imbedded in excellent cement, and so raised as to afford a dry walk when the garden should, as is usual in these countries, be flooded in the evenings. The summer-house itself was nearly tumbled to pieces by the frequent earthquakes.

When I awoke the following morning, a young female was very civilly fanning me, but the opening of my eyes was a signal for a rapid retreat, and I had to leave Kazerun without the opportunity being afforded to me

of rewarding or thanking the unsought-for attention. At the southern extremity of the valley of Kazerun, we came to an abrupt rocky termination of the westerly range of hills, from the foot of which issued an abundant stream of water, while close by was a neat caravanserai, and upon the rock itself a rude sculpture representing Timur Khan, the youngest of the before mentioned exiled brothers, with a tame lion, a priest, and attendants by his side. The figures were all coloured. When I met the princes some time afterwards, Timur spoke of this bas-relief with considerable pride.

Beyond this rock with painted sculptures, the traveller approaches an amphitheatre of rocks, and the road begins to rise gradually till it reaches the foot of a mural precipice, up the face of which it is carried in a zig-zag direction. This is the Kotul-i-*dochter*, or Girls' Passage—a close similarity of words to our *daughter*—and it is among the most picturesque in this succession of defiles. The masses of rock are not detached as in so many others, but they start in bold relief from deep and half-illumined recesses, and succeed one another in rugged and fantastic forms, decorated with an infinite variety of wild flowers, and enlivened by bright-coloured snakes and lizards, and birds of beauteous plumage. This pass was brought to its present secure state by two merchants, whose caravans were constantly suffering loss by so dangerous an ascent or descent. The descent to the westward was gentle and easy. On this way there was a guard-house, and close by the tomb of a holy man, where the muleteer stopped to pray. A little beyond this point, a prospect of exceeding beauty presented itself. This was a valley everywhere covered with spreading oak trees, which advanced some distance up the side of the green hills that encompassed it as with a frame-work. It was designated to me as the vale of Abdui, and Frazer calls it by the same name, but the Baron de Bode says, its correct name is Desht-Ber, Abdui being only the name of a village.

The pleasure of travelling through this shady and delightful forest, was much marred by the ferocious attacks of gigantic flies upon the mules, and we had not proceeded far before we met a mule coming from the opposite direction, covered with dust and foam, and driven almost mad from pain. It carried two panniers, having most ungallantly deposited their contents on the road. A little further on we found a pillow, then another, and finally, we came up with two disconsolate damsels, who, never having been accustomed to use their feet as means of progression, were slowly assisting themselves on with poles, which seemed more like young trees than ordinary walking-sticks. How they could ever overtake their mules, appeared to me a most puzzling question. Leaving this puzzle, however, to be solved by fate, we turned the mules to grass in a pleasant glade, while the dragoman repaired to a neighbouring village in search of dinner. Now, as this is an important subject to the traveller, and as those who have a genius for aristological science, as Mr. Walker used to designate it, have little to exercise their powers of invention and combination upon, under such circumstances, I would venture to point out here that there is much in such extempore repasts that is susceptible of tasteful arrangement, and deserving of meditation. It is to be observed, that simplicity which should be adhered to upon principles of general Hygene, as well as from good taste, but which in these countries merely evidences a rare respect for the assimilatory organisation, can only be fatally transgressed under the circumstances we now speak of. Decidedly

the best ouverture to a wayside repast, is, when procurable, a water-melon, not cut in slices, as is done by some neophytes, but eat like an egg, one end being cut off, and the cellular parenchyma within extricated with a wooden spoon—that of the pear tree is the best—the roseate fluid percolating all the time to the bottom, and affording a fragrant beverage when the first proceeding is over. For a second course, a cold fowl, with slices of snake cucumber, can be recommended; and for *hors d'œuvres*, the most refreshing are, sour milk with chopped sage or rose-leaves, also eaten with a pear-spoon, or cucumbers smothered in sour cream. In Farsistan, ice can generally be obtained to add to these cooling preparations, which may also be flavoured with rose-water. For desert, the most easily procured dainties are prepared cream flaked with sugar, fresh bitter almonds, iced rose-water, sweetened with honey, and fragrant with the aroma of mountain thyme and absinth. Bread is made of acorns, and must be avoided. Sometimes a species of bec-a-figue can be obtained. They must be cooked on a skewer of cedar only. The young onion is in these countries less ardent than with us. Many little additions to make up the "poetry of a repast" may also be occasionally obtained, as a bunch of delicious grapes, suspended for an hour under the moistened frond of a date-tree, figs served up in cream, dates lightly fried in olive-oil, or apricot-paste dissolved in fresh milk. The repast is invariably followed by the kalliyun; but wine, even of Shiraz, should not be partaken of till nightfall, and is better avoided altogether when the aristological student is "dining out," that is to say, by the way-side.

The next ridge, that separated the Desht-Ber from the Desht-Arjun, was not passed without toil. There were seven long miles of ascent, and four of descent, across the loftiest range that the traveller meets with in passing from the sea to the interior. The road was not so steep, however, as it was stony, and the rocks were on all sides clad with shrubs and trees. At the summit of this pass there was a caravanserai, and, not far from it, some abundant springs, depositing deep incrustations of travertino; and among the flowering plants around, the common brook weed (*samolus valerandi*) awakened pleasing reminiscences of home. This pass is called the Kotul-i-Pir-i-Zun, or the Old Woman's pass. From the summit the different ranges of hills that have been surmounted by successive defiles and steps, appear like the frozen waves of a stormy sea, pointing their bare-splintered crests to the southward. When the Baron de Bode crossed the Pir-i Zun, in the month of January, the chain was covered with snow, whilst in the Desht-Ber vegetation was green, and the air balmy and warm. The temperature of the spring, at the summit of the pass, was 59 degrees Fahrenheit. The mean temperature for the first fortnight in July, at Bushire, was 86 degrees. At Dalaki, in the Dashistan, June 26th, the thermometer stood at 96 degrees; and July 10th, 98 degrees in the shade. This would indicate to the pass an elevation of little less than 3000 feet.

As we descended towards the plain of Arjun, through a thin forest of oak, the flies bit the mules so severely, that their guardian lost his temper, and upbraided me in loud terms for travelling in the day, in opposition to all Persian custom. I had, however, no choice, as the chief object of my journey was to examine the geological structure of these passes, and I could not have told a sandstone from a limestone by night.

The plain of Desht-Arjun is so called from the abundance of the wild almond, which covers whole tracts of hilly land to the eastward.

The plain itself is grassy, and gives nourishment to numerous herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. The studs of the late Firman Firmah, the Viceroy of Farsistan, and father of the exiled princes, used to graze here, and the young princes themselves often visited this spot for the purpose of sport, there being abundance of game, birds, boars, and wild beasts, in the neighbouring wood-clad mountains. At the further end, or north-easterly extremity of the plain, we arrived at a delightful spot, where numerous streams of pellucid water flowed from out of gaping caverns, situate at an inaccessible height on the vertical face of a precipice, while the waters flowed downwards, beneath the shade of trembling willows and far-spreading chinars, towards a lake that occupies the easterly extremity of the plain. This spot is deemed sacred; and close by is a mosque, beyond which is a cemetery in which are several rudely-sculptured lions. The lion appears to have been the favourite funereal ornament in Farsistan and Luristan, as the black ram is in the old cemeteries of Azerbijan, at Tabriz and Salmast. The lion is, indeed, essentially Persian, while the ram is Turkoman, the chief tribe among whom was well known as the Kara Kayanlu, or "the Black Ram."

To the eastward was a large village of about three hundred houses, but it appears to be only inhabited during the summer months, for De Bode found the villagers, in the winter-time, at Khan-i-Zenund. We ascended from this delightful spot to an elevated and gently-undulating country, passing a round tower on the summit of the Sineh Sifid, or "white breast," and gaining thence the banks of a pleasant mountain-stream which abounded in fish. We reached Khan-i-Zenund at about two o'clock in the morning of the last day of June, and the thermometer being at 41 deg., the sensation of cold was so intense, after leaving, only a few days before, the plains of the Dashistan, that I was glad to get off my mule and walk at a brisk pace. Such great vicissitudes of temperature have a great influence on the character of the vegetation, which was both various and remarkable in these districts, and which, from beneath a shrubbery of dwarf oak, almond, and astragalus, presented an infinite variety of flowering plants, among the most curious of which were pinks and carnations growing in tufts and various-branched species, the asafœtida and gum ammoniac plants, the Tartarian statice, splendid hollyhocks, gorgeous fritillarias, and beautiful gentians, and I observed a superb species of michauxla, differing totally from the only known species, and which is the more curious as Andrew Michaux himself travelled this road.

The passage of a low range of hills led us from these wild but flowery tracts into a mountain-environed plain of great extent and exceeding beauty. Streams of water were carried over the soil in every direction for purposes of irrigation, the land was tilled and marked out in definite portions, the mules began to wade through submerged rice-fields, which were dotted with white vultures, feeding apparently on frogs and snakes; the road gradually became more distinct; ranges of tall poplars, prolonged in a sweeping direction, marked the course of a distant stream, and at length we espied, at intervals breaking through the thickets of cypress and pomegranates, the battlemented walls of a city, and then, peering above a vast and irregular extent of wood, and grove, and garden, the lofty minarets and glittering domes of the renowned Shiraz; the hum of human voices began to break upon the ear, and the wearied mules, as well as ourselves, became at the same time sensible of our approach to a great city.

JUDITH.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

I.

Childhood retains a Vision of Paradise, and strives to realise it—Eve is born again in her Children—Love—Every Generation falls again.

WHO but remembers, when a child,
That inner, self-contain'd delight
With which, in summer woodland wild,
While suns shone bare and clouds were white,

He crouch'd beneath the stooping boughs
That to his baby fancy made
Some bow'r of bliss, some fairy house,
With walls of chequer'd green and shade?

So all have felt: yet known not, this
Angelic joy beyond all price,
The poor fragmental instinct is,
By which we cling to Paradise!

Eve, in the infant, lingers still
Reluctant round her native bow'rs;
And from life's vale views Eden's hill,
Denied to erring feet of ours!

But as the brain grows worldly old
This dream of ante-life retires:
The cheated heart falls still and cold,
And Eden with our youth expires.

Then, as along life's path we go,—
Our backs upon The Garden turn'd,—
With bleeding feet and eyes of woe,
Still more our primal loss is mourn'd.

Yet by the way we haply meet—
To cheer us on our desert track—
Another wanderer from the seat
Of Paradise behind our back.

'Tis Love o'ertakes us on the way,
And brightly essays to recall
Unto the soul that glorious day
Wherein it dwelt before its fall.

Alas, ye simple sons of men!
And wo for you, ye daughters fair!—
Each generation falls again,
For Satan, though unseen, is there.

II.

Pictures the Intensity of my Love for Judith.

Had I gaz'd winkless at the sun,
I had not grown more densely blind
Of these black orbs, or more undone,
Than, gazing on *her*, grew my mind.

She had no errors, knew no wrong,
In my infatuated sight:
She'd no deception on her tongue,
And nothing did that was not right.

If she said white was black, to me
 'Twas so; and sooty grew the snows:
For I through her alone could see.—
 Of such a love such madness grows.

She pass'd along the earth alone:
 None like her of her kind I saw.
So sweeps across yon starry zone
 Some bright unusual thing of awe.

No wealth for her too lavish seem'd;
 Too delicate, or rich, or rare.
Yet it adorn'd her not, I deem'd,
 But she adorn'd what she would wear.

Though beauty's forms are infinite,
 And each in kind excels the rest,
Against my better reason, yet
 Her kind of beauty was the best.

And though all rich in tints and dyes,
 Of differing shades are differing fair;
The blushes of life's morning skies
 Upon her cheeks had no compeer.

In majesty of life and light,
 Above th' horizon of my soul,
She rose to banish sorrow's night,
 And rule my world with bright control.

No artful pipe of human skill,
 Nor Nature's sweetest throated bird,
Such meaning music utter'd, still,
 As from her lips divine I heard.

So, passive in my strength I bent,
 And chain'd in willing weakness, smiled.
My vanish'd pow'r to her was lent,—
 She led me as they lead a child.

I felt no will, and no desire;
 Or only wish'd the same as she:
Absorbed by that involving fire
 Wherein I lost identity.

Such was my love, when love began.—
 Would, like beginnings had like ends!—
Vice is indigenous in man,
 And fiends the soonest enter friends.

Who love intense, can hate no less:
 Who highest soar may sink as deep.—
This woman's heart is hard to guess,
 For he may win who cannot keep!

III.

Attainment is not necessarily Satisfaction.

Where is it most this error lies?
 In things themselves, or in our breast?
The prize when gain'd may prove no prize,
 And heav'n no heav'n when once possess'd.

Perfection must in seeking be:
 And happiness, in its pursuit.
We spend our years to raise the tree,—
 A moment serves to pluck the fruit.

So things possess'd are next to lost,
  Since value by possession sinks:
And less the object than the cost
  It is, whereof the seeker thinks.

Thus is it with the multitude:
  Not so with men whose hearts are wise.—
They know there's ruin in the blood,
  And treason in the brightest eyes.

What! where's the law that may forbid
  Those asking eyes that beckon'd you,
From arching so the tassell'd lid,
  That it shall beckon others too?

O! I have labour'd in that mine;
  And know the worth of diamonds well.
They may be true,—that pair of thine,—
  But those of *hers* were false as hell.

The pearls, but not the fish, are rare:—
  These fleshly pearls are merely paste.
Be warn'd, young merchant:—have a care,
  Nor throw your heart away in waste.

Do not my deeds, but as I say:
  My words are much the best of me.
I utter wisdom day by day,
  But folly do as frequently.

Two giants thus have kept at war—
  Flesh and the soul,—since life began:
Though both imperfect masters are,
  The spirit is the better man.

IV.

I marry Judith—Our brief Happiness—She proves False, and my Friend treacherous.

We whom our mothers bore for two,
  First love and then the church made one.
One half retain'd the pow'r to do
  What t'other half had wish'd not done.

She held my honour in her hands—
  A treasure rare, in doubtful keeping!—
Too heavy loads may break their bands,
  And Sin will watch for Virtue sleeping.

Sin has a special taste for beauty,
  And fascination lives in ruin.
There's no attraction in one's duty,
  But deep temptations in undoing.

In happiness we liv'd awhile,
  As live two birds that on a spray
Have newly built, in some sweet isle,
  That needs no tenants more than they:

And in each other centred see
  All love that heav'n has had to spare
From its own sun of purity,
  To light this lower world of care.

But through the darken'd sky that lowers
  Around life's ruins, dust, and ashes,
The longest happiness of ours,
  Like lightning, but breaks out in flashes!

I was as they who cities rear
  On palsied, false, volcanic ground:
The earthquake rattles deep; and where
  They stood, dead ruin lies around.

I'd faith in friendship, next to God;
  That faith as pure as sunlight burn'd:
When lo! as turn'd the prophet's rod,
  My friend into a serpent turn'd.

Be shunn'd the face that nothing shows
  Of what is passing in the brain:
But blest those eyes that all disclose,
  Transparent as a crystal pane.

Yet why it comes that love and sin—
  The frightful with the fair—should go
Together thus, as though akin,
  Doth trouble mortal wit to know.

Some looks there are, however new
  To simple man,—in woman's eyes
More eloquent than tongues, whereto
  The bounding blood alone replies.

Such did I chance, *by* chance, to see—
  And would to heav'n I had not seen!—
Pass,—to my lasting misery,
  My Judith and this *friend* between.

Both false!—And I, the cheated fool,
  The tickled trout,—the ass asleep!—
The butt for jest and ridicule,—
  'Twas I that won, and could not keep!

Ay, laugh!—sneer at me,—scoff, and gibe:—
  I'm sport legitimate and fair!
The meanest clown may gall my kibe,—
  Chous'd, trick'd, and swindl'd by *my dear!*

My sweet!—my angel!—Pah, my devil!
  My plague, my leprosy, my curse:
My deep below hell's lowest level,
  And worse than this, if there be worse!

What itch or scab more foul than this?
  What vice so vicious is, or black?
What rottenness more loathsome is?
  We'll kiss behind my husband's back!

Ay, kiss,—hug,—clasp,—be quick,—time flies;—
  And deep this vitriol passion burns!
Let's peer in one another's eyes,—
  We cannot do't when he returns!

No, no!—Beware!—This washy thing,
  This watery turnip of a man,
This very mud o' th' human spring,
  May seek for vengeance when he can.

Ay, true!—This noodle, tame and sleek,
  Of gentle speech and simple brains,
Has yet some courage on his cheek,
  And liquid fire along his veins!

V.

I wait for my Revenge, and adopt an old Stratagem.

I waited. It is sweet to wait:
To keep the dainty for the last;
To grow an epicure in hate,
And feel the feast is not *yet* past!

This waiting doubles one's delight
In bright reflections on the fact;
And keenly edges appetite
With action's dream before the act.

But, venom-swoln, we hasty grow;—
This jealousy wont wait for long:
It must in earnest strike the blow,
And perish in revenge of wrong.

A stratagem, grown long since stale,
I yet resolv'd again to try:—
Like fish, these women seldom fail
The baits men caught their mothers by.

I plann'd a journey, and I made
Long preparation for it too:
Then, mov'd with seeming grief, I bade
That woman false, as false adieu.

But first the servants all I bought:
Her trustiest page to me prov'd truer;
For, to my hiding-place he brought
A letter written to her wooer.

"Meet me to-night"—'twas thus it spoke—
"My hideous husband's gone at last,
At dark-hour be beneath the oak
Where all my best of life is pass'd."

Yes, madam! you shall meet your lover—
'Twill be THE FIRST, though—not the second.
And woe to you when I uncover
A deadlier viper than you reckon'd.

That dark-hour shall be dark indeed!
Nor darker e'er passed o'er thy head;
Thou'lt own 't a privilege to bleed,
And wish in vain that thou wert dead!

Thou still shalt live—poor Virtue's lie;
A daylight sin, a guilty fame,
Expos'd i' th' sun, till thou may'st die
Of blushes, nakedness, and shame!

VI.

I disguise myself, waylay my Friend, and meet my own Wife under the Oak.

The page went to his journey's end,
And took the scroll for whom 'twas meant:
I lim'd this twig to catch *my friend*,
While on *his* friend's dishonour bent.

It chanc'd a fordless river lay
Between him and the place of meeting,
I plann'd to kill him on the way,
And in *his* dress give *her* the greeting.

Disguis'd, I took the boatman's place
  To ferry passing travellers over :
I felt all bloodless grow my face
  When in my wherry stepp'd the lover.

He knew me not, but I knew him;
  He took me for a simple man.
The night was growing rather dim,
  And darkly swift the river ran.

I ne'er before a river saw,
  Nor since, nor e'er again shall see
A simple river wear such awe
  As *that* that ev'ning wore to me.

It look'd intensely undefin'd ;
  It blobb'd and gurgl'd as if dying ;
And strange dim things half seen, half blind,
  Seem'd on its surface to be lying.

The trees stood sharp against the skies,
  The copper skies were changing black :
That fool saw Love before his eyes,
  But I saw Death behind his back.

Unthought on and at one fell blow
  I swept him into his *for ever,*
I stripp'd, then let his carcass go
  Down, cold to cold, into the river.

He knew not who had done 't nor why :
  Nor did it matter much—enough
Had he to do just then to die
  Untroubl'd with all other stuff.

Thus half the sin was wip'd away :
  I took the sinner's cap and cloak,
And in the thicken'd twilight gray
  False Judith met beneath the oak.

VII.

The Meeting—The Result—The final Punishment of Judith.

I heard her light and sinful feet
  Haste eagerly along to crime ;
And thought my wilful heart would beat
  The secret out before its time.

Before my mind rose other hours,
  Unlike—and yet most like !—to this;
Ere Sin had trampl'd on life's flow'rs,
  And cast us down this dire abyss.

When we were young, and youthly pure!—
  When Faith spun on an endless chain;
When Truth itself could not be truer,
  In hearts undarken'd yet with pain !

Oh God, Thou know'st mine agony !
  Heard'st in my soul my unheard groans;
Saw'st tears no mortal eye might see,
  And rare as dew distill'd from stones.

My passion faded off in grief ;
  Extinguish'd—fairly beat—by tears.
For in that bitter moment brief,
  I saw the buried joy of years.

Lost was the present in the past;
One kiss for memory I gave:
It was the only one, the last
That linger'd o'er affection's grave.

The traitress took me for another!
My passion like a storm return'd;
Nor scarce hypocrisy might smother
The in-bred fires that deeply burn'd.

"Thou miscreant angel, know 'tis I!
Behold thy husband in thy lover,
Thou curs'd in all eternity,
Whose sin the very grave can't cover!

"He whom thou deem'd I was, is gone
Where no intrigue can work returning.
And thou thyself must follow on
To join him in perpetual burning!"

She would have shrieked, but fail'd; and dropp'd
Down at my feet a lifeless heap.
Her guilty heart abruptly stopp'd,
Crush'd and o'erwhelm'd by terror deep.

It only woke again to beat
Time to a lasting song of sorrow.
Dark was her way for stumbling feet,
Through life's long night with no to-morrow.

Still my revenge was yet unta'en;
New, fresh revenge more dire than death,
I plotted how to lengthen pain
Till life grew sick of its own breath.

took her to a desert shore,
Where she and I dwelt all alone.
I spoke not to her ever more,
But pass'd her like a living stone.

I saw her not, I heard her not,
I heard no sigh and saw no tear:
I treated her like one forgot,
And liv'd as though she were not there.

A conscious death her life became,
And oft, in truth, my heart was aching;
Yet would not I have spoke her name,
Though it had sav'd that heart from breaking.

Sometimes her tearful eyes I caught
Fix'd on me in such speaking wo—
Though seeming not to see, I thought
Her grief unparallel'd below.

Yet I relented nought, nor changed,
Until this dead-life frightful grew;
And to her wavering mind, derang'd,
True things look'd false, and false things true.

Nor might she long this grief withstand—
She died, nor sought I once to save:
I buried her upon the sand,
Nor left a mark to note her grave.

Now from this tale of foul disgrace,
And murder done, you well may guess
The causes all—the feelings trace
That keep me in the wilderness.

THE OPERA.

LE PAS DES DÉESSES.

We thought the season was getting fainter and fainter,—that it was decidedly on the wane, and that although it would not actually terminate its bright existence till the middle of this month, August, there would be no more novelty, nothing for us to talk about. Therefore we resolved to write our summary. It is indeed bad manners to send for the undertaker before the patient is dead, however old or however feeble he may be, but a nice graceful epitaph written by a friend, and paying him a smart compliment during his lifetime, is not without precedent. Why not? If Anacreon asks

τί σε δεῖ λίθον μυρίζειν ;
τί δὲ χέειν ματάια.

That is to say, what is the good of perfuming and wine-pouring, when the nose that ought to sniff and the lips that ought to taste have retired from the scene, and left a dull lump of stone as an inefficient proxy. We ask in our turn, why should not the same argument apply to that sweetest of all odours—commendation?

Therefore did we take up our new pen—no, we did not, we use steel, and "new pen" belongs to the cant of the quill days;—therefore did we take up our steel pen, and send our memory scenting, diving, and penetrating through all the crannies of the past months, that it might bring us fragments of treasure for our fancy to arrange into a graceful heap, just as the ants used to pick up bits of gold for the benefit and behoof of the griffins. In this condition were we, when our eyes fell on an advertisement, "Pas des Déesses—Madlles. Taglioni, Cerito, Grahn, M.M. Perrot, St. Leon," and so on. It was but one action to see this and to order our horses to be put to our carriage. Starting from our little fantastical gothic cottage, we reached in a short time our box on the grand tier.*

No more thoughts of the summary till September! The season takes a new life, and a birthday ode were fitter than an epitaph—if, indeed, a birthday ode were ever fit for any thing, since compositions of the kind are usually dull, "slow" affairs, while an epitaph, melancholy though its subject be, has still the merit of brevity. It is as though one "bored" a man when he came into the world, and gave him a light nod when he walked out of it. Did the Thracians, who used to pay visits of condolence on the occasion of a birth, and think a death the luckiest thing in the world, originate the two descriptions of poems?

But hang the Thracians,—as they used to hang one another in sport, to the great offence of Dr. Cornelius Scribblerus,—for they keep us away from our subject. To the *pas*—to the *pas.*—*C'est le premier pas qui*— Nonsense!

Long rows of thick clouds, with long rows of Pagan deities sitting upon them, to see the other deities dance below. Very well behaved,

* Don't believe it, reader. Our reporter called a cab, and went to the back of the pit. The "gothic cottage" is an apartment never-mind-how-many-pair-back. —*Printer's Devil.*

and very inanimate, like a row of order-admitted spectators in a dress circle. Several elaborate groups, formed by Perrot, and some of the inferior deities, say, a muse or two with a leash of graces—hard to sketch and impossible to describe. All this is extremely embarrassing to our friend the artist, who hopes to get up an engraving, and finds Perrot *here*, just when he is beginning to draw him *there*. Writer hereof knows nothing whatever of drawing, beyond the bare fact, that it is more expedient to use the pointed than the flat end of a pencil,—but has a shrewd suspicion, that when one wants to copy, it is desirable that the object to be copied should be tolerably stationary.

But the great goddesses are coming—Lucile Grahn flies upon the boards. Did you ever see such a heroine in her profession? Is she not the very embodiment of resolution? Is not scornfulness of all limit written in her movements, and on her acute intellectual face? Catch, if you can, reader, her countenance, when she is in one of her *poses*, and you will feel that she could look through you, even if your head were made of wood—which, of course, it is not. There goes Grahn, bounding along the stage as if it was a world to be conquered.

Entrée the second.—Cerito, all love and joyousness. What others do in earnest, she can do in sport. That little, playful, round, plump figure, so beautifully turned, and that pleasant countenance, with smile unfading, signify no violent ambition. The world is not to be conquered,—but to be danced gaily upon—to be smiled at—to be treated kindly,—for it is a good world, and grows capital materials for *bouquets*. This little enchantress is the very manifestation of happiness—and floats, no—bounds merrily through an atmosphere of plaudits. No one in the world makes an audience rejoice like Cerito.

Entrée the third and last. Taglioni, dignity and command, tempered by the most amiable countenance you can conceive. Not the particular *command* of Lucile,—which is impetuous, ardent, propelling, like one who has a conquest to make, but the calm, easy despotism of one who has already achieved her victories. For Taglioni has not to rise further, her glories extend from the snows of Russia to the warm suns of Italy. She has gained her laurels,—not a wreath or two, but enough to make a whole evergreen bower, wherein, convinced of the fact, that a *danseuse* is the highest being on the face of the earth, she may sit, like Lord Bolingbroke, leaving

All meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.

So much for the several *entrées* of the several goddesses. As for describing the combinations into which they enter—their soli, duets, trios (are these the right words?), we won't venture it. We have a notion of something very brilliant—and very varied—and very exciting—something that made our eyes open themselves very wide, and kept our hands in loud collision; and we believe that at the end we flung ourselves into a chair, thanking the gods that we had got through the *pas* of the goddesses.

Ye who saw the great *pas de quatre* last year, go to the *pas des déesses*, and recover a past sensation. Ye who saw not the *pas de quatre*, go to the *pas des déesses*, and receive a sensation altogether new.

LITERATURE.

THE MODERN ORLANDO.*

The "Modern Orlando" is likely to attain a higher degree of popularity than its melancholy and cynical predecessor the "Modern Timon." It is a pleasant, racy, gentlemanly, and spirited poem. Instead of roaming the world as a fashionable misanthrope, the author is pleased with himself, with every thing and with every body, even to credulity, as attested by that impossible story, anent the Louvre. No mosaic in St. Marks is more variously tesselated than are these cantos with thoughts, and tales, and fancies, and an example will do more to make the reader familiar with their style and character than pages of critical disquisition.

THE WIDOW.

Legendre was a General of Division ;
  Had stoutly won his aiguilletes and crosses ;
Performed the "grand manœuvres" with precision ;
  Left his right leg in Dantzic's frozen fosses ;
At Borodino dropp'd his bold proboscis ;
  At Moscow was half-roasted, like a hero ;
But, as few generals can live on mosses,
  When "*l'Empereur*" performed the modern Pharoah,
He died in the retreat (thermometer at zero).

His widow—a young, bright-eyed Paris thing ;
  Pined, in the prettiest mourning, for her mate ;
For a whole week, would neither dance nor sing ;
  Look'd on the sunny world with special hate ;
Nay, talk'd of flying to a convent-grate :
  At last she wrote—" she own'd 'twas with a qualm"—
To Talleyrand, then minister of state,
  To ask a pension—" death must be her balm."
The billet was returned, endorsed—"*Helas ! madame !*"

The General's aide-de-camp arrived in France,
  Monsieur Auguste Achille de Battleaxe !
A sturdy fellow with a laughing glance.
  He brought the will—the widow broke the wax ;
It left her rich !—his heart took fire like flax !
  The pretty *veuve* soon ask'd—*without* "a qualm"—
A pension for her slayer of Cossacks,—
  Her "brave Achille"—"*Le mari de son âme.*"
The billet was returned, endorsed—"*Ho, ho, madame !*"

THE "THREE STUDENTS" AND THE "POOR COUSIN."†

The manner in which society is pictured forth in modern domestic novels could not be better exemplified than in the two instances now before us; the "Three Students," as the most meritorious, being placed first. Here then in a country town of merry England, we have as actors in the domestic drama a Colonel Anderson, gentlemanly, eccentric, and

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* The Modern Orlando. Cantos I. to VII. Henry Colburn.

† The Three Students of Gray's Inn, a novel in three volumes. By William Hughes, Esq. T.C. Newby.

The Poor Cousin. A novel in three volumes. T. C. Newby.

thoughtless, and his mess companions, among whom are a Major Rodd, a harmless "little man of war;" Gubbins, the associate of grooms, or "a hog in armour," as he is designated by the colonel; Mr. Reginald Snook Dobson, distinguished by his clever sayings, among which "What a *boa!*" and "I wonder when the *governaw* will kick the bucket," are samples of the rest, and Captain Dawkins, a reckless and unprincipled profligate. Is this put forward as the picture of an ordinary regimental mess-table? Then we have as town residents, Mrs. Price, a rich old lady and an indulgent grandmother to Jack Price, the hero of the book—Spitfire—as he is nicknamed by the colonel, and whose character is pleasantly sketched from the time that he and his dog Cæsar play their first pranks, till when, from an ardent disciple of Isaac Walton, he becomes the inevitable lover, and, as a necessary sequence, a staid and happy husband. But as this, the culminating point of the domestic novel must not be reached at once, we have the Vanbrunners, male and female, a sad set, descendants of one Doctor Jansen Vanbrunner, formerly proprietor and itinerant vendor of an infallible vermifuge and highly-concentrated food for infants. One of the Miss Vanbrunners has married a Price, and brings matrimonial misery as a dower, while her other sisters play the tedious parts of jealous, detracting, spiteful virgins. The brother's fortune had procured a titled wife, and in order to wed his son Gerald to the heroine of the story, a Miss Emily Arundell, the perfection of person, mind and, money, the father and son forge a report that Jack Price is betrothed to Miss Bennett, an opposition heiress, and that Miss Arundell herself is engaged to Gerald, a report which is the more easily made to work through two volumes, as Jack has not, through feelings most rare in real life, the dislike of being supposed to woo the fortune and not the lady—ever declared his attachment.

Then we have Mr. and Mrs. Dobson and the four Miss Dobsons, who, at once impudent and wealthy, take precedence of all in public assemblies and private parties; Mrs. Johnstone and her two daughters, manœuvrers, with a company tone of voice and manners, and very different ones, for home. One of the Miss Johnstones succeeds in catching a Mr. Isaac Belasco White, of Eagle Castle, a rich and dissipated Jew, from whom she afterwards elopes with Captain Dawkins. In the meantime a rascally lawyer, Mr. Cobrobyn, has sent Colonel Anderson to prison, and this brings Mr. Laygent, a good lawyer, on the *tapis*, as also a Mr. Alfred Thompson, the son of a linendraper, and an aspirant at the bar, apparently student number two, brought in in order to wed Rose Laygent, who would have apparently herself preferred having Jack Price. Student number three appears to be the Marquis of Baddington, who is called "a rattling fellow," drives coaches, &c., and whose main performance consists in getting himself insulted by the Miss Dobsons as a conveyancer, in order to humble them in his real character. A Doctor Mangles, a characteristic specimen, a Mr. Twaddle, whose name is sufficiently indicative of his character, a Lady Rawlinson, a specimen of titled fashion, play minor parts in the same history, nor need we tell how Jack wins his heiress by an explanation long deferred; how the barrister weds Rose, and the Marquis also finds a wife. Colonel Anderson being also restored to his property, Cobrobyn justly perishing in prison, and Dawkins being hung for forgery, while Mr. Gerald Vanbrunner puts up with a repudiated mistress of Mr. Isaac Belasco White.

Such then is a picture of modern life and modern society, in which the characters are so numerous and so various as to embrace almost all classes and ranks. It is needless to say that with a great deal of truth and cleverness in most of these sketches, for they can be called nothing else, the tale being merely subservient to their elimination, that for the sake of strong and violent contrasts, social criminality is carried to an extreme that much exceeds any thing that is met with, except in very rare instances indeed—so rarely, that it cannot be accepted as in any way illustrative of the modern condition of society.

But while the "Three Students" errs, perchance, in some of its major points, it is the misfortune of the next domestic novel we have to notice, the "Poor Cousin," to err even in the minor essentials of natural characteristics. Here we have the two daughters of the wealthy Mr. Aylmer, educated to positive vice in a fashionable Parisian school, brought as a contrast or foil to their sister Fanny, a good English educated girl, and Eva Herbert, the faultless orphan daughter of an Indian nabob, and the heroine, who is made to cross, even unto death, a pale, sentimental girl, "the poor cousin," whose province it is to nurse a beautiful and dying blind brother. As a result of the Parisian education, one of the Miss Aylmers weds Sir Marmaduke Digby without her father's consent, while the other is sent home from a house where she has been on a visit, on account of flirtations with the master thereof. The good Fanny gives her heart to a young rector, who, like Jack Price, will not speak from the fear of its being said that he wooed a fortune, and who has besides a strange sister resolved that her brother shall not marry at all. Then we have a Sir Felix Vaine, who moves about in society with a distant cousin, the Lady Julia, no great friends, to judge by their general manner, to each other, yet evidently having mutual confidences, which looks very like close intimacy. "One of those curious relations peculiar to English society," says the author, "in which the *haut ton* of the parties shuts the lips of scandal." For this man—a fop and a gambler—Lady Digby elopes from her husband, and retires to a country more congenial to her tastes, while Stuart Aylmer having got a fortune, proposes—which like all heroes he could not do without it—for, and is accepted by Eva, and they retire to Westmoreland to dwell near the parsonage, which contains Edward Dacres and his wife, once Fanny Aylmer.

It is not to be supposed that such happy events are brought about without what the author designates "many anxious excitements and strugglings of the social world;" on the contrary, these are so numerous as to render the progress of the novel as devious in its course as the true love whose history it depicts. So numerous, also, are the personages brought in to play their parts, in these ingeniously constructed pictures of society, and which include a sentimental Nina Solari, a fair Ginevra, daughter and heir to Sir Charles Mostyn, a good-humoured fox-hunting, country baronet and of his wife, once his nursery governess, Miss Stanley, of Glendale, an observer of other people's failings, and Mr. Weatherspoon a retailer of the same, besides a gallant naval lieutenant, who arrives to woo and wed the fair Ginevra, and so many others, that the clearest head becomes perplexed in the attempt to preserve throughout a distinct conception of the primary relations in which all the parties stood to one another, yet upon that hangs the main spring of interest, without which the denouement has little point. Both these novels are however works of a legitimate fiction, confining its range to do-

mestic events—a branch of literary composition which will be decidedly much improved by avoiding mere sentimentality, not dwelling too long and forever upon scenes of sorrow and suffering, and above all preserving the contrasts and catastrophes within the strict limits of every-day occurrences, or at least of probabilities.

SOYER'S COOKERY.*

In a "*dialogue culinaire,*" which is introduced with other varieties into Monsieur Soyer's corpulent volume, Lord M. H. justly remarks, "that a good cook is as useful as a wise counsellor. "How then, we would ask, ought a discoverer in the art be esteemed? Justice is, indeed, rarely done to the talent and genius necessary for invention in so important a branch of human knowledge. Every cockney claims the privilege of sneering at the science for which Vatel died, yet how particular is the same critic, so unjustly frivolous, when he himself comes to the gratification of his lingual, instead of his bantering taste? How tremendous his indignation, if, instead of a soupçon of *ail,* he was to be deceived by a potent dash, or for a goût of *absinthe* was substituted an essence of wormwood? It is seldom taken into consideration that a thousand gastronomic reflections are often concentrated in the concoction of one dish, and that in the kitchen, and at the table, are to be found exercise for all the most intellectual faculties of man. Delicacy of taste is essential in the most trifling matters, exquisite judgment can alone insure a successful arrangement; there is poetry in the display and picturesqueness in the detail, while the whole is the result of the most profound combinations. Every neophyte may purchase Ortolans, but genius alone would think of burying each in a separate truffle, and setting it in its epicurean ark to float in Lachryma Christi! Anchovies and thon mariné may be procured at all Italian depôts, but to serve them up, the one *à l'Italienne*, and the other *en salade historiée*, is as different a thing as a mutton chop is from a *côtelette de mouton Galloise à la Reforme.*

Monsieur Soyer tells us that it is not the name that makes the dish; if we had not his authority to that effect we should have thought that in cookery, if in nothing else, there had been something in a name, or how should we have imagined a compliment in a *potáge à la Victoria*, or that the artist would have dubbed a very creditable production, *Salades de volaile à la Soyer*, still less can we conceive the propriety, if that were the case, of having laid an *entrée de Grenadins de Bœuf à la Beyrout* before his highness Ibrahim Pasha!

Many excellent compendiums of cookery have been published within the last few years, and have, according to M. Soyer, taken their places by the side of Milton, Locke, and Shakspeare; but none approach, even at a humble distance, the "Gastronomic Regenerator." They were manuals of the art, as far it was then known. Monsieur Soyer's succulent tome is "a simplified and entirely new system of cookery." As practical

* The Gastronomic Regenerator; a Simplified and entirely New System of Cookery, with nearly Two Thousand Practical Receipts suited to the income of all classes. Illustrated with numerous Engravings and correct and minute plans how kitchens of every size, from the Kitchen of a Royal Palace to that of the Humble Cottage, are to be constructed and furnished. By Monsieur A. Soyer, of the Reform Club. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. London.

aristologists we would as gladly avail ourselves of these discoveries as be initiated in their history. We are among those with whom—

> Dining rightly is a mental art,
> Or senti-mental—an affair of heart!

But we are not so ungenerous as not to give credit where credit is due. "*Je me suis toujours apperçu, my lord,*" says M. Soyer in the before-mentioned culinary dialogue, "*que le palais le plus fin etait le plus difficile a plaire, mais aussi le plus juste a recompenser.*" And in accordance with this refinement of culinary wisdom, we express our conviction that the discoverer of so comprehensive a new system of cookery is entitled to take his place in the esteem of a grateful public by the side of our *Cooks* and *Drakes!* The discovery of a continent cannot possess more interest in the eyes of a modern Alcibiades than the confectioning of a new *entrée.* The discovery of the Society Islands is surpassed by that of *l'âme de la sociabilité;* a north-west passage *à la* Ross cannot compare with a *soufflé glacé à la* Cerito ; the first navigation of a river *à la* Chesney is not half so exciting as the elaboration of a new sauce *à l'Indienne ;* the ascent of Mont Blanc *à la* Sergeant Talfourd is far less formidable than surmounting a *buisson d'ecrivisses pagodatique* (M. Soyer's pagodatique dishes are his triumphs and his *chefs d'œuvres*) *au vin de Champagne à la* Sampayo ; the exploration of a wonderful cave *à la* Rollo Burslem cannot approach in intense apprehensiveness the first opening of a *galantine de Protées à la* Antiparos ; and as to the adventurous passage of a desert *à la* Sturt, what possible analogy can it bear to the complacent post prandial contemplation of a well-arranged dessert *à la* Soyer?

A PEEP INTO TURKISTAN.*

(ACCOUNT OF AN EXTRAORDINARY ICE CAVERN.)

THERE remain few countries now for the enterprising explorer which are invested with more varied interest than the central uplands of Asia. The works of Moorcroft, Trebeck, Masson, Burnes, and Humboldt, convey much valuable information respecting these strange mountainous regions; but it is probable that many extraordinary natural curiosities still remain to be discovered. The opportunities afforded by the temporary and disastrous occupation of Affghanistan, were luckily not lost upon all the gallant men attached to the British army, and Captain Rollo Burslem has, by his trip to Khullum and Goree, accumulated facts enough to interest the most fastidious. There are careful descriptions of scenery, faithful sketches of manners, antiquarian notices, local traditions, and narratives of spirit-stirring military exploits. We cannot, indeed, imagine a more amusing volume. The fact of most surpassing interest is, however, the account of the Cave of Yeermallik, a natural curiosity, which will in future occupy a prominent position in those little books, that grow thicker every year, and are devoted to the "wonders of the world." "Ice caves," strictly so speaking, are known to physical geographers as by no means of common occurrence, and the cave in question is a very remarkable specimen of this phenome-

* A Peep into Toorkisthan. By Captain Rollo Burslem, 13th Prince Albert's Light Infantry. Pelham Richardson, London.

nol. It is at the same time not less remarkable for its magnitude; while it becomes still more curious from accidental and mysterious facts connected with it—its containing the enduring or perpetuated footstep of man, which accompany abundant actual relics of humanity; and which we can only compare to the footsteps of tortoises, birds, and other animals, that have so often astonished geologists by their perfection and curious preservation.

Our travellers (Captain Burslem and Lieutenant Sturt of the Bengal Engineers), were first informed of the existence of this cave by an old mullah, and Shah Pursund Khan, Chief of the Doaub, did every thing in his power to dissuade them from visiting it. That the cave was the domicile of the evil one, and that no one over returned from it, were the chief arguments used, but which it may easily be supposed, only served to whet curiosity. The cave was situated half-way up the mountain-side. The outer aperture was small and uninteresting. The Uzbegs, however, lit their torches, and led the way through a narrow passage which had been artificially blocked up by enormous stones. Beyond this the first group of skeletons presented itself. Tradition attributes the shutting in of those who suffered so miserable a death, to the followers of Genghis Khan, the Tartar Attila, and they were said to have been seven hundred in number, men, women, and children, of the Huzareh tribe, so that the Dahra massacre has a precedent in the heart of Turkistan. A sloping shaft led to a fearful precipice, down which the descent was effected upon narrow ledges by ropes made of turbans tied together, and thus ultimately a vast chamber of unknown dimensions was reached. Here hundreds of human skeletons were strewed around, one with two infants still clasped in its bony arms. Astonishment was, however, still further increased by finding the print of a human naked foot, and beside it the distinct mark of the pointed heel of the Affghan boot? Beyond this the party visited an ice cave, of a magnitude and magnificence which surpasses any thing that has been hitherto described, and in this instance the description of the interior of this wonderful congelation or store of ice, far below the line of perpetual snow, is materially assisted by an effective drawing. While examining a variety of other caverns and galleries which appear to have been numberless, the attention of the party was again arrested by the reappearance of the mysterious naked foot-prints, which had been first seen in the chamber of skeletons. Captain Burslem took a torch and determined to trace them as far as he could. The even temperature and stillness of the atmosphere, had left to these tracks a sharpness of outline which led the gallant captain to imagine that they were recent impressions, when they might have been eight hundred years old, or remnants of the time of Ghengis! At length the pursuit of the evil one's footsteps, for that they were such, the Uzbegs never entertained a doubt, was brought to a close, by a stone giving way and the captain being tumbled down a chasm at the imminent risk of his life. The effect was instantaneous, the guides fled shouting out "Shaïtan!" and had it not been for Sturt's presence of mind the results must have been fatal. At length, however, the captain was rescued from his perilous position, and the guides were collected together, but the road back to the ice cave was with difficulty found. The fact of the existence of this impression of a foot in the cave was known to Shah Pursund Khan, who had visited it twelve years before, which rather adds to, than detracts from, the curiosity of the thing.

LIFE AT THE WATER CURE.*

One of the most curious phenomena attendant upon the water cure is the excitement and exhilaration of spirits that accompanies its first adoption, but which, like all over tensions is liable to be followed by a proportionately dangerous collapse. The new system, "and at the water cure," says Sir E. B. Lytton, "the whole life is one remedy," has something to do with this, but the water treatment is the chief agent. A common manifestation of this excitement is the pleasure which the noviciate takes in relating his experiences. No one thinks of publishing an account of his relief from suffering by the orthodox method; nor of their being rescued from the jaws of death by an ordinary practitioner; but if he has been swathed in wet sheets, pumped upon from a height, and made to drink gallons of water, he must pen his recovery partly from suppressed and innate wonder at the result, and partly from some such feelings, as would occur to a strict Mohammedan, if he were put under a liberal course of wine for the cure of hypochondria. The well-known and respected author of the work now before us, was taken to Malvern by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's eloquent and forcible advocacy of the water cure, published in this magazine, and as he appears to have derived great advantages from the experiment, the cause from whence it sprang is not to be regretted, nor is it possible not to be pleased and gratified with such a delightful gossipping and prettily illustrated volume as has also resulted from the artist's sojourn at picturesque Malvern. There is a panoramic view of the hills and town, sketches of all the wells, of the most remarkable scenery, of the hydropathic processes and a superb work of art, "Sky before sunrise." There is also a sequel and postscript to the work, by which it appears that Mr. Lane has continued his drinkings, bathings, walkings, and packings since he left Malvern with the same beneficial results to his health and spirits. We sincerely rejoice in this, and for the sake of the welfare of so valuable a member of society, hope and trust it may long last, and that he may not overdo the thing. The instance which he gives of the water cure as applied to one of his own children when feverish with a dry skin, &c., is beautiful; but it only possesses a slight variety to distinguish it from the orthodox practice, which has existed since the days of Galen and Hippocrates.

THE PRIVATEER'S-MAN.†

Full of the most stirring events from first to last, the "Privateer's-man" is one of the gallant author's most bustling, animated, and amusing stories, and it is universally admitted that none can surpass and few equal the spirit with which Captain Marryat accomplishes his literary tasks.

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* Life at the Water Cure; or, a Month at Malvern, a Diary. By Richard J. Lane, Lithographer to her Majesty, A.R.A. With numerous Illustrations. To which is added the Sequel. Longman and Co. London.

† The Privateer's-man One Hundred Years Ago. By Captain Marryat. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

ECHOES FROM THE BACKWOODS.*

CAPTAIN LEVINGE will earn a well-merited literary reputation by these echoes of Trans-Atlantic life and travel. The style is of that easy racy kind that is always inviting, and there is an amount and variety of new information, more especially with regard to New Brunswick, that may well entitle the author to a friendly acceptance by readers of all

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REVELATIONS OF AUSTRIA.†

THIS is the age of revelations. After those of London and Paris came the revelations of St. Petersburg and of Madrid, while an ex-Austrian functionary favoured the world nearly at the same time with the "Mystéres d' Autriche." It is, however, a *bonâ fide* work now first translated and edited by the author of the "Revelations of Russia;" and although rather the work of a Gallician or Polish patriot than of an Austrian, still it is so replete with curious and interesting information, and its style is so simple and attractive, that we doubt not that this last of the revelations will be among the most popular of all the works that have lately professed to lay bare the secret springs of action in the intricate governments of eastern Europe.

THE CHURCH IN THE CATACOMBS. ‡

IT was our intention to have taken up this very interesting and remarkable work and compared the history of Christian monumental art, as preserved in the catacombs, with the monumental remains of early Christianity in the East. This labour of love must however be foregone for the present; but it is a pleasing duty to call attention, in the meantime, to Dr. Maitland's volume, as one of infinite interest to the traveller, the artist, the scholar, the antiquary, and the Christian philosopher.

THE ASTROLOGER.§

NOTWITHSTANDING that in this, probably, a first attempt, there is an oppressive sense communicated to the reader of a constant labouring after effect; still there is an earnestness of purpose that intimates power, and a co-ordination of the narrative, that promises future success. Romance readers are a ravenous class, and to such we can recommend "The Astrologer" as containing much that is picturesque, mysterious, and fearful.

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* Echoes from the Backwoods; or, Sketches of Trans-Atlantic Life. By Captain Levinge. 2 vols., with Illustrations. Henry Colburn, London.

† Revelations of Austria. By M. Koubrakiewicz, Ex-Austrian Functionary. 2 vols. T. C. Newby.

‡ The Church in the Catacombs; a Description of the Primitive Church of Rome, illustrated by its Sepulchral Remains. By Charles Maitland, M.D. Longman and Co., London.

§ The Astrologer; a Legend of the Black Forest. By a Lady. 2 vols. Saunders and Ottley.

HINTS ON ANGLING.*

THE novelty and value of this work evidently lies in its information regarding the rivers in the north of France and Belgium, which are now much resorted to by English followers of the gentle art. The author is a genuine brother of the craft; his trips along the French rivers are full of picturesqueness and detail of life, as well as of angling. He, however, under-rates the Aa below Setques; we have had plenty of sport, especially with the May-fly, at Hallines and Wizerne. There are recesses in the *Marais* also evidently unexplored by him, especially the picturesque neighbourhood of the once rich Abbey of Clairmarais.

A VISIT TO THE ANTIPODES.†

THIS is a delightful little volume. The author is a genuine character, and his little, unpretending work, is as interesting as if penned by the Ettrick Shepherd.

LETTERS TO A CLERGYMAN, &c.‡

THESE are the letters of an enthusiast in the cause of "self-supporting village societies." Unfortunately the account of the attempted interview with Louis Philippe upsets the gravity with which such serious works ought to be perused, and as the author's objects are of a purely philanthropic and practical character, and as well adapted to this country as to France, we cannot imagine what good could have been expected to the cause by the wish to make converts of M. Guizot and of the King of the French.

THE BILIAD.§

THE almost universal sympathy which this satire has met with from the press, speaks volumes in favour of its point. "A caustic exposure," says one; "bites in like aqua fortis," says another; "a razzia in the tomahawk school of criticism," says a third; and a fourth justly remarks, that "if a few more slashing prefaces like this were occasionally to appear, the system of impudent and jealous detraction amongst critics might be reduced to a harmless point."

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* Hints on Angling; with Suggestions for Angling Excursions in France and Belgium, to which are appended some brief Notices of the English, Scottish, and Irish Waters. By Palmer Hackle, Esq. W. W. Robinson, London.

† A Visit to the Antipodes; with some Reminiscences of a Sojourn in Australia. By a Squatter. Smith, Elder, & Co., London.

‡ Letters to a Clergyman, on the Institutions for Ameliorating the Condition of the P[illegible]e, chiefly from Paris, in the Autumn of 1845. By John Winter Morgan. Chapman and Hall, London.

§ The Biliad; or, how to Criticize; a Satire, &c. &c. By T. M. Hughes. Author of "Revelations of Spain," &c.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ETONIAN.*

There may be some exaggeration in this little work, but still its perusal cannot be too earnestly recommended to all who trust their sons for their education to an establishment, which, with all its fame, still abounds in absurd and antiquated customs.

INDIAN CORRESPONDENCE.†

This is a tribute to the memory of George Augustus Addison, a descendant of the great essayist, and many years secretary to Sir Stamford Raffles. The records of the "Mofussil Magazine" will have more interest with Indian than with English readers, but there is more than enough in this correspondence to attest a cultivated literary taste, an amiable disposition, and abilities of high promise, which were cut off by a too early death.

MR. WYLD'S "POST MAP OF EUROPE."

We cannot too strongly recommend to tourists and others going abroad as the most compact guide to posts, distances, roads, railroads, packet routes, &c., the "Post Map of Europe," published by Mr. Wyld, geographer to the queen, Charing-cross. It was originally compiled as a companion to Murray's hand-books, to which it remains an indispensable complement.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

The schoolboy history of Lucretia still affords field for the tragic dramatist. "Tarquin and the Consulate," a tragedy, in five acts, by Richard Newton Greaves, brings to life again Lucius Tarquinius Superbus, "King of Rome," and Lucius Junius Brutus, "a reputed idiot," in poetry of a purer order, the author deems, than is essential to dramatic composition.—How can we do otherwise than speak favourably of "Infancy and Parental Love," a didactic and domestic poem, by the Rev. Christopher Blencow Dunn? It is a poem dedicated to a great and worthy object, to teach mothers to be really and strictly "mothers—nurses in fact—labouring in their avocation with patient and love-strung nerves, which set weariness at defiance."—"The Year of the World," a philosophical poem on "Redemption from the Fall," by William B. Scott, deserves to be read and enjoyed by all who have a taste for the ultra-transcendental in poetry, religion, or philosophy. It is a truly remarkable work, and the illustrations are creditable to the Newcastle Government School of Design.—The ninth volume of the works of G. P. R. James, Esq., revised and corrected by the author, contains "Darnley; or, the Field of the Cloth of Gold," one of the earliest, and yet one of the most popular of the author's works; and the ninth volume of Mr. Bohn's Standard Library contains, at a low price, a work indispensable to every library, "Beckmann's History of Inventions, Discoveries, and Origins," enlarged by Drs. Francis and Griffith.

* The Confessions of an Etonian. By J. E. M. Saunders and Ottley, Conduit-street.

† Original Familiar Correspondence between Residents in India, including Sketches of Java, &c. 1 vol. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh.